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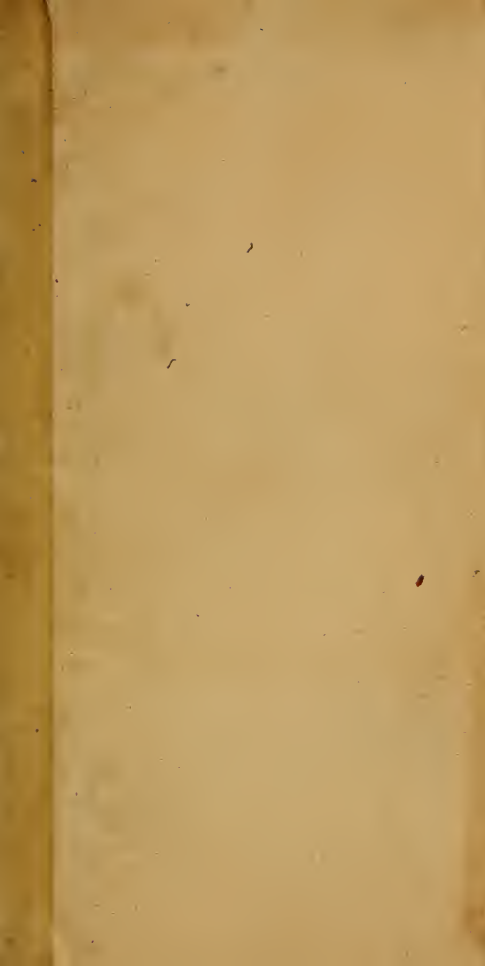
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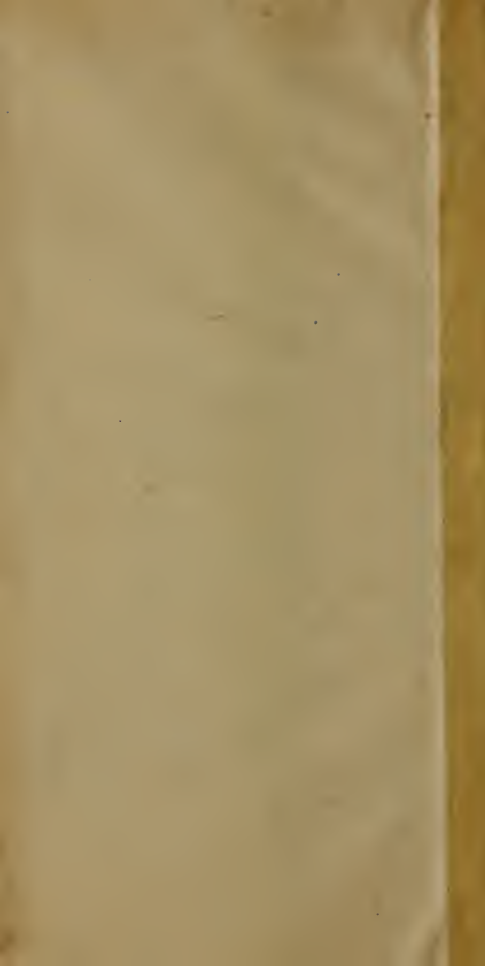
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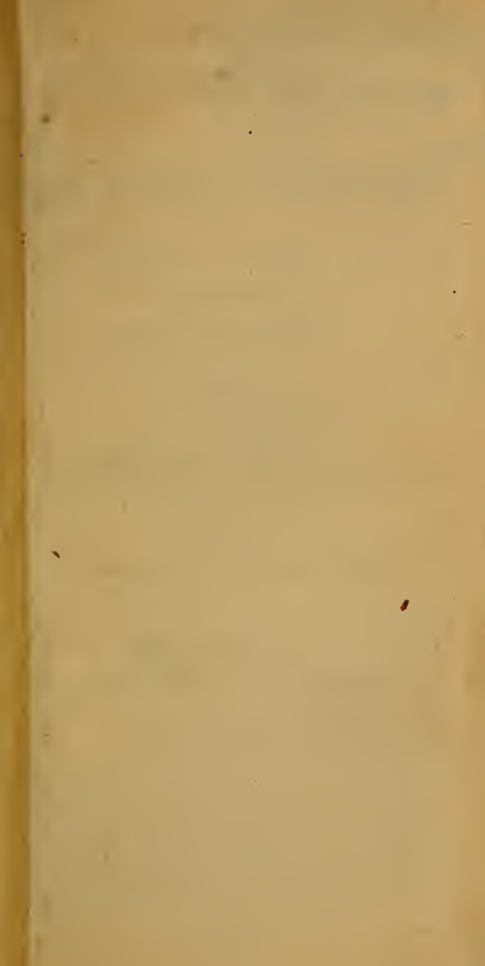
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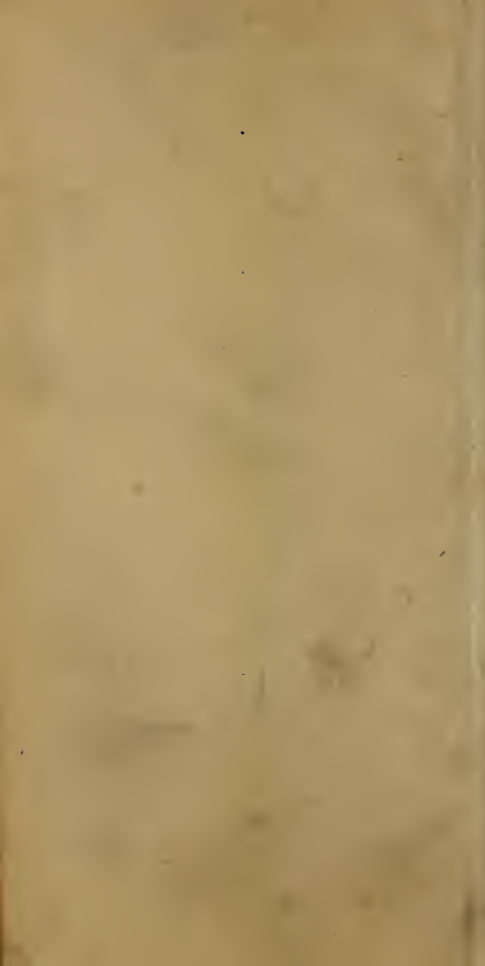
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✓
THE
CLUSTER

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SPIRITUAL SONGS, DIVINE HYMNS,
AND
SACRED POEMS;

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A COLLECTION.



✓
BY JESSE MERCER,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT WASHINGTON, GEORGIA

—
Sing ye praises with understanding."—*David*.
—

FIFTH EDITION,

CORRECTED, AND ENLARGED BY AN APPENDIX.

PHILADELPHIA:

CHARLES DE SILVER & SONS.

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By **J. J. WOODWARD,**
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the **Eastern**
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THE
CLUSTER.

ON FREE GRACE.

I. (C. M.) Double.

Grace, the Sweetest Sound.

- 1 **N**OW may the Lord reveal his face,
And teach our stamm'ring tongues,
To make his glorious reign of grace,
The subject of our songs.
No sweeter subject can invite
A sinner's heart to sing,
Or more display the sov'reign right,
Of our exalted King.
- 2 This subject fills the starry plains,
With wonder, joy, and love,
And furnishes the noblest strains,
For all the harps above :
While the redeem'd in praise combine,
To grace upon the throne ;
Angels in solemn chorus join,
And make the theme their own.
- 3 Grace reigns to conquer rebel foes,
By mild and easy means ;
And thus it manifestly shows,
(Of foes it makes its friends :
O'ercome by love, they all delight
To give to grace the praise,
And all their cheerful powers unite,
The lofty theme to raise.

- 4 Grace reigns to pardon crimson sins,
 To melt the hardest hearts,
 And from the work it once begins,
 It never more departs.
 The world and Satan strive in vain,
 Against the chosen few,
 Secure of grace's conqu'ring reign,
 They all shall conquer too.
- 5 Grace tills the soil, and sows the seeds,
 Provides the sun and rain,
 'Till from the tender blade proceeds
 The ripen'd harvest grain.
 'Twas grace that call'd our souls at first,
 By grace thus far we've come,
 And grace will help us through the worst,
 And lead us safely home.
- 6 Lord, when this changing life is past,
 May we but see thy face,
 How will we praise and love at last,
 And sing the reign of grace :
 Yet, let us aim while here below
 Thy glory to display,
 And own at least the debt we owe,
 Although we cannot pay.

II. (11, 8.)

Grace, Distinguishing and Free.

- 1 **I**N songs of sublime adoration and praise,
 Ye pilgrims for Sion who press, [days,
 Break forth and extol the great Ancient of
 His rich and distinguishing grace.
- 2 His love from eternity fix'd upon you,
 Broke forth and discover'd its flame,
 When each with the cords of his kindness he
 drew,
 And brought you to love his great name.
- 3 O had he not pity'd the state you were in,
 Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt :
 You all would have liv'd, would have dy'd
 too in sin,
 And sunk with the load of your guilt.

- 4 What was there in you that could merit es-
Or give the Creator delight? [teem,
'Twas "even so, Father!" you ever must
sing,
"Because it seem'd good in thy sight."
- 5 'Twas all of thy grace we were brought to
While others were suffered to go [obey,
The road which by nature we chose as our
Which leads to the regions of woe. [way.
- 6 Then give all the glory to his holy name,
To him all the glory belongs; [fame,
Be your's the high joy still to sound forth his
And crown him in each of your songs.

III. (8, 8, 6.)

Grace, Inexpressible.

- 1 **W**ERE oceans, rivers, floods and lakes,
All that the name of water takes,
Beneath th' expanded skies,
Turn'd into ink of blackest hue;
Add all the drops of fallen dew,
To make the wonder rise:
- 2 Were there a book could we suppose,
Which thinnest paper could compose,
Large as this earthly ball;
Were every shrub, and every tree,
And every blade of grass we see,
A pen to write withall:
- 3 Were all who ever liv'd on earth,
Since nature first receiv'd her birth,
The aptest scribes declar'd,
T' explain the fulness of that *love*,
Found in the heart of God above,
To men by sin ensnar'd:
- 4 Were each *Methuselah* in age,
And ev'ry moment wrote a page,
'They'd all be tir'd and die;
The pens would every one wear out,
The book be fill'd within, without,
'The ink would all run dry.

- 5 And then to shew that love, O then
 Angels above, as well as men,
 Arch-angels e'en would fail;
 Nay, 'till eternity shall end,
 A whole eternity they'll spend,
 Nor then have told the tale.

IV. (P. M.)

Grace, Exhaustless and full of Glory.

- 1 **T**RANSPORTING news, the Saviour's
 come,
 'To purchase our salvation;
 Let every tongue now speak his praise,
 In strains of acclamation.
 When hell's dark host, with wicked boast,
 Had 'complished man's subjection;
 Christ's wond'rous grace, reliev'd our race,
 By mercy's sweet direction:
 Th' eternal God's eternal Son,
 The heir and partner of his throne,
 In pity stoop'd, was crucify'd,
 His blood and righteousness apply'd;
 And thus our souls at freedom set,
 By paying off the dreadful debt.
 We, therefore, we, from sin set free,
 Will joyfully adore him.
- 2 He comes the pris'ners to release,
 'To cure poor souls all bleeding;
 To give the troubled conscience peace,
 By's death and interceding:
 The cursed chain, he breaks in twain,
 With which our sins had bound us,
 From Calvary, this pardon free,
 Has richly flow'd around us;
 Our KING of kings, and LORD most high
 Has ransom'd us to liberty;
 And, in a garment dipp'd in blood,
 Our foes beneath his feet has trod:
 Rescu'd by grace, we now no more,
 Shall bonds of poverty deplore;

- Fair Salem waits with pearly gates,
Our ransom'd souls to welcome.
- 3 Then happy souls come sing his grace,
Come sing exhaustless treasure,
'Till you behold him face to face,
With most triumphant pleasure :
- His grace and love with joy we prove,
While with delight we ponder
On what in vain, tongue tries t' explain,
To heaven and earth a wonder :
- Thus while we sit beneath his cross,
All earthly things we count but loss,
And nothing think, nor speak beside,
The blessed Jesus crucify'd ;
In whom both love and vengeance join,
To make poor worms in glory shine
O for this grace, let highest praise,
Ascend with pleasing rapture !
- 4 Our glad hosannas Saviour God,
Proclaim aloud thy praises,
While all the host, redeem'd by blood.
In heaven with transport gazes ;
We too aspire with that bless'd choir,
In humble, sweet prostration,
A glorious band, with harp in hand,
'To sing complete salvation :
- With them we'll drink immortal joys ;
With them hear Jesus' glorious voice ;
With them behold him face to face ;
With them transported on him gaze ;
With them in heavenly concert join ;
With them in endless glory shine ,
In loftiest voice his praise rehearse,
Adore his name forever.

V. (8, 7.)

Grace, All-conquering and Charming.

- 1 **L**EGION was my name by nature,
Satan rag'd within my breast ;
Never misery was greater,
Never sinner more possess'd :

- Mischievous to all around me,
 To myself the greatest foe ;
 Thus I was when Jesus found me,
 Fill'd with madness, sin, and woe.
- 2 Yet in this forlorn condition,
 When he came to set me free,
 I reply'd to my Physician,
 "What have I to do with thee?"
 But he would not be prevented,
 Rescued me against my will ;
 Had he staid 'till I'd consented,
 I had been a captive still.
- 3 "Satan, tho' thou fain would'st have it,
 Know this soul is none of thine ;
 I have shed my blood to save it,
 Now I challenge it for mine :
 Though it long has thee resembled,
 Henceforth it shall me obey ;"
 Thus he spake while Satan trembled,
 Gnash'd his teeth and fled away.
- 4 Thus my frantic soul he healed,
 Bid my sins and sorrows cease ;
 "Take, said he, my pardon sealed,
 I have sav'd thee, go in peace :"
 Rather take me, Lord, to heav'n,
 Now thy love and grace I know ;
 Since thou hast my sins forgiven,
 Why should I remain below !
- 5 "Love, said he, will sweeten labours,
 Thou hast something yet to do ;
 Go and tell your friends and neighbours
 What my love has done for you :
 Live to manifest my glory,
 Wait for heaven a little space ;
 Sinners when they hear thy story
 Will repent and seek my face.

VI. (7, 6.)

Grace, Healing and Transporting.

- 1 **W**HEN the wounded spirit hears
 The voice of Jesus' blood,

- How the message stops the tears,
Which else in vain had flow'd ;
Pardon, grace, and peace proclaim'd,
And the sinner call'd a child :
'Then the stubborn heart is tam'd,
Renew'd, and reconcil'd.
- 2 Oh ! 'twas grace indeed, to spare
And save a wretch like me !
Men or angels could not bear
What I have offer'd thee.
Were thy bolts at their command,
Hell e're now had been my place :
'Thou alone couldst silent stand,
And wait to shew thy grace.
- 3 If in one created mind
The tenderness and love,
Of thy saints on earth were join'd,
With all the hosts above ;
Still that love were weak and poor,
If compar'd, my Lord, with thine :
Far too scanty to endure
A heart so vile as mine.
- 4 Wond'rous mercy I have found.
But, ah ! how faint my praise ;
Must I be a cumber-ground,
Unfruitful all my days ?
Do I in thy garden grow,
Yet produce thee only leaves ?
Lord, forbid it should be so !
The thought my spirit grieves.
- 5 Heavy charges Satan brings
To fill me with distress ;
Let me hide beneath thy wings,
And plead thy righteousness :
Lord, to thee for help I call,
'Tis thy promise bids me come ;
Tell him thou hast paid for all,
And that shall strike him dumb.

VII. (11's.)

Grace, Free and Full.

- 1 **T**HY mercy, my God, is the theme of
my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my
tongue ; [last,
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul
fast.
- 2 Without thy sweet mercy I could not live
here,
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair ;
But through thy free goodness my spirits
revive, [alive.
And he that first made me, still keeps me
- 3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my
heart, [depart ;
Which wonders to feel its own hardness
Dissolv'd by thy sunshine, I fall to the
ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I
found.
- 4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day
To th' poor and the needy, who knock by
the way ;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.
- 5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell,
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell,
'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on
the tree,
Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.
- 6 Great Father of mercies ! thy goodness I
own,
And the covenant love of thy crucify'd Son :
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper di-
vine
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness
mine !

VIII. (4 M. Chorus'd.)

Grace, Pardoning, Rich and Free.

- 1 **G**REAT God of wonders ! all thy ways
Are matchless, Godlike, and divine !
But the fair glories of thy grace
More Godlike and unrivall'd shine :

Chorus.

Who is a pard'ning God like thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

- 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare,
This is thy grand prerogative
And none shall in the honour share.
Who is, &c.

- 3 Angels and men resign your claim,
To pity, mercy, love and grace ;
These glories crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze :
Who is, &c.

- 4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God,
Pardon of crimes of deepest dye,
A pardon seal'd with JESUS' blood.
Who is, &c.

- 5 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This Godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all th' angelic choirs above !
Who is, &c.

IX. (7's.)

Grace, All-Conquering.

- 1 **O** MY Lord, what must I do ?
Only thou the way can show :
Thou canst save me in this hour,
I have neither will nor power ;
God if over all thou art,
Greater than a sinful heart,
Let it now on me be shown :
Take away the heart of stone.

- 2 Take away my darling sin,
 Make me willing to be clean,
 Make me willing to receive
 What thy goodness waits to give ;
 Force me, Lord, with all to part :
 Tear these idols from my heart :
 All thy pow'r on me be shown :
 Take away the heart of stone.
- 3 Jesus, mighty to renew,
 Work in me to will and do ;
 Turn my nature's rapid tide,
 Stem the torrent of my pride :
 Stop the whirlwind of my will,
 Speak and bid the sun stand still,
 Now thy love almighty shew :
 Make e'en me a creature new.
- 4 Arm of God, thy strength put on,
 Bow the heavens and come down ;
 All mine unbelief o'erthrow,
 Lay th' aspiring mountain low,
 Conquer thy worst foe in me,
 Get thyself the victory :
 Save the vilest of my race,
 Force me to be sav'd by grace

X. (8's.)

Grace, Constraining to Love.

- 1 **T**HEE will I love, my strength, my
 tower,
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
 Thee will I love with all my power,
 In all my works, and thee alone ;
 Thee will I love till the pure fire
 Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.
- 2 Ah ! why did I so late thee know,
 Thee, lovelier than the sons of men !
 Ah ! why did I no sooner go
 To thee, the only ease in pain ?
 Asham'd I sigh, and inly mourn,
 That I so late to thee did turn.

In darkness willingly I stray'd ;
 I sought thee, yet from thee I rov'd :
 Far wide my wand'ring thoughts were
 spread,
 Thy creatures more than thee I lov'd :
 And now if more at length I see,
 'Tis thro' thy light, and comes from thee.
 I thank thee uncreated Sun,
 That thy bright beams on me have shin'd,
 I thank thee, who hast overthrown
 My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind .
 I thank thee, whose enliv'ning voice
 Bids my free heart in thee rejoice.
 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
 Nor suffer me again to stray :
 Strengthen my feet with steady pace,
 Still to press forward in the way :
 My soul and flesh, O Lord of might
 Fill, satiate with heavenly light.
 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
 Give to my heart, chaste hallow'd fires,
 Give to my soul with filial fears,
 The love that heaven's host inspires ;
 That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God,
 Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
 Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod :
 What though my flesh and heart decay,
 Thee shall I love in endless day.

XI. (P. M.)

Grace Constrains to Grotesful Acknowledgment.

LET the world their virtue boast,
 Their works of righteousness ;
 I, a wretch undone and lost
 Am freely sav'd by grace :
 Other title I disclaim,
 'This, only this, is al' my plea,

- I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.
- 2 Let the stronger sons of God
Their liberty assert,
Justly glory in the blood
That made them pure in heart :
I am full of guilt and shame,
My heart as black as hell I see :
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.
- 3 Happy they whose joys abound,
Like JORDAN's swelling stream,
Who their heav'n in Christ have found,
And give their praise to him.
Let them triumph in his name,
Enjoy their full felicity .
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.
- 4 Blest are they, entirely blest,
Who can in him rejoice,
Lean on his beloved breast,
And hear the bridegroom's voice
Meanest follower of the Lamb,
His steps I at a distance see,
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

XII. (P. M.)

Grace, Rich, Full, and Free.

- 1 **Y**E children of God,
By faith in his Son,
Redeem'd by his blood,
And with him made one,
'This union with wonder
And rapture be seen ;
Which nothing shall sunder,
Without or within.
- 2 This Pardon, this Peace,
Which none can destroy,
'This Treasure of Grace,
'This heavenly Joy,

- 'The worthless may crave it,
It always comes free ;
'The vilest may have it,
'Twas given to ME.
- 3 'Tis not for good deeds,
Good tempers nor frames ;
From grace it proceeds,
And all is the Lamb's.
No goodness, no fitness,
Expects he from us :
'This I can well witness,
For none could be worse.
- 4 Sick sinner, expect
No balm, but Christ's blood .
Thy own works reject,
The bad and the good.
None ever miscarry
That on him rely,
'Though filthy as MARY,
MANASSEH or I.

XIII. (8's.)

Grace, Exciting Eternal Praises.

- 1 **I**'LL praise my Maker while I've breath
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
And immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
His truth forever stands secure !
He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind
The Lord supports the fainting mind :
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ,
He helps the stranger in distress,
'The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

- 4 I'll praise him while he leads me breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

XIV. (L. M.)

My Grace is sufficient for thee !

- 1 **C**OME, all ye chosen saints of God,
 Whose souls are wash'd in Jesus' blood;
 Hear what he says, his word is true,
 "My grace sufficient is for you."
- 2 "I am your sure Almighty friend,
 "Who loving, loves you to the end ;
 "I will be near you, and will show,
 "My grace sufficient is for you.
- 3 "I know how num'rous are your foes,
 "I know the ways which they oppose ;
 "I know their cunning malice too,
 "My grace sufficient is for you.
- 4 "Tho' Satan strives your souls t' ensnare,
 "You're still the objects of my care ;
 "You're near my heart, I'll bring you thro',
 "My grace sufficient is for you.
- 5 "Do you want proof of this my love ?
 "Calv'ry survey ;—then heaven above ;
 "See how the ransom'd millions bow !
 "My grace sufficient is for you.
- 6 "I'll guide you safely in the way,
 "Thro' life's dark night, to heav'n's bright
 day ;
 "And there with wonder you shall view,
 "My grace sufficient was for you."

XV. (8's.)

Free Grace a Sure Anchorage.

- 1 **N**OW I have found the ground wherein,
 My soul's sure anchor may remain,

The wounds of Jesus for my sin,
 Before the world's foundation slain;
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
 When heaven and earth are fled away.

- 2 Father, thine everlasting grace,
 Our scanty thoughts surpasses far,
 Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
 Thy arms of love still open are,
 Returning sinners to receive,
 That mercy they may taste, and live.
- 3 By faith I plunge me in this sea,
 Here is my hope, my joy, and rest;
 'Tis here when hell assaults I flee,
 And look into my Saviour's breast:
 Away sad doubts and anxious fear,
 Mercy is all that's written there.
- 4 Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head;
 Tho' health and strength and friends be
 gone;
 Tho' joys be wither'd all, and dead—
 Tho' ev'ry comfort be withdrawn,
 On thee my stedfast soul relies;
 Father, thy mercy never dies.
- 5 Fix'd on this ground I will remain,
 Tho' heart should fail and flesh decay,
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundation melts away;
 Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,
 Lov'd with an everlasting love.
- 6 What in thy love possess I not?
 My star by night, my sun by day,
 My springs of life when parch'd with drough
 My wine to cheer, by bread to stay,
 My shield, my strength, my safe abode,
 My palace, Saviour, and my God.

XVI. (8, 7.)

Converting Grace constraining.

- 1 **O**N the brink of fi'ry ruin,
 Justice, with a flaming sword,

- Was my guilty soul pursuing
 When I first beheld my Lord.
- [2 Terrify'd with Sinai's thunder,
 Straight I flew to Calvary,
 Where I saw with love and wonder,
 Him by faith who dy'd for me.]
- 3- "Sinner," he exclaim'd "I've lov'd thee
 "With an everlasting love;
 "Justice has in me approv'd thee;
 "Thou shalt dwell with me above."
- 4 Sweet as angels' notes in heaven,
 When to golden harps they sound,
 Is the voice of sins forgiven
 To the soul by Satan bound.
- 5 Sweet as angels' harps in glory,
 Was that heavenly voice to me,
 When I saw my Lord before me
 Bleed and die to set me free.
- 6 Saints attend with holy wonder!
 Sinners, hear and sing his praise!
 'Tis the God that holds the thunder
 Shows himself the God of grace!

XVII. (6, 8.) Lenox.

God's Thoughts Precious and Gracious.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT God! how kind
 Are all thy ways to me,
 Whose dark benighted mind
 Was enmity with thee;
 Yet now subdu'd by sov'reign grace,
 My spirit longs for thine embrace.
- 2 How precious are the thoughts,
 That o'er my bosom roll;
 They swell beyond my faults,
 And captivate my soul!
 How great their sum! how high they rise,
 Can ne'er be known beneath the skies.
- 3 Preserv'd in Jesus, when
 My feet made haste to hell;

And there should I have been,
 But thou dost all things well :
 Thy love was great, thy mercy free,
 Which from the pit deliver'd me.

- 4 Before thy hands had made
 The sun to rule the day,
 Or earth's foundations laid,
 Or fashion'd Adam's clay,
 What thoughts of peace and mercy flow'd
 In thy dear bosom, O my God !
- 5 O fathomless abyss,
 Where hidden myst'ries lie ;
 The seraph finds his bliss,
 Within the same to pry ;
 Lord, what is man, thy desp'rate foe,
 That thou should'st bless and love him so ?
- 6 A monument of grace,
 A sinner sav'd by blood ;
 The streams of love I trace
 Up to the fountain, God ;
 And in his sacred bosom see
 Eternal thoughts of love to me.

XVIII. (8, 8, 6.)

Grace shining in the Covenant.

- 1 **N**OW for a hymn of praise to God
 (Ye trophies of a Saviour's blood ;)
 Join the sweet choir above :
 All your harmonious accents bring,
 'Wake ev'ry high celestial string,
 To chant redeeming love.
- 2 Ere God pronounc'd creation good,
 Or bade the vast unbounded flood
 Thro' fixed channels run :
 Ere light from ancient chaos sprang,
 Or angels earth's formation sang,
 He chose us in his Son.
- 3 Then was the cov'nant order'd sure,
 Thro' endless ages to endure,
 By Israel's triune God :

That none this cov'nant might evade,
With oaths and promises 'twas made,
And ratify'd in blood.

- 4 God is the refuge of my soul,
Tho' tempests rage, tho' billows roll,
And hellish pow'rs assail :
Eternal walls are my defence,
Environ'd with omnipotence,
What foe can e'er prevail ?
- 5 Then let infernal legions roar,
And waste their cursed, vengeful pow'r,
My soul their wrath disdains :
In God, my refuge I'm secure,
While cov'nant promises endure,
Or my Redeemer reigns.

XIX. (8, 7, 4.)

Grace Super-abounding.

- 1 **S**OV'REIGN grace o'er sin abounding
Ransom'd souls the tidings swell,
'Tis a deep that knows no sounding ;
Who its breadth or length can tell ?
'Tis an ocean
Without bottom or a shore.
- 2 Once in Christ, in Christ for ever ;
This the Gospel-scheme declares ;
Death, nor hell, nor sin shall sever
Jesus from his chosen heirs ;
Blest in Jesus,
Members of his mystic frame.
- 3 Saints above in full communion,
Shine unspotted with their head ;
We can sing eternal union,
Though in thorny paths we tread :
One with Jesus
His dear Saints have ever been.
- 4 Here Manasseh joins with Mary,
Full salvation tunes their tongues ;

Here the blind, the halt, the weary,
 Join to sing the song of songs ;
 Shouting free grace
 Through the vast expanse of heav'n.

XX. (8, 7.)

Grace, a Miracle

1 **H**AIL ! my ever blessed Jesus,
 Only thee I wish to sing ;
 To my soul thy name is precious,
 Thou my prophet, priest, and king.
 O ! what mercy flows from heaven,
 O, what joy and happiness !
 Love I much ? I've much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace.

[2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
 Unconcern'd in sin I lay ;
 Swift destruction still pursuing,
 Till my Saviour passed by.
 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
 My Redeemer's tenderness ;
 Love I much ? I've much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace.]

3 Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
 Praise the Lamb enthron'd above ;
 Whilst astonish'd, I admire
 God's free grace and boundless love
 That blest moment I receiv'd him,
 Fill'd my soul with joy and peace ;
 Love I much ? I've much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace.

XXI (C. M.)

A Dark, though Gracious Providence.

1 **T**HY way, O God, is in the sea ;
 Thy paths I cannot trace :
 Nor comprehend the mystery
 Of thy unbounded grace.
 2 As thro' a glass, I dimly see
 The wonders of thy love ;

How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above ?

- 3 'Tis but in part I know thy will ;
I bless thee for the sight ;
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light ?
- 4 With raptures shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace ;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

XXII. (C. M.)

Covenant Grace Secure.

- 1 **M**Y God, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides for ever sure,
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.
- 2 What though my house be not with thee,
As nature could desire ?
To nobler joys than nature gives,
Thy servant doth aspire.
- 3 Thy cov'nant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
Which, when my eye-lids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

XXIII. (C. M.)

Salvation by Mighty Grace.

- 1 **A**MAZING grace ! how sweet the sound !
That sav'd a wretch like me !
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd ;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believ'd !
- 3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come ;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

- 4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yea when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.
- 6 The world shall soon to ruin go,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God who call'd me here below
Shall be forever mine.

XXIV. (C. M.) Majesty.

God Glorified in Grace.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near;
While pow'r, and truth, and boundless love,
Display their glories here.
- Here in the Gospel's wond'rous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.
- 3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom through all the myst'ry shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.
- 4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God!
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honours in his blood.
- 5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thought employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

XXV. (8, 8, 6.)

Grace, Invincible and Constraining.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast won, at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compell'd,
Surrenders all to thee:

Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love?
Love conquers even me !

2 All that a wretch could do I try'd—
Thy patience scorn'd, thy pow'r defy'd,
And trampled on thy laws :
Scarcely the martyr at the stake
Could stand more steadfast for thy sake
Than I in Satan's cause.

3 But since thou hast thy love reveal'd.
And shown my soul a pardon seal'd,
I can resist no more :
Could'st thou for such a sinner bleed ?
Canst thou for such a rebel plead ?
I wonder and adore.

4 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been :
But mercy has my heart subdu'd,
A bleeding Saviour I have view'd,
And now I hate my sin.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone ;
Come take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free :
Releas'd from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers waiting stand,
To be employ'd by thee.

6 My will conform'd to thine would move,
On thee, my hope, desire, and love
In fix'd attention join :
My hands, my eyes, my ears, my tongue,
Have Satan's servants been too long,
But now they shall be thine.

7 And can I be the very same
Who lately durst blaspheme thy name,
And on thy Gospel tread ?
Surely each one who hears my case
Will praise thee and confess thy grace
Invincible indeed.

XXVI. (8, 7.)

Covenant Grace.

- 1 **F**AR beyond all comprehension
Is Jehovah's cov'nant love ;
Who can fathom its dimensions ?
Or its unknown limits prove ?
- 2 Ere the earth upon its basis,
By creating pow'r was built,
His designs were wise and gracious,
For removing human guilt.
- 3 He display'd his grand intention,
On the mount of Calvary,
When he dy'd for our redemption,
Lifted high upon the tree.
- 4 O how sweet to view the flowing
Of his soul-redeeming blood,
With divine assurance, knowing
That it made my peace with God.
- 5 Why, O Lord, was I elected,
Thy salvation to enjoy ?
While such myriads were rejected,
Equally as good as I ?
- 6 Nought foreseen thy love excited,
Faith, or good desires in me ;
But because thy grace delighted
To be sovereign and free.
- 7 Freely thou wilt bring to heaven
All thy chosen ransom'd race,
Who to thee, their head were given
In the covenant of grace.

XXVII. (C. M.)

The Grace of Christ Wonderful.

- 1 **A**LOUD we sing the wond'rous grace,
Christ to his murd'ers bore ;
Which made the tort'ring cross its throne,
And hung its trophies there.
- 2 "Father, forgive," his mercy cry'd,
With his expiring breath ;

And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.

- 3 Jesus, this wond'rous love we sing,
And, whilst we sing, admire ;
Breathe on our souls and kindle there
The same celestial fire.

XXVIII. (7's.)

Grace, or Love of Jesus.

- 1 **L**OVE divine, how sweet the sound !
May the theme on earth abound !
May the hearts of saints below,
With the sacred rapture glow !
- 2 Love amazing, large and free,
Love unknown, to think on me !
Let that love upon me shine,
Saviour with its beams divine.
- 3 Better than earth's gilded toys,
Or an age of carnal joys ;
Better far than Ophir's gold,
Love that never can be told.
- 4 Better than this life of mine,
Saviour is thy love divine :
Drop the veil and let me see
Rivers of this love in thee.
- 5 While in Mesech's tents I stay,
Love divine shall tune my lay ;
When I soar to bliss above,
Still I'll praise a Saviour's love.

XXIX. (7's.)

The Sovereignty of Grace.

- 1 **S**OV'REIGN grace has pow'r alone
To subdue a heart of stone ;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.
- 2 When the Lord was crucifi'd,
Two transgressors with him dy'd ;
One with vile blaspheming tongue,
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.

- 3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death ;
Perish'd as too many do,
With the Saviour in his view.
- 4 But the other touch'd with grace,
Saw the danger of his case :
Faith receiv'd to own the Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhorr'd.
- 5 " Lord," he pray'd, " remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be :"
" Soon with me," the Lord replies,
" Thou shalt rest in Paradise."
- 6 This was wond'rous grace indeed,
Grace vouchsaf'd in time of need !
Sinners trust in Jesus' name,
You shall find him still the same.

XXX. (L. M.)

Praise for Free Grace.

- 1 **W**HILE here on earth I'm call'd to stay,
I'll praise my God from day to day ;
Jesus hath wash'd away my sin,
And made by soul complete in him.
- 2 When I am brought before his throne,
I'll sing the wonders he hath done,
And join with all the ransom'd race,
To praise the riches of his grace.
- 3 Through all eternity I'll view
My Jesus, and admire him too :
Praise shall attune my warbling tongue,
And grace, free grace be all my song.

XXXI. (C. M.)

Grace, Converting and Free.

- 1 **H**AIL, mighty Jesus, how divine
Is thy victorious sword !
'The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.
- 2 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
Ride with majestic sway ;

Go forth, sweet prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.

- 3 And when thy vict'ries are complete,
And all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of glory meet
To sing thy conqu'ring grace—

- 4 O may my humble soul be found
Among that favour'd band !
And I, with them, thy praise will sound,
Throughout Immanuel's land.

XXXII. (C. M.)

Grace displayed in the Conversion of the Jailor.

- 1 **L**ORD we adore thy matchless ways
In bringing souls to thee :
We sing and shout eternal praise,
For grace so full and free.

- 2 Thy grace pervades the prison's gloom,
And shines with lustre there ;
Thy pow'r can bring a jailor home,
With trembling, hope, and fear.

- 3 "What must I do," the Jailor cries,
"To save my sinking soul ?"
"Believe in Christ," the word replies,
"Thy faith shall make thee whole."

- 4 Come, sinners, then, the Saviour trust,
To wash you in his blood !
To change your hearts, subdue your lust,
And bring you home to God.

XXXIII. (C. M.)

Grace in the Conversion of Zaccheus.

- 1 **A**SIGHT of Jesus with his eyes,
Zaccheus longed to have :
But mark how sure salvation flies
To them that God will save.

- 2 However casual it may seem
That Jesus pass'd that way,
"Twas all according to the scheme
That in his counsel lay.

Long in the cov'nant of his grace
 His worthless name had been :
 His stature and his dwelling-place
 Were both contain'd therein.

His call by grace, ere time begun,
 Was fix'd in day and hour :
 And he could neither will nor run
 'Till Jesus gave him pow'r.

XXXIV. (C. M.)

Grace inexhaustible.

JEHOVAH'S grace, how full, how free !
 His language how divine !

“My son, thou ever art with me,
 “And all I have is thine.

“My saints shall each a portion share,
 “That's worthy of a God :

“They are my chief my constant care—
 “The purchase of my blood.

“Both grace and glory I will give,
 “And nothing good deny :

“With me my saints shall ever live,
 “And reign with me on high.

“And if ten thousand more I call
 “'T' enjoy this happiness,

“I have enough for each, for all,
 “Nor shall you have the less.”

Then, dearest Lord, make millions come.
 And feast on pard'ning grace :
 Bring prodigals, bring exiles home,
 And we will shout thy praise.

XXXV. (C. M.)

Love is a Flower in Grace.

THE finest flow'r that ever blow'd,
 Open'd on Calv'ry's tree,
 When Jesus' blood in rivers flow'd,
 For love of worthless me !

2 Its deepest hue, its richest smell,
 No mortal can declare

Nor can the tongue of angels tell
How bright the colours are.

- 3 On Canaan's banks, supremely fair,
This flow'r of glory blooms,
Transplanted to its native air,
And all the shores perfumes.
- 4 And soon on yonder banks above,
Shall ev'ry blossom here
Appear a full-blown flow'r of love,
Like him transplanted there.

XXXVI. (L. M.)

Free Grace, or the Loving-kindness of the Lord.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise.
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all :
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great !
- 3 Through num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart :
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail :
O ! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day ;

And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.

XXXVII. (C. M.)

Free Grace Displayed on the Cross.

- 1 **A**S on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and dy'd,
He pour'd salvation on a wretch,
That languish'd at his side.
- 2 His crimes with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd ;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his pray'r address'd :
- 3 'Jesus, thou Son and heir of heav'n !
'Thou spotless Lamb of God !
'I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
'And welt'ring in thy blood.
- 4 'Yet quickly from these scenes of woe
'In triumph thou shalt rise,
'Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
'And shine above the skies.
- 5 'Amid the glories of that world,
'Dear Saviour think on me,
'And in the vict'ries of thy death
'Let me a sharer be.'
- 6 His pray'r the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
'To-day thy parting soul shall be
'With me in Paradise.'

XXXIII. (L. M.)

Grace and Works contrasted.

- 1 **S**ELF-RIGHTEOUS souls on works rely,
And boast their moral dignity ;
But if I lisp a song of praise,
Each note shall echo, Grace, *free-Grace* !
- 2 'Twas grace that quicken'd me when dead,
And grace my soul to Jesus led :

- Grace brought me pardon for my sin,
And grace subdues my lusts within.
- 3 'Tis grace that sweetens ev'ry cross—
'Tis grace supports in every loss :
In Jesus' grace my soul is strong :
Grace is my hope, and grace my song.
- 4 'Tis grace upholds when danger's near :
By grace alone I persevere :
'Tis grace contrains my soul to love—
Grace ! grace ! is all they sing above.
- 5 'Tis thus alone of grace I boast,
And 'tis alone in grace I trust :
For all that's past, grace is my theme,
For what's to come 'tis still the same.
- 6 In countless years of grace I'll sing,
Adore and bless my heav'nly King :
I'll cast my crown before the throne,
And shout, Free grace ! free grace alone !

XXXIX. (L. M.)

Grace Displayed in Regeneration.

- 1 **T**IS not the nat'ral birth of man,
That purifies the human heart ;
Nor an enthusiastic plan,
Study'd and ply'd by priestly art :
- 2 'Tis God alone, and only he,
Can make a guilty conscience clean ;
Can heal the inbred leprosy,
And break the cursed yoke of sin.
- 3 To his great name praises belong,
For what his grace for us hath done :
Free grace shall be the heav'nly song,
That's sung by ev'ry heav'nly tongue.

XL. (C. M.)

Gracious Operations, Sovereign and Free.

- 1 **T**HE blessed Spirit, like the wind,
Blows when and where he please :
How happy are the men who feel
The soul-enliv'ning breeze.

- 2 He forms the carnal mind afresh,
Subdues the pow'rs of sin,
'Transforms the heart of stone to flesh :
And plants his grace within.
- 3 He sneds abroad his Father's love,
Applies redeeming blood,
Bids both our guilt and grief remove,
And brings us near to God.
- 4 Lord, fill each dead benighted soul
With life, and light, and joy !
None can thy mighty pow'r controul—
Thy glorious work destroy.

XLI. (L. M.)

The same.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit ! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace ;
Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.
- 2 Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day :
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin ;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice ;
Thy cheering words awake our joys :
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

XLII. (L. M.)

Grace, Justice, and Truth, Harmonized.

- 1 **I**NFINITE grace ! and can it be
That heav'n supreme should stoop so
low ;
To visit one so vile as I,
One who has been his bitt'rest foe ?

- 2 Can holiness and wisdom join,
With truth, with justice, and with grace
To make eternal blessings mine,
And sin with all its guilt erase?
- 3 O love ! beyond conception great,
That form'd the vast stupendous plan !
Where all divine perfections meet
To reconcile rebellious man !
- 4 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,
And justice all her rights maintains !
Astonish'd angels stoop to gaze,
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.
- 5 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too—
In Christ harmoniously they meet :
He paid to justice all her due,
And now he fills the mercy seat.

XLIII. (L. M.)

Grace, Sovereign and Free.

- 1 **D**IFFUSE thy beams, and teach my heart,
With genial warmth to glow and grow.
For lo ! without thy heav'nly art,
In vain my loftiest numbers flow.
- 2 Magnificent, free grace arise,
Outshine the thoughts of shallow man :
Sov'reign, preventing, all divine,
To him that neither will'd nor ran.
- 3 Grand is the bosom whence thou flowd'st,
Kind as the heart that gave thee vent :
Rich as the gift that God bestow'd,
Lovely and so like Christ he sent.
- 4 Grace by a righteousness doth reign,
Wrought by the sacred life of God :
Where sin is spoil'd grace shall maintain
Its right in Jesus' sacred blood.
- 5 Infinite grace, how full of God,
In ev'ry work of thine—there glows
New glories in thy sacred blood,
There life divine eternal flows.

- 6 We bowing sing thy death so strong
Which all our souls from death defends :
Shout, ye redeem'd, for here your song,
Begins, and never, never ends.

XLIV. (L. M.)

Grace in Christ before the World began.

- 1 **E**XPAND my soul, arise and sing
The matchless grace of Zion's King,
Whose love as ancient as his name,
Let all thy pow'r aloud proclaim.
- 2 'Twas he eternal ages past,
Form'd his great plan from first to last ;
And what his arm would e'er fulfil,
Stood ever present to his will.
- 3 Grace, deep as the eternal mind,
Unutterable bliss design'd
For man, ere worlds or sin were born,
Or angels sang creation's morn.
- 4 Chosen of old, of old approv'd ;
In Christ th' eternal Son belov'd ;
Adopted too, and children made,
Ere sin its baneful poison spread.
- 5 Then let our souls in him rejoice,
And favour'd objects of his choice ;
Redeem'd, and sav'd by grace, we sing
Eternal praise to Christ our King.

XLV. (C. M.)

Grace, Reigning in Election.

- 1 **E**LECTION ! 'tis a joyful sound
To wretched, guilty man !
The Father, Son, and Spirit form'd
The everlasting plan.
- 2 O may this Bible truth inspire
My heart with purest bliss ;
And land my soul in mansions where
My chosen Jesus is.

XLVI. (L. M.)

Grace in Calling and Election.

- 1 **T**HERE is a period known to God,
When all his sheep, redeem'd by blood,
Shall leave the hateful ways of sin,
Turn to the fold, and enter in.
- 2 At peace with hell, with God at war,
In sin's dark maze they wander far ;
Indulge their lusts, and still go on
As far from God as sheep can run.
- 3 Glory to God, they ne'er can rove
Beyond the limits of his love !
Secur'd by his eternal will,
Firm as the base of Sion's hill.
- 4 Th' appointed time rolls on apace,
Not to propose, but call by grace ;
To change the heart, renew the soul,
And all their sinful lusts controul.

XLVII. (C. M.)

The same.

- 1 **N**OW vast the benefits divine !
Which we in Christ possess ;
We're sav'd from guilt and ev'ry sin,
And call'd to holiness.
- 2 The glory, Lord, from first to last,
Is due to thee alone :
Aught to ourselves we dare not take,
Or rob thee of thy crown.
- 3 Our glorious Surety undertook
Redemption's wond'rous plan ;
And grace was given us in him
Before the world began.
- 4 Not one of all the chosen race,
But shall to heav'n attain ;
Partake on earth the purpos'd grace,
And then with Jesus reign.

XLVIII (L. M.)

Gospel-Grace, a Joyful Sound.

- 1 **C**OME dearest Lord, who reigns above,
And draw me with the cords of love !
And while the gospel does abound,
O may I know the joyful sound !
- 2 Sweet are the tidings, free the grace,
It brings to our apostate race ;
It spreads a heav'nly light around :
O may I know the joyful sound !
- 3 'The gospel bids the sin-sick soul
Look up to Jesus and be whole :
In him are peace and pardon found ;
O may I know the gospel sound !
- 4 It stems the tide of swelling grief,
Affords the needy sure relief ;
Releases those by Satan bound,
O may I know the joyful sound !

XLIX. (S. M.)

Grace, a Charming Sound

- 1 **G**RACE ! 'tis a charming sound !
Harmonious to the ear !
Heaven with the echo shall resound !
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps *that* grace display
Which drew the wond'rous plan.
- [3 Grace first inscrib'd my name
In God's eternal book :
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.]
- 4 Grace led my roving feet,
To tread the heav'nly road :
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

- 5 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days ;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

L. (C. M.)

The Mysteries of Grace all explained in Heaven.

- 1 **G**REAT God of Providence ! thy ways
 Are hid from mortal sight ;
 Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
 Or cloth'd with dazzling light.
- 2 The wond'rous methods of thy grace
 Evade the human eye ;
 The nearer we attempt t' approach,
 The farther off they fly.
- 3 But in the world of bliss above
 Where thou dost ever reign,
 These myst'ries shall be all unveil'd,
 And not a doubt remain.
- 4 The Sun of righteousness shall there
 His brightest beams display,
 And not a hov'ring cloud obscure
 That never-ending day.

LI. (C. M.)

All Means Vain without Free Grace.

- 1 **I**N vain Apollo's silver tongue,
 And Paul's, with strings profound,
 Diffuse among the list'ning throng
 The Gospel's gladd'ning sound.
- 2 Jesus, the work is wholly thine
 To form the heart anew ;
 Now let thy sov'reign grace divine
 Each stubborn soul subdue.

LII. (S. M.)

Dependence on Grace.

- 1 **T**O keep the lamp alive,
 With oil we fill the bowl ;
 'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
 And grace that feeds the soul.

- 2 The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream ;
It is not at our own command,
But still deriv'd from him.
- 3 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone ;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.
- 4 In Jesus is our store,
Grace issues from his throne ;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

LIII. (C. M.)

*Pharisaical Pride and the Humility of Gracious Men
contrasted.*

- 1 **W**HAT makes mistaken men afraid
Of sov'reign grace to preach ?
'The reason is (if truth be said)
Because they are so *rich*.
- 2 Why so offensive in their eyes
Doth God's election seem ?
Because they think themselves so wise,
That they have chosen *him*.
- 3 Of perseverance why so loth,
Are some to speak or hear ?
Because, as masters over sloth,
They vow to persevere.
- 4 Whence is imputed righteousness,
A point so little known ?
Because men think they all possess
Some righteousness their own.
- 5 Not so the needy helpless soul
Prefers his humble pray'r :
He looks to him that works the whole,
And seeks his treasure there.
- 6 His language is, "Let *me* my God,
"On sovereign grace rely :
"And own 'tis free, because bestow'd
"On one so vile as I.

PAUSE.

- 7 “ *Election!* ’tis a word divine ;
 “ For, Lord, I plainly see,
 “ Had not thy choice prevented mine,
 “ I ne’er had chosen *thee*.
- 8 “ For *perseverance* strength I’ve none,
 “ But would on this depend,
 “ *That Jesus having lov’d his own,*
 “ *He lov’d them to the end.*
- 9 “ Empty and bare I come to thee,
 “ For righteousness divine :
 “ O may thy matchless merits be,
 “ By *imputation* mine !”
- 10 Thus differ these, yet hoping each
 To make salvation sure :
 Now most men would approve the *rich*,
 But Christ has blest the *poor*.

LIV. (L. M.)

Free Salvation.

- 1 **L**ONG ere the sun began his days,
 Or moon shot forth her silver rays,
 Salvation’s scheme was fix’d, ’twas done
 In cov’nant by the THREE IN ONE.
- 2 The Father spake, the Son reply’d,
 The Spirit with them both comply’d :
 Grace mov’d the cause for saving man,
 And wisdom drew the noble plan.
- 3 The Father chose his only Son,
 To die for sins that man had done ;
 Immanuel to the choice agreed,
 And thus secur’d a num’rous seed.
- 4 He sends his Spirit from above,
 To call the objects of his love ;
 Not one shall perish or be lost,
 His blood has bought them, dear they cost.
- 5 What high displays of sov’reign grace !
 What love to save a ruin’d race !
 My soul adore his lovely name,
 By whom thy free salvation came.

LV. (C. M.)

Truth and Grace.

- 1 **W**HEN first the God of boundless grace
 Disclos'd his kind design,
 To rescue his apostate race
 From mis'ry, shame, and sin:
- 2 Quick thro' the realms of light and bliss,
 The joyful tidings ran ;
 Each heart exulted at the news,
 That God would dwell with man.
- 3 Yet 'midst their joys they paus'd awhile,
 And ask'd with strange surprise,
 " But how can injur'd justice smile,
 " Or look with pitying eyes."
- 4 The Son of God attentive heard,
 And quickly thus reply'd :
 " In me let mercy be rever'd,
 " And justice satisfy'd.
- 5 " Behold ! my vital blood I pour,
 " A sacrifice to God ;
 " Let angry justice now no more
 " Demand the sinner's blood."
- 6 He spake, and heav'n's high arches rung
 With shouts of loud applause ;
 " He dy'd," the friendly angels sung,
 And we repeat their joys.

LVI. (L. M.)

Grace Excites to Prayer.

- 1 **T**HE soul that's truly born of God
 Delights to run the heav'nly road ;
 He mourns for sin and hates the ways
 Which lead to death—Behold he prays.
- 2 Grace is the theme his soul explores ;
 A God in Christ his soul adores :
 Before the cross his fears he lays,
 And now to God—behold he prays.
- 3 He flies from works to Jesus' blood,
 Yet proves by works he's born of God :

He runs with joy in Zion's ways,
And to his God—behold he prays.

- 4 In heaven each praying soul shall see
Salvation was both rich and free ;
And through eternal ages raise
His song, where now, behold he prays

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

LVII. (8, 8, 6.)

A View of Christ on the Cross.

- 1 **A**S near to Calvary I pass,
Methinks I see a bloody cross,
Where a poor victim hangs ;
His flesh with ragged irons tore,
His limbs all dress'd in purple gore
Gasping in dying pangs.
- 2 Surpris'd this spectacle to see,
I ask'd who can this victim be,
In such exquisite pain ?
Why thus consign'd to woes ? I cry'd,
'Tis I the bleeding God reply'd,
Crush'd with the *curse* of sin.
- 3 A God, for rebel mortals, dies !
How can this be, my soul replies,
What, Jesus die for me ?
Yes, says the suffering Son of God,
I give my life, I spill my blood
For thee, poor soul, for thee.
- 4 Lord, since thy life for mine is giv'n,
'To raise my wretched soul to heav'n,
And bless me with thy love ;
I therefore at thy feet would fall,
Give thee my life, my soul, my all,
For thee would live and move.

- 5 And when this mortal life shall cease,
 O may I leave this world in peace,
 And soar to realms of light ;
 There, where my heav'nly Lover reigns,
 I'll join to raise immortal strains,
 With full supreme delight.

LVIII. (6's, 8's.) Lenox.

The Blood and Worth of Christ set forth in the Types.

- 1 **I**SRRAEL in ancient days,
 Not only had a view
 Of Sinai in a blaze,
 But learn'd the Gospel too :
 The types and figures were a glass
 In which they saw the Saviour's face.
- 2 The paschal sacrifice,
 And blood-besprinkled door,
 Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
 And once apply'd with pow'r,
 Would teach the need of other blood,
 To reconcile an angry God.
- 3 The Lamb, the Dove, set forth
 His perfect innocence ;
 Whose blood of matchless worth,
 Should be the soul's defence !
 For he who can for sin atone,
 Must have no failings of his own.
- 4 The scape-goat on his head,
 The people's trespass bore,
 And to the desert led,
 Was to be seen no more :
 In him our surety seem'd to say,
 " Behold, I bear your sins away."
- 5 Dipp'd in his fellow's blood,
 The living bird went free ;
 The type, well understood,
 Express'd the sinner's plea ;
 Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
 And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.

6 Jesus, I love to trace

Throughout the sacred page,

The footsteps of thy grace,

The same in ev'ry age.

O grant that I may faithful be

To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me !

LIX. (7, 6.)

A sight of Christ on the Cross, breaks the Heart.

1 **J**ESUS drinks the bitter cup,
The wine-press treads alope :
Tears the graves and mountains up,
With his expiring groan ;
Lo ! the pow'r of heav'n he shakes,
Nature in convulsion lies :
Earth's profoundest centre quakes,
The great Redeemer dies.

2 Dies the glorious Cause of all,
The true, eternal plan
Falls, to raise us from our fall,
To ransom sinful man :
Well may Sol withdraw his light,
With the sufferer sympathize :
Leave the world in sudden night,
While his Creator dies.

3 O ! my God ! he dies for me ;
I feel the mortal smart :
See him hanging on the tree—
A sight that breaks my heart.
O ! that all to thee would turn !
Sinners you may love him too :
Look on him ye pierc'd and mourn,
For one who bled for you.

4 Weep o'er your desire and hope,
With tears of humblest love ;
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthron'd above :
Lives our head to die no more ;
Pow'r is all to Jesus given ;
Worshipp'd as he was before,
The eternal King of Heaven.

LX. (P. M.)

The Death of Christ entertains the darkest hours.

I'M tir'd of visits, modes and forms,
And flatt'ry paid to fellow worms,
Their conversation cloy's ;
Their vain delights and empty stuff :
But I can ne'er enjoy enough
Of thy sweet company, my Lord,
Thou life of all my joys.

When he begins to tell his love,
Through every vein my passions move,
The captives of his tongue ;
In midnight shades, on frosty ground,
I could attend the pleasing sound,
Nor should I feel December's cold,
Nor think the darkness long.

There while I hear my Saviour God
Count o'er the sins (a heavy load)
He bore upon the tree,
Inward I blush with secret shame,
And weep, and love, and bless the name
That knew not grief nor guilt his own,
But bore it all for me.

Next he describes the thorns he wore,
And talks his bloody passions o'er,
Till I am drown'd in tears :
Yet with a sympathetic smart,
There's a strange joy beats round my heart
The cursed tree has blessings in't,
My sweetest balm it bears.

I hear the glorious sufferer tell,
How on the cross he vanquish'd hell,
And all the pow'rs beneath ;
Transported and inspir'd my tongue
Attempts his triumph in a song :
How hath the serpent lost his sting,
And where's thy victory death ?

But when he shows his hands, his heart,
And those dear prints of dying smart,
He sets my soul on fire ;

Not the beloved John could rest
 With more delight upon that breast,
 Nor Thomas pry into those wounds
 With more intense desire.

- 7 Kindly he opens me his ear,
 And bids me pour my sorrows there,
 And tell him all my pains ;
 Thus while I ease my burthen'd heart,
 In ev'ry woe he bears a part :
 His arms embrace me, and his hand
 My drooping head sustains.

LXI. (8, 6.)

Complete Atonement.

- 1 **F**ROM whence this fear and unbelief ?
 Hast thou, O Father, put to grief
 Thy spotless Son for me ?
 And will the righteous Judge of men
 Condemn me for that debt of sin,
 Which, Lord, was charg'd on thee ?
- 2 Complete atonement thou hast made,
 And to the utmost farthing paid
 Whate'er thy people ow'd ;
 How then can wrath on me take place,
 If sheltered in thy righteousness,
 And sprinkled with thy blood ?
- [3 If thou hast my discharge procur'd,
 And freely in my room endur'd
 The whole of wrath divine :
 Payment God cannot twice demand—
 First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
 And then again at mine.]
- 4 Turn then, my soul, unto thy rest,
 The merits of thy great High-Priest
 Speak peace and liberty :
 Trust in his efficacious blood,
 Nor fear thy banishment from God,
 Since Jesus died for thee.

LXII. (7's.)

Gethsemane.

- 1 **M**ANY woes had Christ endur'd,
Many sore temptations met,
Patient and to pains inur'd ;
But the sorest trial yet
Was to be sustain'd in thee,
Gloomy, sad, Gethsemane !
- 2 Came at length the dreadful night,
Vengeance with its iron rod,
Stood, and with collected might,
Bruis'd the harmless Lamb of God
See, my soul, the Saviour see,
Gro'ling in Gethsemane.
- 3 There my God bore all my guilt ;
This thro' grace can be believ'd ,
But the torments which he felt,
Are too vast to be conceiv'd :
None can penetrate through thee,
Doleful, dark, Gethsemane.
- 4 All my sins against my God ;
All my sins against his laws ;
All my sins against his blood ;
All my sins against his cause ;
Sins as boundless as the sea ;
Hide me, O Gethsemane.
- 5 Here's my claim, and here alone ;
None a Saviour more can need :
Deeds of righteousness I've none ;
Not a work that I can plead ;
Nor a glimpse of hope for me,
Only in Gethsemane.
- 6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One almighty God of love,
Prais'd by all the heavenly host,
In thy shining courts above ;
We poor sinners, gracious Three,
Bless thee for Gethsemane.

LXIII. (6's.)

Look on Him, and Mourn.

- 1 **M**Y Lord, my Saviour died,
For guilty sinners' sake;
The tokens of his love
Oft keep mine eyes awake.
I cannot choose but mourn,
That he should suffer so:
And yet it is the source
Whence all my comforts flow.
- 2 I cannot choose but mourn,
Whose sins made him to bleed;
And yet such sacrifice
My soul from death has freed.
'Twas not the treacherous Jews
That did my Lord betray:
It was my heinous sins,
More treach'rous far than they.
- 3 'Twas not the soldier's spear
That pierc'd my Saviour's side:
'Twas my ingratitude,
My unbelief, my pride.
These were the bloody thorns
That did his temples wound,
And caus'd those sacred drops
That did bedew the ground.
- 4 And when his Father's wrath
Drew forth that bitter cry,
He yielded up his life,
For rebels such as I.
And can I choose but mourn,
When skies and rocks did rend:
And nature veil'd her face
At sight of such an end?
- 5 But haste my soul to view
Thy happiness restor'd,
And death and hell subdu'd,
By thy triumphant Lord;

Put off thy mourning weed,
 Thy Jesus reigns on high,
 Receiving gifts for men,
 For rebels—such as I.

LXIV. (5's.)

The Fountain of Cleansing.

- T**HE Fountain of *Christ*,
Lord help us to sing,
 The blood of our Priest,
 Our crucifi'd King ;
 The fountain that cleanses
 From sin and from filth,
 And richly dispenses
 Salvation and health.
- 2 This fountain so dear,
 He'll freely impart ;
 When pierc'd by the spear,
 It flow'd from his heart ;
 With blood and with water,
 The first to atone,
 To cleanse us the latter ;
 'The fountain's but one.
- 3 This fountain from guilt
 Not only makes pure,
 And gives, soon as felt,
 Infallible cure ;
 But if guilt remov'd
 Return and remain.
 Its pow'r may be prov'd
 Again and again.
- 4 This fountain unseal'd
 Stands open for all,
 Who long to be heal'd,
 The great and the small :
 Here's strength for the weak
 That hither are led ;
 Here's health for the sick,
 And life for the dead.
- 5 This fountain, though rich,
 From charge is quite clear,

The poorer the wretch,
 The welcomer here ;
 Come needy and guilty,
 Come loathsome and bare,
 Though lep'rous and filthy—
 Come just as you are.

- 6 This fountain in vain
 Has never been try'd,
 It takes out all stain
 Whenever apply'd ;
 The fountain flows sweetly
 With virtue divine,
 To cleanse souls completely,
 'Though lep'rous as mine.

LXV. (8, 7.)

It is finished.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary !
 See ! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth and veils the sky !
 " It is finish'd ! "
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 It is finish'd ! () what pleasure
 Do these charming words afford !
 Heav'nly blessings without measure,
 Flow'd to us from *Christ the Lora*.
 It is finish'd !
 Saints the dying words record.
- 3 Finish'd, all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law !
 Finish'd all that *God* had promis'd :
 Death and hell no more shall awe.
 It is finish'd !
 Saints from hence your comfort draw.
- [4 Happy souls approach the table,
 Taste the soul-reviving food ;
 Nothing half so sweet and pleasant
 As the Saviour's flesh and blood.
 It is finish'd !
Christ has borne the heavy load.]

- 5 Tune your harps anew ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
 All on earth and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name.
 Hailelujah !
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

LXVI. (7, 6.)

Christ Crucified the noblest theme.

- 1 **V**AIN, delusive world, adieu !
 With all of creature good :
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with his blood.
 All thy pleasures I forego,
 I trample on thy wealth and pride ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucify'd.
- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,
 'Tis all but vanity :
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
 He tasted death for me.
 Me to save from endless woe,
 The sin-atonement victim died :
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucify'd.
- 3 Here will I set up my rest •
 My fluctuating heart
 From the haven of his breast
 Shall never more depart.
 Whither should a sinner go ?
 His wounds for me stand open wide
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucify'd.
- 4 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end ;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend.
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide :
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucify'd.

5 O that I could all invite,
 'This saving truth to prove :
 Shew the length, and breadth, and height,
 And depth of Jesus' love.
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone apply'd :
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucify'd.

LXVII. (P. M.)

The Love of Christ inexpressible.

1 **O** GOD of all grace,
 Thy goodness we praise :
 'Thy Son thou hast given to die in our place :
 With joy we approve
 The design of thy love,
 'Tis a wonder on earth, and a wonder above.

2 Tongue cannot explain
 The love of God-man,
 Which angels desire to look into in vain ;
 It dazzles our eyes,
 Thought cannot arise
 To find out a cause why the Infinite dies.

3 If pity inclin'd
 Him t' die for mankind ;
 The ground of his pity what seraph can find ?
 He came from above
 Our curse to remove ; [love,
 He lov'd, he hath lov'd us, because he would

4 Love mov'd him to die,
 On this we rely,
 He lov'd, he hath lov'd us, we cannot tell why :
 But this we can tell,
 He lov'd us so well,
 As t' lay down his life to redeem us from hell.

5 He ransom'd our race,
 () how shall we praise,
 Or worthily sing his unspeakable grace ?
 Nothing will we know,
 In our journey below,
 But singing thy grace, to thy paradise go.

- 6 Nay, when we remove,
 T' the mansions above,
 Our heaven shall still be to sing of thy lov
 When time is no more,
 We still shall adore
 The ocean of love without bottom or shore.
- 7 Ere long we shall fly
 To regions on high,
 For Israel's high strength cannot vary or lie
 He soon shall appear,
 He more than draws near,
 Our Jesus is come, and eternity's here.

LXVIII. (P. M.)

The Sufferings and Death of Christ.

- 1 **T**HE Son of man they did betray,
 Think O my soul the dreadful day,
 When he was bound and led away,
 To mourning Calvary :
 Behold him lamb-like led along,
 Surrounded by a wicked throng,
 Accused by each lying tongue,
 And thus the Lamb of God they hung,
 Upon the shameful tree.
- 2 And thus the glorious suff'rer stood,
 With hands and feet nail'd to the wood :
 From every wound a stream of blood
 Came trickling down amain :
 His bitter groans all nature shook,
 And at his voice the rocks were broke,
 While sleeping saints their graves forsook,
 The spiteful Jews around did mock,
 And laughed at his pain.
- 3 Now hung between the earth and skies,
 Behold him trembling as he dies !
 O sinners will not this suffice ?
 Behold his tort'ring pain !
 The morning sun withdrew his light,
 Blush'd and refus'd to see the sight ;
 The stars appear'd as in the night,
 All nature mourn'd and stood affright,
 When Christ the Lord was slain.

- 4 But Jews and Romans in a band,
 With hearts of steel around did stand,
 "If thou hast come to save the land,
 "Then save thyself," they cried :
 The soldiers pierc'd him when he dy'd ;
 The healing stream came from his side ;
 When Christ the Lord was crucify'd,
 Stern justice then was satisfy'd,
 And laid his vengeance by.
- 5 "'Tis done," the great Redeemer said,
 "The great atonement now is made,
 "Sinners on me your guilt was laid,
 "For you I spilt my blood :
 "For you my tender soul did move,
 "For you I left my courts above, [prove,
 "That you the length and breadth might
 "The depth and height of mighty love,
 "In me your bleeding God."
- 6 All glory be to God on high,
 Who sent his Son for us to die,
 That we with those above might vie ;
 Glory to him be given :
 While heaven above his praise resounds,
 O Zion shout, his grace abounds ;
 I hope to sing eternal rounds,
 In flaming love which hath no bounds,
 When swallowed up in heav'n.

LXIX. (9, 8.)

The Sorrows of Christ recounted.

- 1 COME all ye skilful souls in weeping,
 Come join with me to weep and mourn,
 To see the man of constant sorrows,
 Abus'd, forsaken, and forlorn :
 The foxes they have holes prepared,
 And birds of air have pleasant nests ;
 But Christ the Son of man worse fared,
 He had nowhere to go to rest.
- 2 Behold him in cold mountains praying,
 He spent whole nights in prayer and praise ;

He was with grief and tears acquainted,
He went a mourner all his days :
Behold him in the garden lying,
His soul in floods of sorrow drown'd,
And the large bloody sweat a running,
In trickling drops down to the ground.

3 Behold him when the soldiers took him,
And led him unto Pilate's bar,
His own disciples then forsook him,
O Christians, come and drop a tear.
Behold him when he was condemned,
In a *mock-robe* and thorny crown,
And see his tender temples pierced,
Until the blood came trickling down.

4 Behold him when the soldiers scourg'd him,
And put his soul to torturing pain,
See how with knotty whips they lash'd him,
Until the naked bones were seen.
O who is this, that comes from Bozrah,
With dyed garments all o'er red ;
And whose apparel is all stained,
Like those who in the wine-press tread ?

5 He did not hide his face from spitting,
Nor cheeks from those who pluck'd the
hair,
Come all ye tender-hearted Christians,
O come and help me drop a tear :
He gave his back unto the smiter,
Who plough'd long furrows in the same,
And lo, his visage, was more marred,
Than any of the sons of men.

6 Behold him on the cross a bleeding,
His soul in keenest agony !
The glittering sun forsook his shining,
And blush'd this mournful sight to see ;
The flinty rocks were burst asunder,
When Christ the Lamb gave up the ghost,
And then the earth did quake and tremble,
And many of the dead came forth.

- 7 They laid him in a new sepulchre,
 Where man was never laid before ;
 He burst the bands of death asunder,
 And brought salvation to the poor.
 Behold him pleading for poor sinners,
 Close at his heavenly Father's side,
 And when stern justice cries against them,
 Says "*Father, spare them, I have died.*"

LXX. (8's.)

The Sorrows of Christ a Lovely Story.

- 1 **A** STORY most lovely I'll tell,
 Of Jesus (O wond'rous surprise !)
 He suffer'd the torments of hell,
 That sinners, vile sinners might rise :
 He left his exalted abode,
 When man by transgression was lost :
 Appeasing the wrath of a God,
 He shed forth his blood as the cost.
- 2 O, did my dear Jesus thus bleed,
 And pity a ruin'd lost race !
 O, whence did such mercy proceed,
 Such boundless compassion and grace !
 His body bore anguish and pain,
 His spirit 'most sunk with the load,
 A short time before he was slain,
 His sweat was as great drops of blood.
- 3 O, was it for crimes I had done,
 The Saviour was hail'd with a kiss !
 By Judas the traitor alone ;
 Was ever compassion like this ?
 The ruffians all join'd in a band,
 Confin'd him and led him away,
 The cords wrapt around his sweet hands,
 O sinners, look at him I pray.
- 4 To Pilate's stone pillar when led,
 His body was lashed with whips :
 It never by any was said,
 A railing word dropt from his lips .
 They made him a crown out of thorns ;
 They smote him and did him abuse ;

- They cloth'd him with crimson, *in scorn*,
And hail'd him, *the King of the Jews*.
- They loaded the Lamb with the cross,
And drove him up Calvary's hill :
Come mourners, a moment and pause,
All nature look'd solemn and still !
They rushed the nails through his hands,
Transfixed and tortur'd his feet ;
O brethren, see passive he stands ;
To look at the sight it is great !
- He cried, my Father, my God,
Forsaken ! thou'st left me in pain !
The cross was all colour'd with blood,
The temple-veil bursted in twain :
He groaned his last and he died,
The sun it refused to shine ;
They rushed the spear in his side ;
This lovely Redeemer is mine.
- He fought the hard battle, and won
The vict'ry, and gives it most free :
O christians, look forward and run,
In hopes that his kingdom you'll see :
When he in the clouds shall appear,
With angels all at his command,
And thousands of christians be there,
All singing with harps in a band ;
- How pleasant and happy the view !
Enjoying such beams of delight !
His beauty to Christians he'll shew,
O Jesus, I long for the sight !
I long to mount up in the skies,
In Paradise make my abode,
And sing of salvation on high,
And rest with a *pacifi'd* God.

LXXI. (8, 7.)

The Sufferings of Christ in Gethsemane.

- GREAT high priest, we view thee stoop
ing,
With our names upon thy breast ;

- In the garden groaning, drooping,
To the ground with sorrow prest.
- 2 Weeping Angels stood confounded,
To behold their Maker thus :
And can we remain unwounded,
When we know 'twas all for us ?
- 3 On the cross thy body broken
Cancels ev'ry penal tie ;
Tempted souls, produce the token
All demands to satisfy.
- 4 All is finish'd do not doubt it,
But believe your dying Lord,
Never reason more about it,
Only take him at his word.
- 5 Lord, we fain would trust thee solely,
'Twas for us thy blood was spilt ;
Praised bride-groom, take us wholly,
Take and make us what thou wilt.
- 6 'Thou hast borne the bitter sentence
Past on man's devoted race :—
'True belief and true repentance,
Are thy gifts thou God of grace.

LXXII. (8, 8, 6.)

Do this in Remembrance of Me.

- 1 **T**HE table spread, my soul there spies
The victim bleed, the Saviour dies—
In anguish on the tree !
I hear his dying groans ! I prove
His bleeding heart, his dying love !
He dy'd, my soul, for thee.
- 2 'The table's spread—the royal food
Is Jesus' sacred flesh and blood ;
A feast of love divine :
His bleeding heart ! his dying groans !
His sacred blood for sin atones—
Atones, my soul, for thine.
- 3 The feast is spread with bleeding hands,
Bedew'd with blood, and lo, it stands
To fill the hungry mind :

- 'Tis free, and whosoever will,
 May feast his soul, and drink his fill,
 And grace and glory find.
- 4 Whilst at the table sits the King,
 Raptur'd with joy, my soul shall sing,
 With an immortal flame :
 My Saviour's grace I'll still adore,
 With joy I'll love him more and more,
 And bless his sacred name.
- 5 O sacred flesh ! O solemn feast !
 When Christ my Lord, the royal guest,
 Is at his table found :
 'This adds new glories to my joy—
 It bids me sing, and well I may,
 It makes my bliss abound.
- 6 'Tis thus my soul by faith is fed,
 On angels' food, with living bread,
 And manna from above :
 On sacred flesh, on dying blood
 I feast till I am full of God,
 And drink the wine of love.
- 7 It is an early antipast,
 Of heav'nly bliss it is a taste,
 A taste on earthly ground :
 If here so sweet, if here we prove
 Seraphic joy, celestial love,
 In heav'n what will be found ?

LXXIII. (C. M.)

The Deity, Incarnation and Death of Christ.

- 1 **E**ARTH has engross'd my love too long ;
 'Tis time I lift mine eyes
 Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
 And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest man, my Saviour sits ;
 'The God how bright he shines ?
 And scatters infinite delights
 On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs with elevated strains,
 Circle the throne around ;

And move and charm the starry plains,
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs ;
Jesus, my love, they sing :
Jesus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

[5 Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run ;
And echo in majestic sounds
The Godhead of the Son !

6 And now they sink the lofty tune,
And gentler notes they play,
And bring the Father's Equal down
To dwell in humble clay.

7 O sacred beauties of the MAN !
(The GOD resides within :)
His flesh all pure without a stain ;
His soul without a sin.

8 But when to *Calvary* they turn,
Silent their harps abide ;
Suspended songs, a moment mourn
The God that lov'd and died.

9 Then all at once, to living strains
They summon ev'ry chord ;
Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
And chant the rising Lord.]

10 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too :
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

11 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise,
O for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies !

12 There ye that love my Saviour sit ;
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

LXXIV. (8, 7.)

Gazing on the Cross

- 1 **S**WEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend !
Life and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying friend.
- 2 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
Here I see my sins forgiven,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.
- 4 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go ;
Prove his blood each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

LXXV. (8, 7.)

The Brazen Serpent—Type of Christ.

- 1 **W**HEN the chosen tribes debated
'Gainst their God, as hardly treated,
And complain'd their hopes were spilt :
God for murm'ring to requite them,
Fiery serpents sent to bite them,
Lively type of deadly guilt.
- 2 Stung by these they soon repented :
And their God as soon relented.
Moses pray'd ; He answer gave :
"Serpents are the beasts that strike them ;
"Make of brass a serpent like them :
"That 's the way I choose to save."
- 3 Vain was bandage, oil, or plaster :
Rankling venom kill'd the faster ;
'Till the serpent Moses took,
Rear'd it high, that all might view it,
Bid the bitten look up to it :
Life attended ev'ry look.

- 4 Jesus thus, for sinners smitten,
Wounded, bruised, serpent-bitten,
To his cross directs their faith.
Why should I then poison cherish?
Why despair of cure, and perish?
Look, my soul, tho' stung to death.
- 5 Thine's (alas!) a lost condition;
Works cannot work thee remission,
Nor thy goodness do thee good:
Death's within thee, all about thee;
But the remedy's without thee:
See it in thy Saviour's blood.
- 6 See the Lord of glory dying!
See him gasping! Hear him crying!
See his burden'd bosom heave!
Look, ye sinners, ye that hung him;
Look, how deep your sins have stung him:
Dying sinners, look and live.

LXXVI. (8, 8, 6.)

Christ Crucified.

- 1 **I**S this my Jesus, this my God,
Whose body, all o'er stain'd with blood,
Hangs on th' accursed tree?
Who bows his head, opprest with pain;
But 'midst it all doth not complain?
Yes, O my soul, 'tis he!
- 2 Is this my Saviour, this my Lord,
Whose feet and hands with nails are bor'd,
And fasten'd to the tree;
Whose sacred head with thorns is crown'd,
Whose pierced side receives the wound?
Yes, O my soul, 'tis he!
- 3 Is this my bleeding sacrifice,
Who bows his head and calmly dies,
High lifted on the tree;
Unknown by Gentiles, scoff'd by Jews,
Whom almost all mankind refuse?
Yes, O my soul, 'tis he!

- 4 And shall my soul again forget
His love so free, immensely great ?
Oh !—never let it be !
But let me always see the Lamb,
And truly praise his gracious name
To all eternity.

LXXVII. (C. M.)

Christ's Death and Victory.

- 1 **I** SING my Saviour's wond'rous death ;
He conquer'd when he fell ;
" 'Tis finish'd," said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 " 'Tis finish'd," our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done :
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise ;
His kingdom is begun.
- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted at his Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord :
To heav'n and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

LXXVIII. (C. M.)

Pardon brought to our senses.

- 1 **L** ORD, how divine thy comforts are,
How heav'nly is the place !
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace !
- 2 There the rich bounties of our God,
And sweetest glories shine :
There Jesus says, that "I am his,
And my beloved's mine."
- 3 "Here," says the kind redeeming Lord,
And shews his wounded side ;
"See here the spring of all your joys,
"That open'd when I died !"

LXXIX. (C. M.)

Christ on the Cross, Dying.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Nail'd to the shameful tree !
How vast that love, that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee !
- 2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend ;
The temple-veil asunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul," he cries :
See how he bows his sacred head—
He bows his head and dies !
- 4 But soon he'll break death's iron chain,
And in full glory shine ;
O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine ?

LXXX. (L. M.)

Remembrance of Christ.

- 1 **H**IGH on a throne my Lord doth sit,
Though once he suffer'd here below,
In groans and tears, and blood, and sweat,
Such pains as mortals never knew.
- 2 And shall I now forgetful be
Of his sharp sorrows, while he hung
Expanded on th' accursed tree,
Tortur'd by spear, and whips and thorn ?
- 3 No ! rather let me ever mourn,
And weep o'er my expiring God ;
For 'twas my sins, and not his own,
That drain'd his last remaining blood.
- 4 Lord, how shall I a tribute bring,
For such immeasurable grace ?
For thou wast once *for me* made sin,
That I might be thy righteousness.

LXXXI. (S. M.)

Desiring to Live before the Cross.

- 1 **U**P! haste to Calvary !
My soul a journey take,
To view the Lord 'twixt earth and sky,
Without the city-gate.
- 2 Before his bloody cross
I'd bow and kiss the ground :
'Twas there my guilt and woe I lost,
A ready pardon found.
- 3 Lord tune anew my strings,
Now on the willow dry :
Take off my thoughts from earthly things,
Bind them to Calvary.
- 4 For glorious is the place,
Though 'tis without the gate ;
There, Lord, I'll sing redeeming grace,
And for thy blessing wait.

LXXXII. (L. M.)

Gratitude for Christ's Sufferings.

- 1 **T**O Him who on the fatal tree
Pour'd out his blood, his life for me,
In grateful strains my voice I'll raise,
And in his service spend my days.
- 2 To list'ning multitudes I'll tell
How he redeem'd my soul from hell :
And how reposing on his breast,
I lost my cares, and found my rest.
- 3 Through him my sins are all forgiv'n,
He ever pleads my cause in heav'n :
I'll build an altar to his name,
And to the world his grace proclaim.

LXXXIII. (C. M.)

My Flesh and Blood is Meat indeed.

- 1 **G**REAT God, we now surround t
board,
To banquet and to feed :

- Thy flesh and blood, dear dying Lord,
Is meat and drink indeed !
- 2 Thy sacred flesh and saving blood,
Do ev'ry type exceed :
And we can say this heav'nly food
Is meat and drink indeed !
- 3 This is the Lord's appointed feast,
Enjoin'd on all his seed ;
His flesh and blood, O happy guest,
Is meat and drink indeed !
- 4 These sacred signs assist our sense ;
But faith on Christ can feed :
He is the bread of excellence,
And meat and drink indeed !

LXXXIV. (C. M.)

Take, eat ; this is my Body.

- 1 **T**HE blest memorials of thy grief,
Thy suff'rings, and thy death,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive ;
But would receive with faith.
- 2 The tokens sent us, to relieve
Our spirits when they droop,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive ;
But would receive with hope.
- 3 The pledges thou wast pleas'd to leave,
Our mournful minds to move,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive ;
But would receive with love.
- Here, in obedience to thy word,
We take the bread and wine ;
The utmost we can do, dear Lord,
For all beyond is thine.
- 5 Increase our faith, and hope, and love ;
Lord give us all that 's good :
We would thy full salvation prove,
And share thy flesh and blood.

LXXXV. (L. M.)

The Lord's Supper Instituted.

- 1 **T**WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
 When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
 Against the Son of God's delight,
 And friends betray'd him to his foes.
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
 He took the bread, and blest, and brake.
 What love through all his actions ran!
 What wond'rous words of grace he spake!
- 3 "This is my body broke for sin;
 Receive, and eat the living food:"
 Then took the cup and blest the wine:
 "'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

LXXXVI. (L. M.)

Christ gave himself for us.

- 1 **J**ESUS for us with nails was torn,
 He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;
 And justice pour'd upon his head,
 Its heavy vengeance in our stead.
- 2 For us his vital blood was spilt,
 To buy the pardon of our guilt;
 When for black crimes of bigger size
 He gave his soul a sacrifice.
- 3 "Do this (he cried) till time shall end,
 "In memory of your dying friend;
 "Meet at my table, and record
 "The love of your departed Lord."
- [4 Jesus! thy feast we celebrate,
 We show thy death, we sing thy name,
 Till thou return, and we shall eat
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.]

LXXXVII. (C. M.)

The Dying Love of Jesus.

- 1 **H**OW condescending and how kind
 Was God's eternal Son!

Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

3 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great :
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.

4 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

LXXXVIII. (C. M.)

Divine Love makes the sweetest Feast.

1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores !

2 Here ev'ry bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls :
Here peace and pardon bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
"And enter while there's room ;
"When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come ?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forc'd us in :
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

5 Pity our neighbours, O our God !
Constrain our friends to come ;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring our children home !

LXXXIX. (L. M.)

Glory in the Cross.

- 1 **A**T thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast ;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh, feeds every guest.
- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died :
We hope for heav'nly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucifi'd.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals in thy cause ;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left the tomb ;
He lives above their utmost rage ;
And we are waiting till he come.

XC. (C. M.)

Grace and Glory, by the Death of Christ.

- 1 **S**ITTING around our Father's board,
We raise our tuneful breath ;
Our faith beholds our dying Lord,
And dooms our sins to death.
- 2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise ;
The sinner views th' atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice.
- 3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross
Procure us heav'nly crowns :
Our highest gain springs from thy loss,
Our healing from thy wounds.
- 4 O ! 'tis impossible that we,
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal suff'rings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

XCI. (C. M.)

Welcome to the Table.

- 1 **T**HIS is the feast of heav'nly wine,
And God invites to sup ;
The juices of the living wine,
Were press'd to fill the cup.
- 2 O, bless the Saviour, ye who eat,
With royal dainties fed :
Not heav'n affords a costlier treat,
For JESUS is the bread !
- 3 The vile, the lost—he calls to them ;
“ Ye-trembling souls appear !
“ The righteous in their own esteem,
“ Have no acceptance here.
- 4 “ Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
“ The banquet spread for you : ”
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
Then I may venture too.
- 5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place ;
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see his face.

XCII. (C. M.) Repentance.

Repentance at the Cross.

- 1 **O**H, if my soul was form'd for woe,
How would I vent my sighs !
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 ' I was for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life
For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 O, how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucify'd my God ;
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood !
- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die ;
My heart hath so decreed ;

Nor will I spare the guilty things,
That made my Saviour bleed.

- 5 Whilst, with a melting broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murd'ers too.

XCIH. (S. M.) Warren.

The Spirit witnesses to the Water and the Blood.

- 1 **L**ET all our tongues be one,
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son,
To fetch us strangers nigh.
- 2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name ;
Jesus, th' Ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came.
- 3 It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God ;
Great was our debt, and he appears,
To make the payment good.
- 4 Look up, my soul, to him,
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.
- 5 Thus the Redeemer came,
By water and by blood ;
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his witness good.

XCIV. (C. M.) Lebanon.

The Love of Christ, in Death to Sinners, typified in David

- 1 **B**EHOLD the love, the gen'rous love,
That holy David shows :
Behold his kind compassion move
For his afflicted foes.
- 2 How did his flowing tears condole,
As for a brother dead !
And fasting mortified his soul,
While for their life he pray'd.

- 3 They groan'd, and curs'd him on their bed,
 Yet still he pleads and mourns ;
 And double blessings on his head
 The righteous God returns.
- 4 O glorious type of heavenly grace !
 Thus Christ the Lord appears ;
 While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
 And pities them with tears.
- 5 He, the true David, Israel's King,
 Blest and belov'd of God,
 To save us rebels, dead in sin,
 Paid his own dearest blood.

XCV. (C. M.)

Christ Crucified the burden of the Song.

- 1 **T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
 We love to hear of thee ;
 No music's like thy charming name,
 Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 O let us ever hear thy voice,
 In mercy to us speak,
 And in our Priest we will rejoice,
 Thou great Melchisedeck.
- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
 While in this world we stay ;
 We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
 When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
 With all thy favour'd throng,
 Then we will sing more sweet, more loud,
 And Christ shall be our song.

XCVI. (C. M.)

Ignatius going to the Stake, cry'd " My Love was Crucified."

- 1 **W**ARM was his heart, his faith was
 strong,
 When thus in rapture cry'd,
 When on his way to martyrdom,
 " My Love was crucify'd."

- 2 Warm also be my love for Him,
 Who thus for sinners died;
 Long as I live be this my theme,
 "My Love was crucify'd."
- 3 What Lover ere to win my heart,
 So much has done beside;
 To him I'll cleave, and never part;
 "My Love was crucify'd."
- 4 O that in Jesus' wounds, my soul
 Secure may ever hide;
 And sing as changing seasons roll,
 "My Love was crucify'd."
- 5 To what a test his love was put,
 When by his suff'rings try'd,
 But faithful to the end endur'd:
 "My Love was crucify'd."
- 6 Let not my dear despised Lord,
 Be e'er by me deny'd;
 My joy, my crown, my boast be this,
 "My Love was crucify'd."
- 7 Dead be my heart to all below,
 In Christ may I abide;
 Why should I love the creature so?
 "My Love was crucify'd."
- 8 Still while upon this earth I stay,
 Whate'er shall me betide,
 To all around I'll meekly say,
 "My Love was crucify'd."
- 9 And when death's gloomy vale I walk,
 My Lord shall be my guide;
 To him I'll sing, of him I'll talk,
 "My Love was crucify'd."

XCVII. (L. M.)

Christ on the Cross in Dying Agonies.

- 1 SEE, on the mount of Calvary,
 Upon a cross suspended high,
 A harmless suff'rer cover'd o'er
 With shame, and welt'ring in his gore.

- [2 Is this the Son, the sent of God,
To rule the nations with his rod?
This the predicted Son that brings
Life and salvation on his wings?]
- 3 Is this the Saviour long foretold,
'To usher in the age of gold?
To make the reign of sorrow cease,
And bind the jarring world in peace?
- 4 'Tis he, 'tis he!—he kindly shrouds
His glories in a night of clouds,
'That souls might from their ruin rise,
And gain th' unperishable skies.
- 5 See to their refuge and their rest,
From all the bonds of guilt releas'd,
Transgressors to his cross repair,
And find a full redemption there.
- 6 Jesus, what millions of our race
Have been the trophies of thy grace!
And millions more to thee shall fly,
And on thy sacrifice rely!
- 7 That tree, that curs'd and poison'd tree
Which prov'd a bloody rack to thee,
Shall in the noblest blessings shoot,
And fill the nations with its fruit.
- 8 The sorrow, shame, and death were thine,
And all the stores of wrath divine!
Our's are the glory, life, and bliss;
What love can be compar'd to this!

XCVIII. (L. M.)

The Wonderful Effects of the Death of Christ.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the blind their sight receive!
Behold, the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.
- 2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

- 3 He dies ; the heav'ns in mourning stood ;
 He rises, and appears a God ;
 Behold the Lord ascending high,
 No more to bleed, no more to die.
- 4 Hence and forever from my heart
 I bid my doubts and fears depart ;
 And to those hands my soul resign
 Which bear credentials so divine.

XCIX. (L. M.)

The Request of one Saved by Blood.

- 1 **T**HOU, who for sinners once was slain,
 Once dead, but now alive again ;
 Give me to know, to taste, and prove
 The power and sweetness of thy love.
- 2 Give me to feel my sins forgiv'n,
 And know myself an heir of heav'n ;
 My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,
 And fill me with the love of God.

C. (S. M.)

Christ Crucified is the Bread of Life.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the gift of God !
 Sinners adore his name,
 Who shed for us his precious blood—
 Who bore our curse and shame.
- 2 Behold the living bread
 Which Jesus came to give,
 By dying in the sinner's stead
 That he might ever live.
- 3 Behold the Saviour's love
 Who gives his flesh to eat ,
 Never did angels taste above
 Provision half so sweet.
- 4 The Lord delights to give,
 He knows you've nought to buy :
 To Jesus haste : this bread receive,
 And you shall never die.

CI. (C. M.)

At the Lord's Table there is room.

- 1 **T**HE King of heaven his table spreads,
The dainties crown the board :
Not Paradise with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given ;
Thro' the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise the soul to heaven.
- 3 Ye hungry and ye humble poor,
Who halt and fear to come ;
Come from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.
- 4 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame ;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the founder's name.

CII. (C. M.)

The same.

- 1 **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast !
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For ev'ry humble guest.
- 2 See Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come !
Guilt holds you back and fear alarms,
But see there yet is room !
- 3 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love :
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 4 There with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

CIII. (C. M.)

Christ the Sweetest Theme.

- 1 **J**ESUS ! in thy transporting name,
What blissful glories rise !
Jesus !—the angels sweetest theme—
The wonder of the skies.
- 2 Jesus ! and didst thou leave the sky
For miseries and woes ?
And didst thou bleed, and groan, and die,
For vile rebellious foes ?
- 3 Victorious love ! can language tell
The wonders of thy pow'r,
Which conquer'd all the force of hell,
In that tremendous hour ?
- 4 What glad return can I impart
For favours so divine ?
O take my heart—this worthless heart,
And make it only thine.

CIV. (C. M.)

Christ Crucified is Meat and Drink indeed.

LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace ;
But most of all admire, that I
Should find a welcome place.
I that am all defil'd with sin,
A rebel to my God ;
I that have crucify'd his Son,
And trampled on his blood.
What strange surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room !
My Saviour takes me by the hand—
My Jesus bids me come.
Eat, O my friends, the Saviour cries,
The feast was made for you ;
For you I groan'd, and bled, and dy'd,
And rose, and triumph'd too.

CV. (P. M.) Crucifixion.

The Sufferings, Death, Ascension, and Mediation of Christ

- 1 **S**AW ye my Saviour? saw ye my Saviour?
Saw ye my Saviour and God?
Oh! he dy'd on Calvary, to atone for you and
me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood!
- 2 He was extended, he was extended—
Painfully nail'd to the cross!
'Till he bow'd his head and dy'd; Thus my
Lord was crucify'd
To atone for my soul that was lost!
- 3 Jesus hung bleeding; Jesus hung bleeding—
Three dreadful hours in pain!
While the sun refus'd to shine, when the Ma-
jesty divine
Was derided, insulted and slain!
- 4 Darkness prevailed, darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land!
O the solid rocks were rent, thro' creation's
vast extent,
When the Jews crucify'd the God-man!
- 5 When it was finish'd, when it was finish'd,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great, and embalm'd in
spices sweet,
With the rich in the grave softly laid.
- 6 Hail mighty Saviour! Hail mighty Saviour!
Prince and the author of Peace:
Bursting all the bars of Death, 'Triumphing
o'er hell and earth,
'Thou ascendest to mansions of bliss.
- 7 There interceding, there interceding,
Pleading that sinners might live:
Saying Father, I have dy'd, (Oh! Behold my
hands and side)
"To redeem them, I pray then forgive."

- 8 “I will forgive them, I will forgive them,”
 Says the kind Father to thee ;
 “Let them now return to thee, and be reconcil’d to me,
 “And eternally sav’d they shall be.”

THE GLORIES OF CHRIST.

CVI. (C. M.)

Mortals incited to unite with Angels in Song.

- 1 **M**ORTALS awake, with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay ;
 Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
 To hail th’ auspicious day.
- 2 In heav’n the rapt’rous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire
 Through all the shining legions ran,
 And strung and tun’d the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
 And loud the echo roll’d :
 The theme, the song, the joy was new
 ’Twas more than heav’n could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
 Th’ impetuous torrent ran :
 And angels flew with eager joy,
 To bear the news to man.
- [5 Wrapt in the silence of the night
 Lay all the eastern world,
 When bursting, glorious, heav’nly light
 The wond’rous scene unfurl’d.]
- 6 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song ;
 Good-will and peace are heard throughout
 I’h’ harmonious heav’nly throng.

- [7 O for a glance of heav'nly love,
Our hearts and songs to raise,
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays !]
- 8 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high !
"Good-will and peace are now complete ,
"Jesus was born to die."
- 9 Hail, Prince of Life ! for ever hail,
Redeemer, brother, friend !
Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

CVII. (6, 4.) Delight.

Angels Invoked to Join with Mortals in Song.

- 1 **O** YE immortal throng,
(Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song
To make the Saviour known ;
On earth ye knew
His wond'rous grace,
His beauteous face
In heaven ye view.
- 2 Ye saw the heaven-born child
In human flesh array'd,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid ;
And praise to God,
And peace on earth,
For such a birth,
Proclaim aloud.
- 3 Ye in the wilderness
Beheld the tempter spoil'd,
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foil'd ;
And joy'd to crown,
The victor's head,
When Satan fled
Before his frown.

- 4 Around the bloody tree,
 Ye press'd with strong desire,
 That wond'rous sight to see,
 'The Lord of life expire.
 And could your eyes
 Have known a tear,
 Have dropp'd it there
 In sad surprise.
- 5 Around his sacred tomb,
 A willing watch you keep :
 'Till the blest moment come
 To rouse him from his sleep :
 'Then roll'd the stone,
 And all ador'd
 Your rising Lord,
 With joy unknown.
- 6 When all array'd in light,
 'The shining conqueror rode,
 Ye hail'd his rapturous flight
 Up to the throne of God ;
 And wav'd around
 Your golden wings,
 And struck your strings,
 Of sweetest sound.
- 7 The warbling notes pursue,
 And louder anthems raise ;
 While mortals sing with you
 Their *own* Redeemer's praise :
 And thou my heart,
 With equal flame,
 And joy the same,
 Perform thy part.

CVIII. (8, 7.)

Christ's Birth Celebrated.

- 1 **L**ET us all with grateful praises
 Celebrate the happy day,
 When the lovely loving Jesus
 First partook of human clay :
 When the heav'nly host assembled,
 Gaz'd with wonder from the sky ;

Angels joy'd, and devils trembled,
Neither fully knowing why.

- 2 Long had Satan reign'd imperious
'Till the woman's promis'd seed,
Born a babe, by birth mysterious,
Came to bruise the Serpent's head.
Crush, dear babe, his pow'r within us,
Break our chains and set us free ;
Pull down all the bars between us,
'Till we fly and cleave to thee.
- 3 Shepherds on their flocks attending,
Shepherds that in night-time watch'd,
Saw the messenger descending,
From the court of heaven despatch'd.
Beams of glory deck'd his mission,
Bursting through the veil of night :
Fear possess'd them at the vision :
Sinners tremble at the sight.
- 4 Dove-like meekness grac'd his visage ;
Joy and love shone round his head,
Soon he cheer'd them with his message ;
Comfort flow'd from all he said.
" Fear not, fav'rites of th' Almighty,
Joyful news to you I bring :
You have now in *David's* city,
Born, a Saviour, Christ the King.
- 5 Go and find the royal stranger
By these signs. A babe you'll see,
Weak and lying in a manger,
Wrapt and swaddled ; that is He."
Straight a host of Angels glorious
Round the heavenly Herald throng,
Utt'ring in harmonious chorus,
Airs divine : and this the song.
- 6 " Glory first to God be given
In the highest heights ; and then
Peace on earth, proclaim'd by heav'n,
Peace, and great good will to men.
Thus they sang, with rapture kindling
In the Shepherds' hearts a flame,

Joy and wonder sweetly mingling :
All believers feel the same.

- 7 Lo, sweet babe, we fall before thee,
Jesus, thee we will adore.
To thee, kingdom, power and glory,
We ascribe for evermore.
*Glory to our God be given
In the highest heights ; and then
Peace on earth brought down from heaven,
Peace and great good will to men.*

CIX. (6, 8.) Lenox,

The Birth of Christ hailed.

- 1 **A** WAKE, awake, arise,
And hail the glorious morn ;
Hark ! how the angels sing,
“ To you a Saviour’s born : ”
Now let our hearts in concert move,
And ev’ry tongue be tun’d to love.
- 2 He mortals came to save
From sin’s tyrannic pow’r :
Come, with the angels sing,
At this auspicious hour :
Let ev’ry heart and tongue combine,
To praise the love, the grace divine.
- 3 The prophecies and types
Are all this day fulfill’d ;
With eastern sages join,
To praise this wond’rous child :
God’s only Son is come to bless
The earth with peace and righteousness.
- 4 Glory to God on high,
For our Immanuel’s birth !
To mortal men good will,
And peace and joy on earth !
With angels now we will repeat
Their songs, still new and ever sweet.

CX. (C. M.) Sherburn.

The Song of Angels at the Birth of Christ.

- 1 **W**HILE shepherds watch'd their flocks
by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind,)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
"To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you in David's town, this day
"Is born of David's line,
"The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
"And this shall be the sign :
- 4 "The heav'nly babe you there shall find
"To human view display'd ;
"All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
"And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful song :
- 6 "All glory be to God on high !
"And to the earth be peace !
"Good-will henceforth from heaven to men,
"Begin and never cease !"

CXI. (C. M.)

The same.

- 1 **S**HEPHERDS ! rejoice, lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away ;
"News from the regions of the skies,
"Salvation's born to day.
- 2 "Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
"Comes down to dwell with you ;
"To-day he makes his entrance here,
"But not as monarchs do.
- 3 "No gold nor purple swaddling bands,
"Nor royal shining things ;

- "A manger for his cradle stands,
 "And holds the King of kings.
 4 "Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
 "And see his humble throne;
 "With tears of joy in all your eyes,
 "Go, Shepherds, kiss the Son."
 5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
 The heav'nly armies throng,
 They tune their harps to lofty sound,
 And thus conclude the song:
 6 "Glory to God that reigns above,
 "Let peace surround the earth;
 "Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
 "At their Redeemer's birth."
 7 Lord, and shall angels have their songs,
 And men no tunes to raise?
 O may we lose our useless tongues,
 When they forget to praise.
 8 Glory to God that reigns above,
 That pitied us forlorn;
 We join to sing our Maker's love,
 For there's a Saviour born.

CXII. (L. M.)

The Glories of Immanuel.

- 1 **H**AIL! God the Father, eternal light,
 Hail! God the Son, my soul's delight,
 Hail! holy Ghost, all one in three,
 My anthem through eternity.
 2 Ye glittering orbs, all round the skies,
 But speak his glory in disguise;
 Your silent notes, too mean to tell
 The glories of Immanuel.
 3 Ye rumbling thunders, as ye roll,
 With forked lightnings from each pole,
 Your awful form, too weak to tell
 The power of Immanuel.
 4 Ye mountains tall, which pierce the skies,
 And all the hills that round you rise,

- While time endures ye cannot tell
The wisdom of Immanuel.
- 5 Ye tumbling seas, with dismal roar
Whose numbers sound from shore to shore,
Your thundering language ne'er can tell
The grandeur of Immanuel.
- 6 Ye worlds, on worlds, with all your throng,
Through every age his praise prolong;
But though you all in glory dwell,
You cannot speak Immanuel.
- 7 Behold him take his ancient seat,
And myriads bowing at his feet:
He's conquer'd all the hosts of hell!
He's KING of KINGS Immanuel.
- 8 His fame shall sound from pole to pole,
And glory roll from soul to soul,
Whilst loudest trumpets sound to tell,
The gospel of Immanuel.
- 9 While I am singing of his name,
My soul begins to feel the flame;
I'm full! I'm full! but cannot tell
The love of King Immanuel.
- 10 I long to hear his trumpet sound,
And see his glory blaze around,
I then will shout and try to tell,
The love of dear Immanuel.
- 11 Hark! how the chorus angels try,
In lofty strains, each to out-vie:
They tune their harps each to excel,
In praising King Immanuel
- 12 Ten thousand thousand in the throng,
Ten thousand thousand join the song,
"He sav'd us from a dismal hell,
"All glory to Immanuel!"
- 13 My soul's transported with these charms
I long to be in Jesus' arms;
My loving brethren all farewell!
I'll go to meet Immanuel!

CXIII. (8, 7.)

Christ's Love, the noblest Passion.

- 1 **L**ISTED into the cause of sin,
Why should a good be evil?
Music, alas! too long has been
Press'd to obey the devil:
Drunken, or lewd, or light the lay
Flows to the soul's undoing,
Widens, and strews with flow'rs, the way
Down to eternal ruin.
- 2 Who on the part of God will rise,
Innocent mirth recover,
Fly on the prey, and take the prize,
Plunder the carnal lover;
Strip him of every moving strain,
Of ev'ry melting measure,
Music in virtue's cause regain,
Revive the holy pleasure.
- 3 Come let us try if Jesus' love
Will not as well inspire us:
This is the theme of those above,
This upon earth should fire us.
Say are your hearts in tune to sing,
Is there a subject greater?
Melody all her strains may bring,
Jesus's name is sweeter.
- 4 Jesus the soul of music is,
His is the noblest passion:
Jesus's name gives life and peace,
Happiness and salvation.
Jesus's name the dead can raise,
And shew our sins forgiven,
Fill us with all the life of grace,
Carry us up to heaven.
- 5 Who has a right like us to sing,
Us, whom his mercy raises:
Merry our hearts, for Christ is king;
And merry all our voices:
Who of his love does once partake,
He in his God rejoices;

Melody in our hearts we make,
And melody with our voices.

- 6 He that a sprinkled conscience hath,
He that in God is merry,
Let him sing psalms, the Spirit saith,
Joyful and never weary !
Offer the sacrifice of praise,
Hearty and never ceasing,
Spiritual songs and anthems raise,
Worship and thanks, and blessing
- 7 Come let us in his praises join,
Triumph in his salvation ;
Glory ascribe to love divine,
Worship and adoration.
Heaven already is begun,
Open'd in each believer :
Only believe, and then sing on,
Heaven is ours forever.

CXIV. (7, 6.)

Desiring to see Jesus.

- 1 **O** SIR, we would see Jesus,
The blessed prince of love ;
He only can relieve us,
And all our griefs remove.
O tell us as a preacher,
Where Jesus Christ doth dwell:
Describe his charming feature,
His glowing beauties tell.
- 2 O Sir, we would see Jesus,
The sinner's constant friend,
We know he won't deceive us ;
But love us to the end :
His blessed word assures us,
His hidden ones shall stand,
His mighty arm secures us,
From all the hostile band.
- 3 O Sir, we would see Jesus,
The glorious King of grace,
A sight of him would ease us,
And fill our souls with peace :

We would behold his beauty,
And run into his arms,
And learn the Christian's duty,
Amidst those blessed charms.

4 O Sir, we would see Jesus,
As Prophet, Priest, and King ;
We hope he will receive us,
Though we are poor and mean :
For in the holy scriptures,
This sacred truth we find,
He saves such wretched creatures,
Of meek and lowly mind.

O Sir, we would see Jesus,
And at his feet adore,
His ways although mysterious,
We humbly would explore.
O tell us how to find him,
And how we may him know,
Where does this *rose* of Sharon,
This spotless *lilly* grow ?

6 O Sir, we would see Jesus,
And hearken to his voice,
O this would greatly please us.
And make our hearts rejoice :
This sound is so inviting,
It brings the dead to life ;
This sound is so transporting,
It ends the sinner's strife.

7 O Sir, we would see Jesus,
Descending from above,
And making up his jewels,
The objects of his love :
The sun and moon in mourning,
The stars of heaven fall,
The awful trumpet sounding,
The universal call.

8 O Sir, we would see Jesus,
On that great burning day,
Collecting all his children,
To carry them away ;

Unto their seats in glory,
 Forever there to sing,
 And tell the blessed story
Of Jesus Christ their King.

CXV. (P. M.)

Christ All in All

- 1 **C**HRIST is the eternal *rock*,
 On which his church is built !
 The *Shepherd* of his little flock ;
 The *Lamb* that took our guilt ;
 Our *counsellor* ; our *guide* ;
 Our *brother* ; and our *friend* ;
 The *bridegroom* of his chosen bride,
 Who loves her to the end.
- 2 He is the *Son* to free ;
 The *Bishop* he to bless ;
 The full *propitiation* he ;
 The Lord our *righteousness* ;
 His body's glorious *head* ;
 Our *advocate* that pleads ;
 Our *priest* that pray'd, aton'd, and bled,
 And ever intercedes.
- 3 Let all obedient souls
 Their grateful tribute bring ;
 Submit to Jesus' righteous rules,
 And bow before their *King*.
 Our *prophet* Christ expounds
 His and our Father's will ;
 This good *physician* cures our wounds
 With tenderness and skill.
- 4 When sin had sadly made
 'Twixt wrath and mercy strife ;
 Our dear *Redeemer* dearly paid
 Our ransom with his life.
 Faith gives the full release ;
 Our *surety* for us stood :
 The *Mediator* made the peace
 And sign'd it with his blood.
- 5 Soldiers, your *captain* own,
 Domestics, serve your *Lord*.

Sinners the *Saviour's* love make known,
 Saints, hymn th' incarnate *Word*;
 The *witness* sure and true
 Of God's good will to men,
 The *Alpha* and th' *Omega* too,
 The first and last, *Amen*.

- 6 Poor Pilgrims shall not stray,
 Who frighten'd flee from wrath,
 A bleeding Jesus is the *way*;
 And blood tracks all the path.
 Christians in Christ obtain
 The *truth* that can't deceive;
 And never shall they die again,
 Who in the *life* believe.

CXVI. (8's.)

Christ; What think you of?

- 1 **W**HAT think you of Christ? is the test,
 To try both your state and your
 scheme:
 You cannot be right in the rest,
 Unless you think rightly of him.
 As Jesus appears in your view,
 As he is beloved or not;
 So God is disposed to you,
 And mercy or wrath is your lot.
- 2 Some take him a creature to be,
 A man, or an angel at most:
 Sure these have not feelings like me,
 Nor know themselves wretched and lost:
 So guilty, so helpless am I,
 I durst not confide in his blood,
 Nor on his protection rely,
 Unless I were sure he is God.
- 3 Some call him a Saviour, in word,
 But mix their own work with his plan;
 And hope he his help will afford,
 When they have done all that they can
 If doing prove rather too light,
 (A little, they own, they may fail,)

They purpose to make up full weight,
By casting his name in the scale.

- 4 Some style him the pearl of great price ;
And say he's the fountain of joys ;
Yet feed upon folly and vice,
And cleave to the world and its toys :
Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,
And whilst they salute him betray ;
Ah ! what will profession like this
Avail in his terrible day.

- 5 If ask'd, what of Jesus I think ?
Tho' still my best thoughts are but poor,
I say, he's my meat and my drink,
My life, and my strength, and my store :
My shepherd, my husband and friend,
My Saviour from sin and from thrall ,
My hope from beginning to end,
My portion, my Lord, and my all.

CXVII. (8, 7.)

Christ the Best Friend.

- 1 **O**NE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend :
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly free, and knows no end :
'They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Would consent to shed his blood ?
But our Jesus dy'd to have us
Reconcil'd in him to God :
'This was boundless love indeed !
Jesus is a friend in need.
- [3 Men when rais'd to lofty stations,
Often know their friends no more—
Slight and scorn their poor relations,
'Tho' they valu'd them before ;
But our Saviour always owns
Those whom he redeem'd with groans.

- 4 When he liv'd on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name ;
 Now above all glory raised
 He rejoices in the same :
 Still he calls them brethren, friends,
 And to all their wants attends.
- 5 Could we bear for one another,
 What he daily bears for us ?
 Yet this glorious friend and brother
 Loves us, tho' we treat him thus :
 'Tho' for good we render ill,
 He accounts us brethren still.]
- 6 O, for grace our hearts to soften !
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love :
 We, alas ! forget too often,
 What a friend we have above ;
 But when home our souls are brought,
 We shall love thee as we ought.

CXVIII. (8's.)

Christ—the Glory of the Bible.

THE Bible is justly esteem'd
 The glory supreme of the land,
 Which shows how a sinner's redeem'd,
 And brought to Jehovah's right hand
 With pleasure we freely confess,
 The Bible all books does outshine,
 But Jesus, his person and grace,
 Affords it that lustre divine.

In ev'ry *prophetical book*
 Where God his decrees hath unseal'd,
 With joy we behold as we look,
 The wonderful Saviour reveal'd ;
 His glories project to the eye,
 And prove it was not his design,
 Those glories concealed should lie,
 But there in full majesty shine.

The *first gracious promise* to man,
 A blessed prediction appears ;
 His work is the soul of the plan,
 And gives it the glory it wears.

How cheering the truth must have been,
 That Jesus the promised seed,
 Should triumph o'er Satan and sin,
 And hell in captivity lead !

- 4 The *ancient, Levitical Law*
 Was prophesy after its kind,
 In types, there the faithful foresaw
 The Saviour that ransom'd mankind:
 The altar, the Lamb, and the priest,
 The blood that was sprinkled of old,
 Had life when the people could taste
 The blessings those shadows foretold.
- 5 Review each prophetical *song*,
 Which shines in perfection's rich train ;
 The sweetest to Jesus belong,
 And point out his sufferings and reign :
 Sure David his harp never strung
 With more of true sacred delight,
 Than when of the Saviour he sung,
 And he was reveal'd to his sight.
- 6 May Jesus more precious become ;
 His word be a lamp to our feet,
 While we in this wilderness roam,
 'Till brought in his presence to meet !
 Then, then will we gaze on thy face,
 Our prophet, our priest, and our king ;
 Recount all thy wonders of grace,
 Thy praises eternally sing.

CXIX. (6, 8.) Lenox.

Christ's Love above all Price.

- 1 COME ev'ry pious heart,
 That loves the Saviour's name,
 Your noblest powers exert
 To celebrate his fame :
 Tell all above, and all below,
 The debt of love to him you owe.
- 2 Such was his zeal for God,
 And such his love for you,
 He nobly undertook
 What Gabriel could not do ;

His every deed of love and grace
All worth exceeds, and thought surpass

3 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside ;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died ;
What he endur'd, O who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.

4 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead ;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led :
Up thro' the sky the conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

5 From thence he'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day :
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace.

6 Jesus we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love :
Yet, tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve :
Our hearts, our all, to thee we give :
The gift, tho' small, thou wilt receive.

CXX. (6, 8.) Lenox.

Christ, the King of Saints.

1 **R**EJOICE the Lord is King :
Your God and King adore :
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore !
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.

2 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above ;
Lift up the heart. &c.

- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heaven,
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus given.
 Lift up the heart, &c.
- 4 He all his foes shall quell,
 Shall all our sins destroy;
 And every bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy:
 Lift up the heart, &c.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home:
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice
 The trump of God shall sound rejoice.

CXXI. (8's.)

Christ the Chiefest among Ten Thousand.

- 1 **H**OW shall I my Saviour set forth?
 How shall I his beauties declare?
 O how shall I speak for his worth,
 Or what his chief dignities are?
 His angels can never express,
 Nor saints who set nearest his throne,
 How rich are his treasures of grace:—
 No! This is a myst'ry unknown.
- 2 In him all the fulness of God
 Forever transcendentally shines;
 Tho' once like a mortal he stood
 To finish his gracious designs;
 Tho' once he was nail'd to the cross,
 Vile rebels like me to set free,
 His glory sustained no loss,
 Eternal his kingdom shall be.
- 3 His wisdom, his love, and his power,
 Seem'd then with each other to vie,
 When sinners he stoop'd to restore,
 Poor sinners condemned to die!

He laid all his grandeur aside,
 And dwelt in a cottage of clay :
 Poor sinners he lov'd till he dy'd,
 'To wash their pollution away.

- 4 O sinners, believe and adore,
 'Th'is Saviour so rich to redeem !
 No creature can ever explore
 'The treasures of goodness in him :
 Come, all ye who see yourselves lost,
 And feel yourselves burden'd with sin,
 Draw near while with terror you're toss'd ;
 Believe, and your peace shall begin.
- 5 Now sinners, attend to his call,
 " Whoso hath an ear let him hear ;"
 He promises mercy to all,
 Who feel their sad wants far and near :
 He riches has ever in store,
 And treasures that never can waste :
 Here 's pardon, here 's grace, yea and more,
 Here 's glory eternal at last.

CXXII. (8's.)

Christ is Precious.

- 1 **J**ESUS, how precious is thy name !
 The great Jehovah's darling thou !
 O let me catch th' immortal flame,
 With which angelic bosoms glow !
 Since angels love thee, I would love,
 And imitate the blest above.
- 2 My Prophet thou, my heavenly guide ;
 'Thy sweet instructions I will hear :
 'The words that from thy lips proceed,
 O how divinely sweet they are.
 'Thee my great Prophet, I would love,
 And imitate the blest above.
- 3 My great High Priest, whose precious blood
 Did once atone upon the cross ;
 Who now doth intercede with God,
 And plead the friendless sinner's cause ;

In thee I trust ; thee I would love,
And imitate the blest above.

- 4 My King supreme, to thee I bow,
A willing subject at thy feet ;
All other lords I disavow,
And to thy government submit.
My Saviour King, this heart would love,
And imitate the blest above.

CXXIII. (7's.)

Christ the Rock of Ages.

- 1 **R**OCK of ages, shelter me,
Let me hide myself in thee !
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r
- 2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil the law's demands :
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow ;
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling :
Naked come to thee for dress,
Helpless look to thee for grace :
Black, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages shelter me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

CXXIV. (7, 6.)

Christ a matchless Physician.

- 1 **H**OW lost was my condition,
'Till Jesus made me whole !

There is but one Physician
 Can cure a sin-sick soul.
 Next door to death he found me,
 And snatch'd me from the grave,
 To tell to all around me
 His won'drous pow'r to save.

2 The worst of all diseases,
 Is light compar'd with sin .
 On ev'ry part it seizes,
 But rages most within ;
 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
 And madness—all combin'd ;
 And none but a believer
 The least relief can find.

3 From men, great skill professing,
 I thought a cure to gain,
 But this prov'd more distressing,
 And added to my pain :
 Some said that nothing ail'd me,
 Some gave me up for lost ;
 Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
 And all my hopes were crost.

4 At length this great Physician—
 How matchless is his grace !
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case :
 First gave me sight to view him—
 For sin my eyes had seal'd—
 Then bid me look unto him ;
 I look'd, and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
 Seen by the eye of faith,
 At once from danger frees us,
 And saves the soul from death :
 Come then to this Physician,
 His help he'll freely give ;
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only—look and live.

CXXV. (11's.)

Christ the Rock that is higher than I.

- 1 **C**ONVINC'D as a sinner to Jesus I
 come,
 Inform'd by the gospel for such there is room;
 O'erwhelmed with sorrow for sin will I cry,
 Lead me to the rock that is higher than I !
- 2 When tempted by Satan my Saviour to leave,
 Who sets forth religion as meant to deceive,
 I'll claim my relation to Jesus on high—
 The rock of salvation that 's higher than I !
- 3 When God from my soul shall his presence
 remove, [love,
 To try by his absence the strength of my
 I'll rest on the promise of Jesus, and try,
 The force of that rock which is higher
 than I !
- 4 When sorely afflicted and ready to faint,
 Before my Redeemer I'll spread my com-
 plaint : [rely
 'Midst storms and distresses my soul shall
 On Jesus the rock that is higher than I !]
- 5 When weak and encompass'd with number-
 less foes,
 Attempting my happiness here to oppose,
 I'll look to the Saviour of sinners, and cry,
 Lead me to the rock that is higher than I !
- [6 When I my poor feeling with others com-
 pare, [share!
 And learn from reflection what mercies I
 My backsliding heart is constrain'd to reply,
 Lead me to the rock that is higher than I !]
- 7 When judgments, O Lord, are abroad in the
 land, [hand !
 And merited vengeance descends from thy
 O'erwhelm'd with the sight, for protection
 I'll fly,
 And hide in the rock that is higher than I !

- 8 When summon'd by death before God, to ap-
pear, [fear;
Thy free-grace supporting, I'll yield without
Most gladly I'll venture with Jesus on high
To enter the rock that is higher than I !
- 9 'Tis there with the chosen of Jesus, I long
To dwell, and eternally join in the song
Of praising and blessing, with angels on high
Christ Jesus, the rock that is higher than I

CXXVI. (L. M.)

Christ ever lives our Intercessor.

- 1 " **I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives,"
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever living HEAD !
- 2 He lives, to bless me with his love,
He lives, to plead my cause above,
He lives, my hungry soul to feed,
He lives, to help in time of need.
- 3 He lives, to give me full supplies,
He lives, to bless me with his eyes,
He lives, to comfort me when faint,
He lives, to hear my soul's complaint.
- 4 He lives, to crush the fiends of hell,
He lives, and doth within me dwell,
He lives, to heal, and keep me whole,
He lives, to guide my feeble soul.
- 5 He lives, to banish all my fears,
He lives, to wipe away my tears,
He lives, to calm my troubled heart,
He lives, all blessings to impart.
- 6 He lives, my kind and gracious friend,
He lives, and loves me to the end :
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives, my prophet, priest, and king
- 7 He lives, all glory to his name,
He lives, my Jesus still the same :

(O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
 "I know that my Redeemer lives."

CXXVII. (L. M.)

Christ not to be ashamed of.

- 1 **J**ESUS ! and shall it ever be
 A mortal man asham'd of thee ?
 Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glory shines through endless days ;
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus ! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star ;
 He sheds the beams of light divine,
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus ! just as soon
 Let midnight be asham'd of noon ;
 'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
 Bright morning-star ! bid darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus ! that dear friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend :
 No ; when I blush—be this my shame
 That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus ! yes I may
 When I've no guilt to wash away ;
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fear to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 'Till then—nor is my boasting vain ;
 'Till then I boast a Saviour slain !
 And O may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not asham'd of me !
- [7 His institutions would I prize,
 Take up my cross—the shame despise ;
 Dare to defend his noble cause,
 And yield obedience to his laws.]

CXXVIII. (L. M.)

Christ the bright and morning Star.

- 1 **Y**E worlds of light, that roll so near
 The Saviour's throne of shining bliss
 O tell how mean your glories are—
 How faint and few compar'd with his !

- 2 We sing the bright and Morning Star,
Jesus the Spring of light and love :
See, how its rays, diffus'd from far,
Conduct us to the realms above !
- 3 Its cheering beams spread wide abroad :—
Point out the puzzled Christian's way ;
Still, as he goes, he finds the road,
Enlighten'd with a constant day.
- 4 When shall we reach the heav'nly place
Where this bright Star shall brightest shine,
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view a lustre so divine ?

CXXIX. (S. M.)

Christ, the Alpha and Omega of the perfect man.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the perfect man,
The upright one in heart,
Christ is the motto of his plan,
Christ fills up ev'ry part.
- 2 For Christ's his all in all,
His Alpha and his end ;
In each distress on him he'll call,
For Christ's his chiefest friend.
- 3 To him in ev'ry need,
He'll fly and shelter there :
For, lo ! his Christ doth live, and plead
His cause, and answer pray'r.
- 4 This man shall end his days,
In peace, and fly away,
Where he'll his Christ forever praise,
In everlasting day.

CXXX. (C. M.)

Christ, the Head of the Church.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I sing thy matchless grace,
That calls a worm thy own ;
Gives me among thy saints a place,
To make thy glories known.
- 2 Allied to thee, our vital Head,
We act, and grow, and thrive ;

From thee divided, each is dead
When most he seems alive.

- 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord :
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.

CXXXI. (C. M.)

Christ, the best Physician.

- 1 **J**ESUS, since thou art still to-day
As yesterday the same—
Present to heal—in me display
The virtue of thy name.
- 2 Since still thou go'st about to do
Thy needy creatures good—
On me, that I thy praise may show,
Be all thy wonders show'd.

LEPER.

- 3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat ;
With pitying eye behold me fall,
A leper at thy feet.
- 4 Loathsome, and vile, and self-aborr'd,
I sink beneath my sin ;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

DEAF AND DUMB.

- 5 'Thou seest me deaf to thy commands ;
Open, O Lord, mine ear ;
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands
And lift them up in pray'r.
- 6 Silent, (alas ! thou know'st how long)
My voice I cannot raise ;
But, oh ! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.

LAME.

- 7 Lame, at the pool I still am seen,
Waiting to find relief,

While many others venture in,
And wash away their grief.

- 8 Now speak, my mind, my conscience,
Give, and my strength employ ;
Light as a hart, my soul shall bound,
The lame shall leap for joy.

BLIND.

- 9 If thou my God, art passing by,
Oh ! let me find thee near ;
Jesus, in mercy, hear me cry ;
Thou Son of David, hear !
- 10 See, I am waiting in the way,
For thee the heav'nly light :
Command me to be brought, and say,
"Sinner, receive thy sight."

POSSESSED.

- 11 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
To thy great name submit :
Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.
- 12 From sin, the guilt, the pow'r, the pain
Thou wilt relieve my soul ;
Lord, I believe, and not in vain,
For thou wilt make me whole.

CXXXII. (S. M.)

Christ the Way, Truth, and Life.

- 1 **I** AM, saith Christ, *the Way* :—
Now if we credit *Him*,
All other paths must lead astray,
How fair soe'er they seem.
- 2 I am, saith Christ, *the Truth* :—
Then all that lacks this test,
Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
Is but a lie at best.
- 3 I am, saith Christ, *the Life* :—
Let this be seen by faith ;
It follows, without further strife,
That all besides is death.

- 4 If what those words aver,
 The Holy Ghost apply
 The simplest Christian shall not *err*,
 Nor be *deceiv'd*, nor *die*.

CXXXIII. (L. M.)

Christ, the Apple-Tree.

- 1 **T**HE Tree of Life my soul hath seen,
 Laden with fruit, and always green
 The trees of nature fruitless be
 Compar'd with Christ the Apple-tree.
- 2 This beauty doth all things excel;
 By faith I know, but ne'er can tell
 The glory which I now can see
 In Jesus Christ the Apple-tree.
- 3 For happiness I long have sought,
 And pleasure dearly have I bought;
 I miss'd of all, but now I see
 'Tis found in Christ the Apple-tree.
- 4 I'm wearied with my former toil—
 Here I will sit and rest awhile :
 Under the shadow I will be
 Of Jesus Christ the Apple-tree.
- 5 With great delight I'll make my stay,
 There's none shall fright my soul away :
 Among the sons of men I see
 There's none like Christ the Apple-tree
- 6 I'll sit, and eat this fruit divine ;
 It cheers my heart like precious wine :
 Oh ! how divinely sweet to me
 Is Christ the lovely Apple-tree !
- 7 This fruit doth make my soul to thrive :
 It keeps my dying faith alive ;
 Which makes my soul in haste to be
 With Jesus Christ the Apple-tree.

CXXXIV. (L. M)

Christ, the Corner Stone.

- 1 **L**AID by Jehovah's mighty hands,
 Zion's foundation firmly stands

Rais'd up on Christ, the Corner-stone,
Secure as God's eternal throne.

- 2 See how the glorious fabric grows,
Fram'd of materials that he chose !
Each stone prepar'd, and fitly set,
The royal structure to complete.
- 3 Still shall this edifice arise,
'Till all shall reach the lofty skies ;
And joyful hosts shall praise above
Jehovah's grace, and Jesus' love.

CXXXV. (C. M.)

Christ the Door.

- 1 **C**HRIST is the way to heav'nly bliss,
And Christ the only door ;
My soul, pursue no way but this,
For this alone is sure.
- 2 'Tis through this door, and this alone,
That thou art led to God ;
Rest, then, on what thy Lord has done,
And plead his precious blood.
- 3 This door will lead thee safe to heav'n,
And give thee entrance in ;
And God will own thy sins forgiv'n,
However vile they've been.

CXXXVI. (L. M.)

Christ is Eternal Life.

- 1 **T**IS life to know the dying Lamb;
Eternal life is in his name :
O may I in this knowledge grow,
And daily more of Jesus know !
- 2 Know him to wash me in his blood ;
Know him to make my peace with God ;
Know him for strength and righteousness,
And know him for renewing grace.
- 3 Know him as my exceeding joy :
Know him my praises to employ ;
Know him as all my heart can wish,
And know him for eternal bliss.

CXXXVII. (C. M.)

Christ the Pearl of Great Price.

- 1 **I**'VE found the pearl of greatest price ;
My heart exults for joy ;
And sing I must, a Christ I have !
O what a Christ have I !
- 2 Christ is my father and my friend,
My brother and my love ;
My head, my hope, my counsellor,
My advocate above.
- 3 My Christ, he is the heav'n of heav'n ;
My Christ, what shall I call ?
My Christ is first, my Christ is last,
My Christ is all in all.

CXXXVIII. (S. M.)

Christ the Rose of Sharon.

- 1 **I**N Sharon's lovely Rose,
Immortal beauties shine ;
Its sweet refreshing fragrance shows
Its origin divine.
- 2 How blooming and how fair !
Oh may my happy breast,
'This lovely Rose for ever wear,
And be supremely blest !

CXXXIX. (L. M.)

Christ the Highway of Holiness.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The king's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief, my burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

- 4 The more I strove against its pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more ;
'Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 5 Lo ! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am ;
My sinful self to thee I give—
Nothing but love I shall receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God.

CXL. (C. M.)

Christ the Captain of Salvation.

- 1 **B**EHOLD ! the war-like trumpets blow,
When foes in arms appear,
To let the sons of freedom know
The day of battle's near.
- 2 Christ's trumpet sounds, let saints be arm'd,
The battle is begun ;
The hosts of Satan are alarm'd,
The day will soon be won.
- 3 The glorious Captain, Jesus, sends
The heralds of his might ;
To search and try who are his friends,
And who will 'list to fight.
- 4 The Gospel calls for volunteers,
Who come with sword in hand :
Where is there one for Christ appears,
Against the foe to stand.
- 5 Here's bounty-money shall be giv'n
To all his soldiers here ;
And glorious crowns of joy in heav'n,
When Jesus shall appear.
- 6 Here's dress, and food, and drink, and arms,
And pay, and vict'ry sure ;
This ev'ry Christian soldier charms,
And makes him war endure.

- 7 The Captain never quits the field,
But fights before his men ;
Until his foes are made to yield,
Or fall among the slain.
- 8 His foes can neither stand nor fly,
When he appears in sight ;
But none of those shall ever die,
Who in his army fight.
- 9 Here, Lord, behold, I set my name,
A soldier I would be ;
Thy gracious promises I claim,
And give myself to thee.

CXLI. (S. M.) America.

Christ, Glorious in Tears.

- 1 **D**ID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from ev'ry eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see !
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul—
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep :
Each sin demands a tear ;
In heav'n alone no sin is found,
And there 's no weeping there.

CXLII. (L. M.)

Christ, the Sure Anchor of Hope.

- 1 **I**S Jesus mine ! I'm now prepar'd
To meet with what I thought most hard
Yes, let the winds of trouble blow,
And comforts melt away like snow ;
No blasted trees of failing crops,
Can hinder my eternal hopes ;
Tho' creatures change, the Lord's the same ;
Then let me triumph in his name.

CXLIII. (C. M.)

Christ All in All.

- 1 **C**HRIST, as our great physician, heals
Our maladies within ;
Relieves the pangs the conscience feels,
And cleanses ev'ry sin.
- 2 He sympathizes with our grief ;
He lends a gracious ear
To all our groans ; and gives relief,
Whate'er we feel or fear.
- 3 'Tis he subdues our num'rous foes,
And blasts their vile intent ;
And he will always interpose,
Our ruin to prevent.
- 4 My soul, with sacred rapture, saith,
When Jesus is in view,
This is the object of my faith,
And this its author too.

CXLIV. (L. M.)

The Breaker.—Mic. ii. 13.

- 1 **S**ING the dear Saviour's glorious fame,
Who bears the Breaker's wond'rous
name :
Sweet name ! and it becomes him well,
Who breaks down sin, guilt, death and hell
- 2 A mighty breaker sure is he ;
He broke my chains and set me free :
A gracious Breaker to my soul ;
He breaks, and O, he makes me whole.
- 3 He breaks thro' ev'ry gloomy cloud,
Which can my soul with darkness shroud :
He breaks the bars of ev'ry snare,
Which hellish foes for me prepare.
- 4 Great Breaker, O, thy love impart !
Daily to break my stony heart ;
O, break it Lord, and enter in,
And break, O, break the power of sin !

CXLV. (C. M.)

The Builder.

- 1 **C**HRIST plans the temple of the Lord,
And all the building rears ;
And be his holy name ador'd ;
He all the glory bears.
- 2 The vast materials all he forms,
Nor love nor pow'r he spares ;
He guards the building from all harms,
And all the glory bears.
- 3 In this blest building may my soul
A living stone appear ;
And he, the builder of the whole,
Shall all the glory bear.
- 4 When he the topmost stone shall bring
To heaven to see him there ;
We shall the Builder's praises sing,
And he the glory bear.

CXLVI. (C. M.)

Crown Him Lord of All.

- 1 **I**NSPIRE our souls, thou heavenly Dove,
On thee we humbly call :
Come warm our hearts with Jesus' love,
To own him Lord of all.
- 2 The saints who now in glory shine,
And triumph o'er the fall ;
In concert join, with notes divine,
To praise him Lord of all.
- 3 Sinners, who now in him believe,
Whose crimes are bitter gall ;
Pardon and grace from him receive,
And bless him Lord of all.
- 4 The day arrives when ev'ry voice
On this terrestrial ball ;
Aloud shall sing, exult, rejoice,
To hail him Lord of all.
- 5 All heaven, in one admiring throng,
Before him prostrate fall ;

And join in sweet, `seraphic song,
To crown him Lord of all.

CXLVII. (7's.)

Jesus, Immanuel.

- 1 **G**OD with us ! O glorious name
Let it shine in endless fame ;
God and man in Christ unite—
O mysterious depth and height !
- 2 God with us ! amazing love
Brought him from his courts above :
Now ye saints his grace admire—
Swell the song with holy fire.
- 3 God with us ! but tainted not
With our father Adam's blot ;
Yet he did our sins sustain,
Bore the guilt, the curse, the pain.
- 4 God with us ! O wond'rous grace !
Let us see him face to face :
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King.

CXLVIII. (L. M.)

Jesus Yesterday, To-day, and Forever, the Same.

- 1 **H**IGH on his Father's royal seat,
Our Jesus shone divinely great ;
Ere Adam's clay with life was warm'd,
Or Gabriel's nobler spirit form'd.
- 2 Through all succeeding ages, he
The same hath been—the same shall be ;
Immortal radiance gilds his head,
While stars and sun wax old and fade.
- 3 The same his pow'r his flock to guard ;
The same his bounty to reward ;
The same his faithfulness and love,
To saints on earth and saints above.
- 4 Let nature change, and sink, and die ;
Jesus shall raise his chosen high ;
And fix them near his stable throne,
In glory changeless as his own.

CXLIX. (L. M.)

Christ our Advocate.

- 1 **H**E lives, the great Redeemer lives ;
What joy the blest assurance gives !
And now before his Father God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, arm'd with frowns, appears ;
But in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence, then, ye black, despairing thoughts !
Above our fears, above our faults ;
His pow'rful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In ev'ry dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their pow'r ;
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend !
On him our humble hopes depend !
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads and must prevail.

CL. (C. M.)

Christ is King of Saints.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known ;
The sov'reign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd
With glories all divine ;
And tell the wond'ring nations round,
How bright those glories shine.
- 3 Infinite pow'r and boundless grace,
In him unite their rays ;
You that have seen his lovely face,
Can you forbear his praise ?

CLI. (C. M.)

The same.

- 1 **W**HEN in his earthly courts we view
The beauties of our King ;
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 2 And shall we long and wish in vain ?
Lord, teach our songs to rise !
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.
- 3 O happy period ! glorious day !
When heav'n and earth shall raise,
With all their pow'rs, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

CII. (6, 4.)

King of Saints.

- 1 **L**ET us awake our joys,
Strike up with cheerful voice—
Each creature sing ;
Angels—begin the song,
Mortals—the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
“ Jesus is King.”
- 2 Proclaim abroad his name,
Tell of his matchless fame—
What wonders done ;
Shout thro' hell's dark profound,
Let the whole earth resound,
Till the high heavens rebound,
“ The vict'ry's won.”
- 3 He vanquish'd sin and hell :
And the last foe will quell ;
Mourners rejoice !
His dying love adore,
Praise him now rais'd in pow'r,
And triumph evermore,
With a glad voice.

- 4 All hail the glorious day,
 When thro' the heavenly way
 Lo he shall come !
 While they who pierc'd him wail,
 His promise shall not fail,
 Saints, see your King prevail ;
 Come, dear Lord, come !

CLIII. (L. M.)

Christ the One Thing Needful.

- 1 **J**ESUS, engrave it on my heart,
 That thou the one thing needful art !
 I could from all things parted be,
 But never, never, Lord, from thee !
- 2 Needful art thou to make me live ;
 Needful art thou all grace to give ;
 Needful to guide me lest I stray ;
 Needful to help me every day.
- 3 Needful is thy most precious blood ;
 Needful is thy correcting rod ;
 Needful is thy indulgent care ;
 Needful thy all-prevailing pray'r.
- 4 Needful thy presence dearest Lord,
 True peace and comfort to afford ;
 Needful thy promise to impart
 Fresh life and vigour to my heart.
- 5 Then shall my soul with joy supreme,
 Dwell on the dear delightful theme ;
 Glory and praise be ever his,
 The one thing needful Jesus is !

CLIV. (L. M.)

Christ a Divine Treasure.

- 1 **J**ESUS is all I wish or want ;
 For him I pray, I thirst, I pant :
 Let others after earth aspire ;
 Christ is the treasure I desire.
- 2 Possess'd of him, I wish no more :
 He is an all-sufficient store ;

To praise him all my pow'rs conspire ;
Christ is the treasure I desire.

- 3 If he his smiling face but hide,
My soul no comfort has beside ;
Distrest, I after him inquire ;
Christ is the treasure I desire.

- [4 And while my heart is rack'd with pain,
Jesus appears and smiles again ;
Why should my Saviour thus retire ?
Christ is the treasure I desire.]

- 5 Come humble souls and view his charms ;
Take refuge in his saving arms :
And sing, while you his worth admire,
Christ is the treasure I desire.

CLV. (C. M.)

Jesus the true and living Vine.

- 1 **J**ESUS, immutably the same,
Thou true and living vine,
Around thy all-supporting stem
My feeble arms I twine.
- 2 Quicken'd by thee and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit ;
My life I from thy sap derive,
My vigour from thy root.
- 3 Upon my leaf when parch'd with heat,
Refreshing dew shall drop ;
The plant which thy right hand hath set,
Shall ne'er be rooted up.
- 4 Each moment water'd by thy care,
And fenc'd with pow'r divine,
Fruit to eternal life shall bear
The feeblest branch of thine.

CLVI. (8, 8, 6.)

The Excellency of Christ.

- 1 **O** COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Saviour shine ;

- I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine ;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect heav'nly dress,
My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne :
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face :
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend
Triumphant in his grace.

CLVII. (C. M.)

Captain of Salvation.

- 1 **H**ARK ! 'tis our heav'nly leader's voice
From his triumphant seat ;
'Midst all the war's tumultuous noise,
How powerful and how sweet !
- 2 " Fight on my faithful band," he cries,
" Nor fear the mortal blow ;
" Who first in such a warfare dies,
" Shall speediest vict'ry know.
- [3 " I have my days of combat known,
" And in the dust was laid ;
" But thence I mounted to my throne,
" And glory crowns my head.
- 4 " That throne, that glory, you shall share :
" My hands the crown shall give :
" And you the sparkling honours wear,
" While God himself shall live."

- 5 Lord, 'tis enough ; our souls are fir'd
 With courage and with love :
 Vain are th' assaults of earth and hell,
 Our hopes are fix'd above.]

CLVIII. (8's.)

King of Righteousness and Peace.

- 1 **A**LL glory to God in the sky,
 And peace upon earth be restor'd
 O Jesus exalted on high,
 Appear our omnipotent Lord !
 Who meanly in Bethlehem born,
 Did stoop to redeem a lost race,
 Once more to thy creatures return,
 And reign in thy kingdom of grace.
- 2 When thou in our flesh didst appear,
 All nature acknowledg'd thy birth :
 Arose the acceptable year,
 And heav'n was open'd on earth :
 Receiving its Lord from above,
 The world was united to bless
 The Giver of concord and love,
 The Prince and the Author of Peace.
- 3 O wouldst thou again be made known,
 Again in the Spirit descend,
 And set up in each of thine own
 A kingdom that never shall end.
 Thou only art able to bless,
 And make the glad nations obey,
 And bid the dire enmity cease,
 And bow the whole world to thy sway
- 4 Come then to thy servants again,
 Who long thy appearance to know ;
 Thy quiet and peaceable reign
 In mercy establish below !
 All sorrow before thee shall fly,
 And anger and hatred be o'er,
 And envy and malice shall die,
 And discord afflict us no more.
- 5 No horrid alarum of war
 Shall break our eternal repose ;

No sound of the trumpet is there,
 Where Jesus's Spirit o'erflows :
 Appeals'd by the charms of thy grace
 We all shall in amity join,
 And kindly each other embrace,
 And love with a passion like thine.

CLIX. (P. M.)

The Lamb of God praised.

- 1 **H**AIL to the Lamb ! that in triumph ad-
 vances ;
 Honour'd and bless'd be his ever dear name
 Long may the church with his banner that
 glances, [fame :
 Flourish, and send forth the sound of his
 Heav'n send it happy dew,
 Grace lend it sap anew,
 Gaily to verge on, and broadly to grow,
 While ev'ry tongue and pen
 Send back the shout again,
 Glory to Jesus, glory is due !
- 2 Ours is no slim sapling, chance by the foun-
 tain,
 Blooming in spring, and in winter to fade ;
 When winds ev'ry leaf have clean stript
 from the mountain, [shade.
 The more shall we brethren, exult in our
 Moor'd in the tried Rock,
 Proof to the tempest's shock,
 The deeper to root, the ruder it blows ;
 Angels and brethren then,
 Sound forth his praise again !
 Glory to Jesus, glory is due !
 Rouse, Christians, rouse, and remember your
 station ; [Lord :
 Stretch to your oars for the cause of your
 O that the people composing this nation,
 Were like to rich olives surrounding his
 board :
 O that our seedling gem
 Worthy such noble stem, [grow :
 Honour'd and bless'd in his shadow might

Loud should his praises then
 Sound forth from babes and men,
 Glory to Jesus, glory is due !

Hail the bright prospect that rises to vision !
 Jesus the Lamb is gaining in conquest :
 Banners of love lead in every division,
 And nation on nation proclaims him the
 bless'd.

May glory in the East,
 Soon fill the distant West,
 Then brightly to shine and eternally to reign:
 Churches in union then
 Shall shout the loud Amen,
 Glory to Jesus, glory is due !

CLX. (P. M.) Middletown.

Christ's Ascension and Intercession.

- 1 **H**AIL, the day that sees him rise,
 Ravish'd from our wishful eyes,
 Christ awhile to mortals giv'n
 Reascends his native heav'n :
 There the pompous triumph waits,
 Lift your heads ye 'ternal gates
 Wide unfold the radiant scene,
 Take the King of glory in.
- 2 Him, tho' highest heav'n receives,
 Still he loves the earth he leaves ;
 Though returning to his throne,
 Still he calls mankind his own .
 Still for us he intercedes,
 Prevalent his death he pleads ;
 Next himself prepares our place,
 Harbinger of human race.
- 3 Master (may we ever say,)
 Taken from our head to-day,
 See thy faithful servants, see,
 Ever gazing up to thee !
 Grant, tho' parted from our sight,
 High above yon azure height,
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Foll'wing thee beyond the skies.

- 4 Ever upward let us move,
 Wafted on the wings of love ;
 Looking when our Lord shall come ;
 Longing, gasping, after home :
 There we shall with thee remain,
 Partners of thine endless reign ;
 There thy face unclouded see,
 Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

MISSIONS

THE DAWNING OF THE LATTER-DAY GLORY.

CLXI. (C. M.) Double.

The Universal Spread of the Gospel.

- 1 **T**HAT glorious day is drawing nigh,
 When Zion's light shall come ;
 She shall arise and shine on high,
 Bright as the rising sun :
 The north and south their sons resign,
 And earth's foundations bend,
 When, like a bride, Jerusalem,
 All glorious shall descend.
- 2 The king who wears that glorious crown,
 The azure flaming bow,
 The holy city shall bring down,
 To bless the church below :
 When Zion's bleeding, conquering King,
 Shall sin and death destroy,
 The morning stars will t'gether sing,
 And Zion shout for joy.
- 3 This holy, bright, musician band,
 Who hold the harps of God,

On Zion's holy mountain stand,
In garments ting'd with blood ;
Descending with most melting strains,
Jehovah they'll adore ;
Such shouts thro' earth's extensive plains,
Were never heard before.

4 Let Satan rage, and boast no more,
Nor think his reign is long ;
Though saints are feeble, weak and poor,
Their great Redeemer's strong ;
He is their shield and hiding place,
A covert from the wind ;
A stream of life, from Christ, *the rock*,
Runs through this weary land.

5 This crystal stream runs down from heav'n
It issues from the throne ;
The sons of strife away are driv'n,
The church becomes but one ;
This peaceful union she shall know,
And live upon his love,
And sing, and shout his name below,
As angels do above.

6 A thousand years shall roll around :
The church shall be complete,
Call'd by the glorious trumpet's sound,
Their Saviour they shall meet ;
They'll rise with joy, and mount on high,
They'll fly to Jesus' arms ;
And gaze with wonder and delight,
On their beloved's charms.

7 Like apples fair, his beauties are,
To feed and cheer the mind ;
No earthly fruit doth so recruit,
Nor flagons fill'd with wine ;
Their troubles o'er they'll grieve no more,
But sing in strains of joy ;
In raptures sweet, and bliss complete,
They'll feast and never cloy.

CLXII. (8, 7, 4.)

Desiring the Coming of the Kingdom of Christ.

- 1 **O**'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
 All the promises do travel
 With a glorious day of grace;
 Blessed Jubilee,
 Let thy glorious morning dawn!
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude barbarian see
 That divine and glorious conquest,
 Once obtain'd on Calvary;
 Let the Gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
 And from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night,
 And redemption,
 Freely purchas'd, win the day.
- [4 May the glorious day approaching
 On the grossest darkness dawn,
 And the everlasting Gospel
 Spread abroad thy holy name,
 All the borders
 Of the great IMMANUEL's land.]
- 5 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease;
 May thy lasting wide dominions
 Multiply and still increase;
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around.

CLXIII. (11, 8.)

The Star in the East anew.

- 1 **S**EE! see in the east a new glory ascends,
 And pours its effulgence afar; [ends
 It glides on sublime, and earth's uttermost
 Acknowledge Immanuel's star.

- 2 O'er the 'Jew trodden down,' as the prophet's foretold,
It travels with lustre serene ;
While heathens transform'd as intent they behold,
Are singing, 'The star we have seen.'
- 3 Hark ! from yonder bold hills how the Syrians shout,
While Comoron echoes the lay :
The German and Dane spread the tidings
And jubilees welcome the day. [about,
- 4 From the martyr'd Abdallah see Sabet retire,
Arabian darkness he fears !
Love and zeal for a Saviour his bosom inspire,
And the Christian translator appears.
- 5 And still, see the day star its journey pursue,
Even Brahmans pronounce it divine ;
Jehovah incarnate shall multitudes view,
And scatter their gifts at his shrine.
- 6 Ye Herods, in vain do you menace and rage,
And vain is hell's horrible roar ;
Time, meeting with Prophecy, opens her
And bids all the nations adore. [page,
- 7 Roll on, blessed Star, fill the world with thy light,
The saints are expecting thy rays ;
Bid the latter-day morning ascend in its might,
And shine on our incense of praise.

CLXIV. (11's.)

The Glorious Effects of the Gospel.

- 1 FROM realms where the day her first
dawning extends,
The Sun of the Gospel in glory ascends ;
Ye forests attend while your children combine,
In accents unusual, in transports divine.

- 2 Involv'd in uncertainty, darkness and death,
The clouds of destruction hung over our
path,
Till yon rising splendor illumin'd our way,
And pointed our steps to the regions of day.
- 3 A council on high has been had to enquire,
For the help of mankind—and peace kindled
the fire ;
Provision was made for the nations dis-
tress'd,
And with the rich treasure, all lands shall be
bless'd.
- 4 The chain of salvation let down from above,
Cemented by justice, and brighten'd by love,
The safety of hope and the channel of grace
Joins heaven and earth in its mighty em-
brace.
- 5 On high, see our Jesus, the penitent's friend,
With banners of mercy compassionate bend ;
Entreating the wretched, rebellious and vile,
From ruin to flee, and repose in his smile.
- 6 The Prince of Salvation is coming—prepare
A way in the desert his blessings to share ;
He comes to release us from sin and from
woes, [rose.
And bids the rude wilderness bloom like the
- 7 His reign shall extend from the east to the
west,
Composing the tumults of nature to rest ;
The day-spring of glory illumine the skies,
And ages on ages of happiness rise.
- 8 The brute-hearted temper of man shall grow
tame, [lamb,
The wolf and the lion lie down with the
The bear with the kine shall contentedly
feed, [lead.
While children their young ones in harmony

The serpentine race shall seek venom in
vain ;

The rattle-snake, harmless, shall bask on
the plain ;

The infant shall play on the hole of the asp,
And smile in the folds of the cockatrice
grasp.

10 No more shall the sound of the war-whoop
be heard,

The ambush and slaughter no longer be
fear'd ;

The tomahawk, buried, shall rest in the
ground ;

And peace and good-will to the nations
abound.

11 All spirit of war to the Gospel shall bow ;
The bow lie unstrung at the foot of the
plough ;

To prune the young orchard the spear shall
be bent,

And love greet the world with a smile of
content.

12 Slight tinctures of skin shall no longer en-
gage,

The fervour of jealousy, murder and rage ;

The white and the red shall in friendship be
join'd,

Wide spreading benevolence over mankind.

13 Hail ! scene of felicity, transport and joy,
When sin and vexation shall cease to annoy ;
Rich blessings of grace from above shall be
given,

And life only serve as a passage to heaven.

14 Roll forward, dear Saviour, roll forward the
day,

When all shall submit and rejoice in thy
sway ;

When white men, and Indians, united in
praise,

One vast hallelujah, triumphant shall raise.

- 10 Thou, Jesus, hast bless'd,
And believer's increas'd :
Who thankfully own
We're freely forgiven through mercy alone.
- 11 Thy Spirit revives
His work in our lives,
His wonders of grace—
So mightily wrought in the primitive days.
- 12 Would, all men might know
His tokens below,
Our Saviour confess :
And embrace the glad tidings of pardon and
peace !
- 13 'Thou Saviour of all,
Effectually call
The sinners that stray—
And O let a nation be born in a day !
- 14 Thy signs let them see,
And flow unto thee,
For th' oil and the wine—
For th' blessed assurance of favour divine.
- 15 Our heathenish land,
Beneath thy command,
In mercy receive,
And make us a pattern to all that believe.
- 16 Then, then, let it spread
Thy knowledge and dread,
Till th' earth is o'erflow'd,
And the universe fill'd with the fulness of
God.

CLXVI. (L. M.)

The Gospel Spreads and Babylon Falls.

- 1 **P**ROUD Babylon yet waits her doom,
Nor can her *tott'ring* palace fall,
Till some blest messenger arise,
The spacious heathen world to call.
- 2 And see the glorious time approach !
Behold the mighty Angel fly,

- The Gospel tidings to convey
 To ev'ry land beneath the sky !
- 3 O see, on both the Indies' coast,
 And Africa's unhappy shore,
 The untaught savage press to hear ;
 And, hearing, wonder and adore.
- 4 The Islands, waiting for his law,
 With rapture greet the sacred sound ;
 And, taught the Saviour's precious name,
 Cast all their idols to the ground.
- 5 Now, Babylon, thy hour is come,
 Thy curs'd foundation shall give way,
 And thine eternal overthrow
 The triumphs of the cross display.

CLXVII. (L. M.)

And they went and Preached every where.

- 1 **G**O, Missionaries, and proclaim
 The kind Redeemer you have found .
 Publish his ever-precious name
 To all the wond'ring nations round.
- 2 Go, tell th' unletter'd wretched slave,
 Who groans beneath a tyrant's rod,
 You bring *a freedom bought with blood*,
 The blood of an incarnate God.
- 3 And tell the panting sable Chief,
 On Ethiopia's scorching sand,
 You come *with a refreshing stream*,
 To cheer and bless his thirsty land.
- 4 Go, tell on India's golden shores,
 The Ganges, Tibet, and Boutan,
 That to *enrich their deathless MIND*
 You come—the friends of GOD and man.
- 5 Tell *all* the distant Isles afar
 That lie in darkness and the grave,
 You have *the glorious light to show*,
 Jesus has come *to seek and save*.
- 6 Say, the religion you profess
 Is all benevolence and love ;

And, crown'd with energy divine,
Its heav'nly origin will prove.

CLXVIII. (L. M.)

The Gospel as the Power of God desired.

- 1 **S**OV'REIGN of worlds display thy pow'r,
Be this thy Zion's favour'd hour;
Bid the bright morning star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.
- 2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, on India's plains;
On wilds and continents unknown,
And claim the nations for thy own.
- 3 Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice:
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice:
Scatter the shades of moral night,
And put vain idols all to flight.

CLXIX. (L. M.)

Thy Kingdom Come.

- 1 **A**SCEND thy throne, Almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.
- 2 Let millions bow before thy seat—
Let humble mourners seek thy face;
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdu'd by thy victorious grace.
- 3 O let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints and angels praise thy name—
Be thou through heav'n and earth ador'd.

CLXX. (L. M.)

Universal Empire Desired.

- 1 **T**O distant lands thy Gospel send,
And thus thy empire wide extend:
To Gentile, Turk, and stubborn Jew,
Thou King of Grace! salvation shew.

- 2 Where'er thy sun or light arise,
 Thy name, O God ! immortalize :
 May nations yet unborn confess
 Thy wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness.

CLXXI. (8's.)

The Missionary's Farewell.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, my brethren in the Lord
 The Gospel sounds a Jubilee ;
 My stamm'ring tongue shall sound aloud,
 From land to land, from sea to sea :
 And as I preach from place to place,
 I'll trust alone in God's free grace.
- 2 Farewell, in bonds and union dear,
 Like strings you twine about my heart,
 I humbly beg your earnest pray'r,
 Till we shall meet no more to part :
 Till we shall meet in worlds above,
 Encircled in eternal love.
- 3 Farewell, my earthly friends below,
 Though all so kind and dear to me :
 My Jesus calls, and I must go
 To sound the Gospel-jubilee :
 To sound the joys, and bear the news,
 To Gentile worlds, and royal Jews.
- 4 Farewell young people, one and all—
 While God shall grant me breath to
 breathe,
 I'll pray to the eternal All
 That your dear souls in Christ may live :
 That your dear souls prepar'd may be
 To reign in bliss eternally.
- 5 Farewell, ye ancients of this place,
 Your race in life is almost run ;
 But if your souls are void of grace,
 Your sorrows are but just begun :
 Your grey hairs, without grace to save,
 Will come with sorrow to the grave.
- 6 Farewell to all below the sun ;
 And as I pass in tears below

The path is straight, my feet shall run,
 And God shall keep me as I go :
 And God will keep me in his hand,
 And bring me to the promis'd land.

- 7 Farewell, farewell, I look above :
 Jesus, my friend, to thee I call—
 My joy, my crown, my only love,
 My safeguard, and my heav'nly all :
 My song to sing, my preaching theme,
 My only hope till death—amen.

CLXXII. (6, 5.)

The same.

- 1 **O** NOW, my dear brethren,
 I bid you farewell,
 I'm going to travel
 To preach the gospel :
 I'm going to travel
 The wilderness through,
 Therefore my dear brethren,
 I bid you adieu.
- 2 To think of our parting,
 Now makes my heart grieve,
 Though well I do love you,
 Yet you I must leave ;
 My Jesus commands me,
 And I must obey,
 Therefore my dear brethren,
 Don't grieve after me.
- 3 May heaven protect you
 Be Jesus your guide,
 On the walls of Mount Zion,
 May you all abide :
 And though we live distant,
 Nor see *either* more,
 On the banks of cold Jordan,
 May we meet once more.
- 4 There, ample the country,
 The trees ever green,
 The parting of brethren,
 No more to be seen :

No trouble nor sorrow
 Shall enter the place,
 And there we shall join in
 A song of free grace.

- 5 Adieu ! to affliction,
 To trial and pain,
 I'm going to Jesus,
 Forever to reign ;
 I'm going to Jesus,
 'Tis him I adore !
 With saints and bright angels,
 To dwell evermore.

CLXXIII. (6, 8.) Lenox.

A Minister subject to the greatest anxiety or joy.

- 1 **W**HAT contradictions meet
 In ministers' employ !
 It is a bitter sweet,
 A sorrow full of joy.
 No other post affords a place
 For equal honour or disgrace.
- 2 Who can describe the pain
 Which faithful preachers feel,
 Constrain'd to speak in vain,
 To hearts as hard as steel ?
 Or who can tell the pleasures felt,
 When stubborn hearts begin to melt.
- 3 The Saviour's dying love,
 The soul's amazing worth,
 Their utmost efforts move,
 And draw their bowels forth ;
 They pray and strive, their rest departs,
 Till Christ be form'd in sinners' hearts.
- 4 If some small hope appear,
 They still are not content ;
 But, with a jealous fear,
 They watch'd for the event :
 Too oft they find their hopes deceiv'd,
 Then how their inmost souls are griev'd !

- 5 But when their pains succeed,
 And from the tender blade
 The rip'ning ears proceed,
 Their toils are overpaid :
 No harvest joy can equal theirs,
 To find the fruit of all their cares.
- 6 On what has now been sown,
 Thy blessing, Lord, bestow ;
 The pow'r is thine alone,
 To make it spring and grow :
 Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
 And thou alone shalt have the praise.

CLXXIV. (C. M.)

A Minister leaving his People.

- 1 **W**HEN Paul was parted from his friends,
 It was a weeping day ;
 But Jesus made them all amends,
 And wip'd their tears away.
- 2 In heav'n they met again with joy
 (Secure no more to part)
 Where praises every tongue employ,
 And pleasure fills each heart.
- 3 Thus all the preachers of his grace
 Their children soon shall meet ;
 Together see their Saviour's face,
 And worship at his feet.
- 4 But they who heard the word in vain,
 Though oft and plainly warn'd,
 Will tremble when they meet again
 The ministers they scorn'd.
- 5 On your own head your blood will fall,
 If any perish here ;
 The preachers, who have told you *all*,
 Shall stand approv'd and clear.
- 6 Yet, Lord, to save themselves alone,
 Is not their utmost view ;
 O ! hear their pray'r, thy message own,
 And save their hearers too.

CLXXV. (C. M.)

The Latter Day Glory.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, ye nations of the world,
And hail the happy day,
When Satan's kingdom downward hurl'd,
Shall perish with dismay.
- 2 Rejoice, ye heathens : wood and stone
Shall form your gods no more ;
Jehovah ye shall trust alone,
And him alone adore.
- 3 Christians, rejoice each party name ;
Each diff'rent sect shall cease :
Your error, grief, and wrath, and shame,
Shall yield to truth and peace.
- 4 Ye sons of peace, the triumph share ;
Trumpets no more shall sound ;
The murd'rous sword, the bloody spear,
Shall fertilize the ground.
- 5 Bright o'er the mountains may we see
This blessed morning ray ;
And glorious may its splendour be
E'en to the perfect day !

CLXXVI. (L. M.)

Universal Empire expected.

- 1 **E**XERT' thy pow'r, thy rights maintain,
Insulted, everlasting King !
The influence of thy crown increase,
And strangers to thy footstool bring.
- 2 We long to see that happy time,
That dear, expected, blessed day,
When countless myriads of our race
The second Adam shall obey.
- 3 The prophecies must be fulfill'd,
Tho' earth and hell should dare oppose ;
The stone cut from the mountain's side,
Tho' unobserv'd, to empire grows.
- 4 From east to west, from north to south,
Immanuel's kingdom shall extend :

And ev'ry man, in ev'ry face,
Shall meet a brother and a friend.

CLXXVII. (L. M.)

For the Concert Prayer-Meeting.

- 1 **T**HY people, Lord, who trust thy word,
And wait the smilings of thy face,
Assemble round thy mercy-seat,
And plead the promise of thy grace.
- 2 We consecrate these hours to thee,
Thy sov'reign mercy to intreat ;
And feel some animating hope,
We shall divine acceptance meet.
- 3 Hast thou not sworn to give thy Son,
To be a light to gentile lands ;
To open the benighted eye,
And loose the wretched pris'ner's bands ?
- 4 Now let the happy time appear,
The time to favour Sion come ;
Send forth thy heralds far and near,
To call thy banish'd children home.

CLXXVIII. (L. M.)

The Prospect of Missionary Success.

- 1 **B**EHOLD th' expected time draws near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear,
The barren wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.
- 2 Events, which prophecies conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire :
The rip'ning fields, already white,
Present an harvest to our sight.
- 3 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow ;
The exil'd slave waits to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 4 From eastern to the western skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise ;
And Tyre, and Egypt, Greek and Jew,
By sov'reign grace be form'd anew.

CLXXIX. (L. M.)

More Labourers Wanted.

- 1 **L**ORD, when we cast our eyes abroad,
And see on heathen altars slain,
Poor helpless babes for sacrifice,
To purge their parents' dismal stain ;
- 2 We can't behold such horrid deeds
Without a groan of ardent pray'r ;
And while each heart in anguish bleeds,
We cry, Lord, send thy gospel there.
- 3 For them we pray, for them we wait,
To them thy great salvation show ;
Thy harvest, Lord, is truly great,
But faithful labourers are few.
- 4 O send out preachers, gracious Lord,
Among the dark, bewilder'd race :
Open their eyes, and bless thy word,
And call them by thy sov'reign grace.

CLXXX. (C. M.)

A Prayer for Missionaries.

- 1 **L**ORD, send thy word, and let it fly,
Arm'd with thy Spirit's pow'r :
Ten thousand shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.
- 2 Beneath the influence of thy grace,
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens and fruits array'd,
A blooming paradise.
- 3 Lord, for those days we wait—those days
Are in thy word foretold :
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promis'd age of gold !
- 4 Amen, with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumber'd myriads cry :
Amen, with joy divine, let heav'n's
Unnumber'd choirs reply.

WARNING AND INVITATION.

—
CLXXXI. (P. M.)*Thirsty Souls invited to the Waters of Life.*

- 1 **S**EE the fountain open'd wide,
That from pollution frees us,
Flowing from the precious side
Of our Immanuel Jesus.

Chorus.

Ho every one that thirsteth,
Come ye to the waters,
Freely drink and quench your thirst,
With Zion's sons and daughters.

- 2 Sinners, hear your Saviour's call,
Consider what you're doing,
Jesus Christ can cleanse you all,
Will you not come unto him?

- 3 Dying sinners come and try—
These waters will relieve you :
Without money come and buy,
For Christ will freely give you.

- 4 He who drinks shall never die ;
These waters fail him never :
Sinners come and now apply,
And drink and live for ever !

- 5 Weeping Mary full of grief
Applied for these waters :
Jesus gave her full relief
With Zion's sons and daughters

- 6 See the woman at the well
Disputing with the Saviour ;
Soon she found that he could tell
Her all her past behaviour.

- 7 When she ask'd and when she got
A drink, her heart was flaming .

- She forgot her water-pot,
And ran to town proclaiming.
- 8 The Thief had only time to think,
And tell his doleful story ;
Jesus gave him leave to drink—
He drank, and fled to glory !
- 9 Christians, you can fully tell
The virtues of these waters :
You were once the heirs of hell,
But now you're sons and daughters !

CLXXXII. (10's.)

I AM hath sent me to you.

- 1 **C**OME sinners attend, and make no delay,
Good news from a friend I bring you to-day ;
Good news of salvation come now and receive, [lieve.
There's no condemnation to them that be-
- 2 *I am that I am* hath sent me to you,
Good news to proclaim, your foes to subdue ;
To you, O distressed, afflicted, forlorn,
Whose sins are increased, and cannot be borne.
- 3 But still if you cry, O what is his name ?
This is the reply, *I am that I am*,
His name, tho' mysterious, can fully supply
Their *wants*, howe'er various, who unto him fly.
- 4 Exhaustless and full, forever his store,
Then look no more dull, tho' ever so poor :
Tho' blind, lame and feeble, and helpless you lie,
He's willing and able your wants to supply.
- 5 Then only believe, and trust in his name,
He will not deceive nor put you to shame ;
But fully supply you with all things in store,
Nor will he deny you because you are poor.

CLXXXIII. (9, 8.)

Conversions of Sinners supernatural.

- 1 **M**Y soul forever stand and wonder,
To hear the word of God display'd,
To hear that heart affecting thunder,
And sinners be no more dismay'd ;
To hear the minister a preaching
Both far and near, both night and day,
Poor careless sinners they're beseeching,
'To turn to God, thro' Christ the way.
- 2 But could they preach to melt the heavens,
Or to dissolve them from above,
They never had the pow'r given,
'To melt a stony heart to love.
But now you have a gospel morning,
And now your lamp holds out to burn,
And God hath giv'n sufficient warning,
O sinners, will you now return ?
- 3 See here is mercy to reprieve you,
O see how pity rolls along !
And purple gore enough to heal you,
Shed for the bless'd, redeemed throng.
Christ was exposed to the weather,
To darkness, horror, grief, and pain,
While blood and pardon, both together,
Flow'd flush from ev'ry bleeding vein.
- 4 The hottest hell shall be the portion,
Of those who slight such tenderness,
Who turn their backs upon the ocean
Of Jesus' overflowing grace.
How can you strive against the tender
Rolling bowels of the Lord,
And to the voice of hell surrender,
'To perish in its vile reward.
- 5 Come turn unto the wounded Saviour,
And humbly there your guilt confess ;
He'll own your worthless names forever,
And clothe you in his righteousness :
O Christians, Christians, love the Saviour,
And lay his honour near your soul ;

He's made your peace with God forever,
He makes the broken hearted whole.

CLXXXIV. (11's.)

The Fountain opened for Sin.

- 1 **I**N th' house of King David, a fountain did
spring,
For sin and uncleanness, from Jesus my king:
This fountain proves healing when ever ap-
ply'd,
It sprang from the bowels of Christ when he
dy'd.
- 2 If you are polluted, this water makes clean,
This blood it will pardon and free from all
sin, [ply,
And Christ, the physician, hath balm to ap-
A balsam for healing, come venture and try.
- 3 If you are o'erburden'd with mountains of
guilt,
Come bathe in this fountain, for sinners 'twas
spilt ;
Here's peace for your conscience your guilt
to remove,
And rivers of love your affection to soothe.
- 4 If you are distress'd, and weary of sin,
This fountain stands open, come now venture
in : [done,
Here's all things provided for sinners un-
And you are invited, and welcome to come.
- 5 If you are bemoaning your weakness in
grace,
The fountain stands ready, 'twill answer your
case :
Come draw when your weary, and drink
when a dry,
It was for the needy that Jesus did die.
- 6 Come you, who have bath'd in this fountain
of love,
And felt all the burden of guilt to remove,

- Let 's join to praise Jesus as long as we've
breath,
And after we're laid in the dust of the earth.
- 7 Where long we may sleep but not always re-
main,
We look for the coming of Jesus again :
And when we behold him, we'll lay by the
shrouds, [clouds.
And rise to meet Jesus, the Lord, in the
- 8 How we shall be fashion'd it doth not appear,
But we shall be like him approved and clear;
And that blessed hour we're longing to see,
When we shall be perfectly holy as he.
- 9 O then he'll receive us with joy and great
mirth,
Saying, "welcome my jewels redeem'd from
the earth."
He'll not be ashamed to call us his bride,
More precious to him than the silver that 's
try'd.

CLXXXV. (11's.)

Sinners warned from the Rich Man's fate.

- 1 **C**OME all ye poor sinners who from Adam
came,
Ye poor and ye blind, and ye halt and ye
lame,
Close in with the gospel upon its own terms,
Or you'll burn for ever, like poor mortal
worms.
- 2 You've heard of a rich man, a beggar like-
wise,
The beggar he dy'd, and he rests in the skies,
The rich man dy'd also, and to his surprise,
Awaked in hell, and he lift up his eyes !
- 3 Seeing Abra'm far off, in the mansions above,
And Laz'rus in his bosom in raptures of love.
He cry'd, "Father Abra'm, O send me re-
lief !
For I am tormented in pain and in grief."

- 4 He said, "Son, remember when you liv'd so
bold,
Dress'd in your fine linen, your purple and
gold,
While Lazarus lay at your gate full of sores,
You had no compassion nor pitied his woes.
- 5 "Besides, there's a great gulf betwixt us
you see.
That those who would pass from hence can't
come to thee,
But there you must lie and lament your sad
state,
For now you are sending your cries up too
late."
- 6 He cried, "Father Abra'm, I pray then pro-
vide, [beside
Send one from the dead, I've five brethren
They hearing of me, and of my wretched
state,
Perhaps will repent now before its too late."
- 7 "They have a just warning, that spreads far
and wide;
They've Moses to teach them, the prophets
beside : [pent,
If these can't persuade them to turn and re-
They will not believe though one from the
dead went."
- 8 Come, poor Zion mourners, () don't you de-
spair,
But look unto Jesus, he still answers pray'r ;
He'll hear your complaints and he'll heal all
your grief, [lief.
He'll pardon your sins, and will give you re-
- 9 And when these vile bodies you come to lay
down,
You'll fly to the regions where you'll wear a
crown :
The smiles which will come from sweet Je-
sus's face,
Will make you adore and admire his free
grace.

CLXXXVI. (P. M.)

Redemption complete in Christ.

- 1 **C**OME friends and relations, let's join
heart in hand,
The voice of the turtle is heard in our land ;
Let's all walk together, and follow the
sound,
And march to the place where redemption
is found.
- 2 The place it is hidden by reason of sin ;
You cannot discover the state you are in :
You're blinded, polluted, in prison and
pain :
O how shall such rebels redemption obtain ?
- 3 The place is obscured from wisest of men,
Nor can mortals know it until 'tis made
plain :
The place is in Jesus, to him let us go,
We'll there find redemption from sorrow
and woe.
- 4 And if you feel wounded and bruise'd by the
fall,
Then rise and rejoice, for such he doth call ;
Or if you are tempted to doubt or despair,
Still wait at Christ's feet, for redemption is
there.
- 5 And you my dear brethren, the called of
God,
Who witness free pardon by faith in his
blood ;
Let patience attend you wherever you go,
From Jesus your Saviour redemption doth
flow.
- 6 We read of commotions, and signs in the
skies—
That the sun and the moon shall be cloth'd
in disguise ;

And when you shall see all these tokens
appear,
Then hold up your head, your redemption
is near.

7 O then the arch-angel the trumpet shall
sound,
And 'waken the dead that sleep under the
ground: [arise,
The sound of the trumpet shall bid you
'To meet your redemption, with love and
surprise.

8 And then loving Jesus our souls will re-
ceive,
From bonds of corruption our bodies relieve:
Then we shall be all uncorrupted and free,
And sing of redemption wherever we be.

9 Redeemed from sin, and redeemed from
death !
Redeem'd from corruption, redeem'd from
the earth !
Redeem'd from damnation, redeem'd from
all woe !
We'll sing of redemption wherever we go.

10 Redeemed from pain, and redeem'd from
distress !
The fruits of redemption no tongue can ex-
press ;
Redemption was brought us by Jesus's love
We'il sing of redemption in heaven above.

CLXXXVII. (C. M.) Double.

Solemn Addresses to Young People.

1 **Y**OUNG people all attention give,
And hear what I shall say :
I wish your souls with Christ to live,
In everlasting day.
Remember you are hast'ning on
To death's dark, gloomy shade ;
Your joys on earth will soon be gone,
Your flesh in dust be laid.

- 2 Death's iron gate you must pass through,
Ere long, my dear young friends ;
With whom then do you think to go,
With saints or fiery fiends ?
Pray meditate before too late,
While in a gospel land :
Behold, King Jesus at the gate
Most lovingly doth stand.
- 3 Young men, how can you turn your face
From such a glorious friend ;
Will you pursue your dang'rous ways ?
O don't you fear the end ?
Will you pursue the dang'rous road,
Which leads to death and hell ?
Will you refuse all peace with God,
With devils for to dwell ?
- 4 Young women too, what will you do,
If out of Christ you die ?
From all God's people you must go,
To weep, lament, and cry :
Where you the least relief can't find,
To mitigate your pain ;
Your good things all be left behind ;
Your souls in death remain.
- 5 Young people all I pray then view,
The fountain open'd wide ;
The spring of life open'd for sin,
Which flow'd from Jesus' side :
There you may drink in endless joy,
And reign with Christ your King,
In his glad notes your souls employ,
And Hallelujahs sing.

CLXXXVIII. (P. M.)

Sinners earnestly Warned and Intreated.

- 1 **S**TOP poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go ;
Can you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe ?

Hell beneath is gaping wide,
Vengeance waits the dread command,
Soon to stop your sport and pride,
And sink you with the damn'd.

Chorus.

Then be intreated now to stop--
For unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware you'll drop
Into the burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
'That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod,
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that great day,
When *he* judgment shall proclaim;
When the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?
Then be, &c.

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to the bar;
There, to hear your final doom,
Will fill you with despair:
All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood-crimson die,
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what will you reply?
Then be, &c.

4 Though your hearts be made of steel
Your foreheads lin'd with brass,
God at length will make you feel;
He will not let you pass.
Sinners then in vain will call,
Though they now despise his grace,
"Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face."
Then be, &c.

5 But as yet there is a hope,
You may his mercy know;
Though his arm be lifted up,
He still forbears the blow;

It was for sinners Jesus dy'd :
 Sinners he invites to come ;
 None who comes shall be deny'd ;
 He says there still is room.
 Then be, &c.

CLXXXIX. (P. M.)

A Warning to Presumptuous Sinners.

- 1 **I** NOW consider, O my God,
 How rich men roll in pleasure,
 Upon this frail transient abode,
 Heaping up wealth and treasure ;
 Not much they make their souls to stake,
 'T' uphold their pride in station :
 If one them tell of heav'n and hell,
 Or th' wicked in damnation ;
 They laugh and jeer, they ridicule,
 And call such person, *but a fool*,
 To tell to them such things as these,
 When they will do but what they please.
 Say they, " we cannot now incline,
 To meditate on things divine ;
 For in our prime it is our time,
 To take our recreation."
- 2 O how their conscience they do bribe,
 Under such vain pretences !
 To gratify their carnal pride,
 Committing gross offences.
 They acquiesce there's a place of bliss,
 Where righteous men do enter ;
 They likewise tell there is a hell,
 Where wicked men must centre ;
 But say they, " while we're on earth,
 We'll spend our days in jovial mirth ;
 And when our sinful pleasure's past,
 We'll then turn unto God at last :
 Few weeks repentance will secure,
 Make our effectual calling sure,
 And save us from eternal doom,
 Of wrath and indignation."

- 3 But, O sinners, where'er you are,
 Possess'd of such a notion,
 The awful day will soon appear
 When all things shall have motion,
 The heav'ns shall roll up like a scroll,
 And vanish with a great noise ;
 And the earth sweat with fervent heat,
 And melt at the great God's voice.
 When the archangel shall be sent,
 To call the world unto judgment,
 At God's tribunal to appear,
 To answer at his awful bar,
 For all the deeds done here on earth,
 And sentence shall be pronounc'd forth,
 And you must go to bliss or woe,
 Eternal and forever !
- 4 For if you slight this glorious light,
 You're under condemnation ;
 Since there remains nothing but wrath,
 For slights of salvation :
 Then let our contemplation rise
 To heavenly things above the skies—
 To that celestial abode,
 Where Christ co-equal is with God ;
 Believe in him the Scripture saith,
 Embrace him with a lively faith,
 Then shall our glitt'ring souls possess
 His everlasting righteousness ;
 And Christ our King shall be our friend,
 And sin and sorrow have an end,
 And he'll us bring where we shall reign,
 Along with him in glory.

CXC. (8, 6.)

The Chief of Sinners invited.

- 1 **Y**E scarlet-colour'd sinners, come ;
 JESUS the LORD invites you home ;
 O whither can you go ?
 What ! are your crimes of crimson hue ?
 His promise is forever true,
 He'll wash you white as snow.

- 2 Backsliders, fill'd with your own ways,
Whose weeping nights and wretched days,
In bitterness are spent :
Return to Jesus—he'll reveal
His lovely face, and sweetly heal
What you so much lament.
- 3 Tried souls look up—he says, 'tis I ;
He loves you still, but means to try
If faith will bear the test :
The LORD has given the chiefest good,
He shed for you his precious blood—
O trust him for the rest !
- 4 Ye tender souls draw hither too,
Ye grateful, highly favour'd few,
Who *feel* the debt you owe :
Press on, the LORD hath *more* to give ;
By faith upon him daily live,
And you shall find it so.

CXCI. (8, 7.)

A Call to Sinners in Security.

- 1 COME sinners all, attend the call,
Which should your souls awaken,
How can you bear to lie secure,
And live and die mistaken ?
Come friends awake, good counsel take,
Shake off this sinful slumber,
Danger is near, O don't you hear
Mount Sinai's awful thunder !
- 2 You're near the brim, O don't step in !
Why will you venture nearer,
Still running on the way that's wrong,
'To perish in dark error ?
Were you awake, your souls would ache,
'To see your doleful station,
Danger is near, and you so far
From God and his salvation.
- 3 O sleepy crew there's much to do,
And nothing done while sleeping ;
Sin to subdue, repentance too,
'Tis time you were a weeping.

Sinners awake, tho' very late,
'Tis better late than never ;
You'll surely die except you fly
To Jesus Christ the Saviour.

4 You're warn'd to pray, both night and day
For you must pass through fire,
Arise from play, up and away,
And run and never tire :
This race begin if you would win
A glitt'ring crown of glory :
Hold to the end, run to your friend,
He always saves securely.

5 To hear him call, both great and small,
A kind and blessed Saviour,
Sinners awake, let your hearts ache,
To think on your behaviour :
I scarce can write what I indite,
My eye's so full of weeping ;
Fearing lest Christ should be despis'd,
By sinners now a sleeping.

6 O sinners think you're on the brink,
And all is hell below you ;
How can you bear that black despair,
And everlasting sorrow.
Lo, Satan he will busy be
To keep you unconcerned,
The world and sin will take you in,
Whose end is to be burned.

7 Lord, let them know damnation's woe
Doth neither sleep nor slumber,
Their souls affect, call thine elect,
Make up the blessed number :
Send forth thy word, in power Lord,
Extend thine arm of glory,
Form them anew, redeem them too,
And then they will adore thee.

8 O sinners then you will be clean,
And struck with admiration,
Sav'd by grace, you'll run apace,
Rejoicing in salvation :

You will let know to all below,
 How Christ gives grace and glory,
 Then soar above to sing his love,
 And tell the blessed story.

CXCII. (P. M.)

The worst of Sinners may be Saved.

- 1 **C**OME ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore :
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity join'd with pow'r ;
 He is able,
 He is willing : doubt no more !
- 2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome
 God's free bounty glorify :
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh—
 Without money
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him ;
 'Tis he gives you ;
 'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruin'd by the fall ;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all :
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 5 View him prostrate in the garden ;
 On the ground your Maker lies !
 On the bloody tree behold him ;
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 " It is finish'd ;"
 Sinner will not this suffice ?
- 6 Lo, th' incarnate God ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood :

Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude ;
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

- 7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert
 Sing the praises of the Lamb :
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name.
 Hallelujah !
 Sinners, here may sing the same.

CXCIII. (6, 8.) Lenox.

The Rich Man and Lazarus.

- 1 **A** WORLDLING spent each day
 In luxury and state ;
 While a believer lay
 A beggar at his gate :
 Think not the Lord's appointment strange,
 Death made a great and lasting change.
- 2 Death brought the saint release
 From want, disease and scorn ;
 And to the land of peace,
 His soul by angels borne,
 In Abra'm's bosom safely plac'd,
 Enjoys an everlasting feast.
- 3 The rich man also dy'd,
 And in a moment fell,
 From all his pomp and pride,
 Into the flames of hell :
 The beggar's bliss from far beheld,
 His soul with double anguish fill'd.
- 4 " O Abra'm send, he cries,
 (But his request was vain)
 The beggar from the skies,
 To mitigate my pain !
 One drop of water I entreat,
 To soothe my tongue's tormenting heat."
- 5 Let all who worldly pelf,
 And worldly spirits have,

Observe, each for himself,
 The answer Abra'm gave :
 "Remember thou wast fill'd with good,
 While the poor beggar pin'd for food.

6 Neglected at thy door,
 With tears he begg'd his bread ;
 But now he weeps no more,
 His griefs and pains are fled :
 His joys eternally will flow,
 While thine expire in endless woe."

7 Lord make us truly wise,
 To choose thy people's lot,
 And earthly joys despise,
 Which soon will be forgot :
 The greatest evil we can fear,
 Is to possess our portion here !

CXCIV. (L. M.) Double.

Law and Grace contrasted.

1 **I**N thunder once Jehovah spoke,
 From Sinai's top in fire and smoke ;
 But now from Zion's fair abode,
 He shews himself a pard'ning God.
 Hark ! how he speaks in accents mild,
 Speaks to the sinner as a child,
 "Pardon and peace I freely give,
 Poor sinner look to me and live."

2 The holy Moses quak'd with fear,
 And camp-despair and death were there ;
 But here the God of gospel-grace,
 Invites us now to see his face :
 Vengeance no more be-clouds his brow,
 He speaks in love to sinners now :
 It is the voice of Jesus' blood,
 Calling poor wanderers home to God.

3 The thundering law, (with terrors full !)
 Pronounc'd a curse on every soul ;
 But now from Zion's milder throne,
 The softest strain of love is known

Hark, how from Calvary it sounds,
 From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds ;
 Rends temple-veil and rocks and land,—
 Who can the force of love withstand !

- 4 What other arguments can move
 The heart that slights a Saviour's love ?
 Yet till Almighty power constrain,
 'This matchless love is preach'd in vain.
 Dear Saviour let that power be felt,
 And cause each stony heart to melt ;
 Deeply impress upon our youth,
 The light and force of gospel truth.
- 5 O let them in this hour begin,
 To live to thee and die to sin,
 To enter by the narrow way,
 Which leads to everlasting day ;
 How will they else thy presence bear,
 When as a judge thou shalt appear,
 When slighted love to wrath will turn,
 And the whole earth like Sinai burn ?

CXCV. (P. M.)

The Sinner's Warning.

- 1 **W**HILE angels strike their tunefull
 strings,
 And veil their faces with their wings ;
 Each saint on earth his Jesus sings,
 And joins to praise the King of kings,
 Who sav'd his soul from ruin.
- 2 But sinners, fond of earthly joys,
 Mock and deride while saints rejoice,
 'They shut their ears at Jesus' voice,
 And make this world and sin their choice,
 And force their way to ruin.
- 3 The preachers warn them night and day,
 For them the Christians weep and pray,
 But sinners laugh and turn away,
 And join the wicked, lewd, and gay
 And throng the road to ruin.

- 4 And when by preaching sinners see,
They're doom'd to hell and misery
To turn to God they then agree,
But O, 'tis wicked company
Entices them to ruin.
- 5 Oft time when other things won't do,
Affliction will their danger shew,
And bring their haughty feelings low,
Then they'll repent, and prey and vow;
But turn again to ruin.
- 6 When every way is try'd in vain,
The sinner full of guilt and pain,
Is doom'd to everlasting flame,
Death strikes the blow, the sinner's slain,
And sinks to endless ruin.
- 7 O sinners turn, long time you've stood,
Oppos'd to God and all that's good,
You may be sav'd thro' Jesus' blood,
Lay down your arms, submit to God,
And so be sav'd from ruin.
- 8 Turn sinners, else you'll glory lose;
See hell gapes wide! while Jesus woos,
How can you such a friend refuse!
How can you such a friend abuse!
And choose eternal ruin.
- 9 Turn sinners, neighbours, friend and foe,
The terrors of the Lord we know!
O tell us friends what will you do?
We cannot, cannot let you go,
Down to eternal ruin.
- 10 The Lord's provok'd, fly sinners fly!
While Christ the Saviour still is nigh,
You must be lost if you deny,
Then to be sav'd to Jesus fly,
Who screens from endless ruin.

CXCVI. (9, 7.)

The plan of Redemption, ground of expostulation.

- 1 **T**HE glorious plan of man's Redemption,
By the Son of God was wrought;

To save the lost and ruin'd nation,
So t' heaven we might be brought.

1st Chorus.

Glory, honour and salvation,
To the Lamb, who once was slain ;
Sound his praise through every nation,
May it never cease again !

- 2 'T'was Jesus Christ the blessed Saviour,
Full of love and power too,
Who came from heaven to redeem us,
Slain among a wicked crew.
- 3 When on the cross his life he yielded,
The temple-veil was rent in twain,
The sun in darkness too was veiled,
When the Son of God was slain.
- 4 His precious blood to save us streamed,
Lo ! he sends salvation free,
And now the poor by him redeemed,
Find both life and liberty.
- 5 And now to heaven he ascended
Pleads the merits of his blood,
And, as at first, what was intended
Sends salvation far abroad.
- 6 And now, dear friends, what more is wanted
Than what is already done :
Christ has *himself*, to sinners granted,
Will you then to ruin run ?

2nd Chorus.

Turn, dear sinners, turn to Jesus,
Now while he inviting stands,
See the blessed, loving Saviour,
Hold to you his bleeding hands !

- 7 Death and destruction, O how awful !
How will you endure the pain,
On God's great day (which fast approaches)
Sinking down among the slain !
- 8 Or else with devils and their angels,
To all eternity you'll burn,

The door of mercy shut against you,
Sinners ! sinners, will you turn ?

- 5 How will your guilty conscience smite ye,
When beneath God's wrath you burn,
There 's none but Jesus Christ can save ye
Sinners ! sinners, O come turn !

CXCVII. (6, 8.) Lenox.

The Jubilee.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound !
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound !
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin atoning Lamb ;
Redemption by his blood
Thro' all the lands proclaim :
The year, &c.
- 3 Ye, who have sold for nought
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love :
The year, &c.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :
The year, &c.
- 5 Ye hapless debtors, know
The sov'reign grace of heav'n ;
Though sums immense ye owe,
A free discharge is giv'n :
The year, &c.
- 6 The gospel-trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace ;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face :
The year, &c.

- 7 Jesus our great High-Priest,
 Has full atonement made ;
 Ye weary spirits, rest ;
 Ye mournful souls, be glad !
 The year, &c.

CXCVIII. (8, 7, 4.)

The Gospel message, "Be ye reconcil'd."

- 1 **S**INNERS, you are now addressed
 In the name of Christ our Lord ;
 He hath sent a message to you,
 Pay attention to his word,
 He hath sent it ;
 Pay attention to his word.
- 2 Think what you have all been doing,
 Think what rebels you have been ;
 You have spent your lives in nothing
 But in adding sin to sin :
 All your actions
 One continued scene of sin.
- 3 Yet your long-abused Sov'reign
 Sends to you a message mild,
 Loth to execute his vengeance,
 Prays you to be reconcil'd ;
 Hear him woo you—
 Sinners, now be reconcil'd.
- 4 Pardon now is freely publish'd
 Through a Mediator's blood ;
 Who hath dy'd to make atonement,
 And appease the wrath of God !
 Wond'rous mercy !
 See, it flows through Jesus' blood !

CXCIX. (8, 7, 4.)

Address to Sinners after Sermon.

- 1 **S**INNERS, will you scorn the message
 Sent in mercy from above ?
 Ev'ry sentence, O how tender !
 Ev'ry line is full of love.
 Listen to it,
 Ev'ry line is full of love.

Hear the heralds of the gospel,
 News from Zion's King proclaim,
 To each rebel-sinner—"Pardon,
 "Free forgiveness in his name;"
 How important!
 Free forgiveness in his name!

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour—
 Fearful hearts they quell your fears,
 And with news of consolation,
 Chase away the falling tears :
 Pleasant tidings,
 Chase away the falling tears.

4 False professors, grov'ling worldlings,
 Callous hearers of the word !
 While the messengers address you,
 Take the warning they afford ;
 We entreat you,
 Take the warning they afford.

5 Who hath our report believed !
 Who receiv'd the joyful word ?
 Who embrac'd the news of pardon,
 Given to you by the Lord ;
 Can you slight it,
 Given to you by the Lord ?

6 O ye angels, hov'ring round us,
 Waiting spirits, speed your way,
 Hasten to the court of heaven,
 Tidings bear without delay :
 Rebel sinners
 Glad the message will obey.

CC. (7's.)

Sinners invited to the Well of living Water.

1 **J**ESUS' precious name excels
 Jordan's streams, and Salem's wells ;
 Thirsty sinners, come and draw,
 Quench the flames of Sinai's law.

2 Fearful sinners, come and try ;
 Draw and drink with inward joy ;
 Christ is fresh, and full, and free ;
 Sinners, come, whoe'er you be.

- 3 See the waters springing up,
 To revive your languid hope ;
 Fill your vessels as it rolls,
 And refresh your weary souls.
- 4 Lo ! the Spirit now invites !
 Lo ! the happy Bride unites ;
 Jesus calls, be not afraid,
 Lo ! for you the well was made !
- 5 Justice made it in the Lamb,
 Mercy grants it through his name ;
 Faith receives a full supply ;
 Those who drink it cannot die.
- [6 Careless sinner, let me tell,
 Not a drop is found in hell ;
 Not a drop to ease your smart,
 Not a drop to cool your heart.
- 7 Haste you to the Lamb of God,
 Seek salvation in his blood ;
 In it there is boundless store,
 For ten thousand thousand more.]
- 8 Constant tribute let us bring,
 For this soul-refreshing spring ;
 Constant let our praises rise,
 Till we drink above the skies.

CCI. (5's.)

The Prisoners of Hope.

- 1 **Y**E pris'ners of hope
 O'erwhelmed with grief,
 To Jesus look up
 For certain relief.
 There 's no cond'mnation
 In Jesus the Lord,
 But strong cons'lation
 His grace doth afford.
- 2 Should justice appear
 A merciless foe,
 Yet be of good cheer,
 And soon shall ye know

- That sinners confessing
 Their wickedness past,
 A plentiful blessing
 Of pardon shall taste.
- 3 Then dry up your tears,
 Ye children of grief,
 For Jesus appears
 To give you relief ;
 If you are returning
 To Jesus your friend,
 Your sighing and mourning
 In singing shall end.
- 4 "None will I cast out
 Who comes," saith the Lord ;
 Why then do you doubt ?
 Lay hold of his word :
 Ye mourners of Sion,
 Be bold to believe,
 For ever rely on
 Your Saviour, and live.

CCII. (L. M.)

The sin-sick Sinner excited to look up to Christ the Physician.

- 1 **SIN**, like a raging fever, reigns
 With fatal strength in ev'ry part ;
 The dire contagion fills the veins,
 And spreads its poison to the heart.
- 2 And can no sov'reign balm be found ?
 And is no kind Physician nigh,
 To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
 Ere life and hope forever fly ?
- 3 There is a great Physician near ;
 Look up, O fainting soul, and live ;
 See, in his heav'nly smiles appear
 Such ease as nature cannot give !
- 4 See in the Saviour's dying blood,
 Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow !
 'Tis only this dear sacred flood,
 Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.

CCIII. (6, 8.)

Come, and let us reason together.

- 1 **Y**E sin-sick souls draw near,
And banquet with your King ;
His royal bounty share,
And loud hosannas sing :
Here mercy reigns, here peace abounds,
Here 's blood to heal your dreadful wounds
- 2 Here 's clothing for the poor,
Here 's comfort for the weak :
Here 's strength for tempted souls,
And cordials for the sick—
Here 's all a soul can want or need,
Laid up in Christ, the living head.
- 3 But may a soul like mine,
All stain'd with guilt and blood,
Approach the throne of grace,
And converse hold with God ?
Yes ! Jesus calls ;—come, sinners, come,
In mercy's arms there yet is room.
- 4 He 's on a throne of grace,
And waits to answer pray'r :
What tho' thy sin and guilt
Like crimson doth appear,
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all thy woes.
- 5 O wond'rous love and grace—
Did Jesus die for me ?
Were all my num'rous debts
Discharg'd on Calvary ?
Yes, Jesus dy'd—the work is done—
He did for all my sins atone.
- 6 On earth I sing his love—
In heav'n I too shall join
The ransom'd of the Lord,
In accents all divine ;
And see my Saviour, face to face,
And ever dwell in his embrace.

CCIV. (L. M.)

To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.

- 1 **T**(o)-day, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice :
Say will you to mount Zion go ?
Say will you have this Christ or no ?
- 2 Say, will you be for ever blest,
And with this glorious Jesus rest ?
Will you be sav'd from guilt and pain ?
Will you with Christ for ever reign ?
- 3 Make now your choice, and halt no more,
For now he's waiting for the poor ;
Say now, poor souls, what will you do ?
Say will you have this Christ or no ?
- 4 Ye dear young men for ruin bound,
Amidst the Gospel's joyful sound,
Come go with us, and seek to prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.
- 5 Your sports and all your glitt'ring toys,
Compar'd with our celestial joys,
Like momentary dreams appear :
Come go with us,—your souls are dear.
- 6 Or must we leave you bound to hell !
Resolv'd with devils there to dwell !
Still we will weep, lament, and cry,
That God may change you ere you die.
- 7 Young women, now we look to you :
Are you resolv'd to perish too ?
To rush in carnal pleasures on,
And sink in flaming ruin down ?
- 8 Then, dear young friends, a long farewell
We're bound to heav'n, but you to hell :
Still God may hear us while we pray,
And change you ere the burning day.
- 9 Once more I ask you in his name :
I know his love remains the same ;
Say will you to mount Zion go ?
Say will you have this Christ or no ?

CCV. (C. M.)

Sinners warned of impending Ruin.

- 1 **W**HEN pity prompts me to look round
Upon my fellow clay ;
See men reject the gospel's sound—
Good God ! what shall I say ?
- 2 My bowels yearn for dying men,
Doom'd to eternal woe ;
Fain would I speak, but 'tis in vain,
If God will not speak too.
- 3 O sinners, sinners, won't you hear,
When in God's name I come ?
Upon your peril don't forbear,
Lest hell should be your doom.
- 4 What will your doom, poor mortals, be,
If destitute of grace,
When you your injur'd Judge shall see,
And stand before his face ?
- 5 Could you but shun that dreadful sight,
How would you wish to fly
To the dark shades of endless night,
From that all searching eye.
- 6 But death and hell must all appear,
And you among them stand ;
Before Christ's awful flaming bar,
And wait his dread command.
- 7 Let not these warnings be in vain,
But lend a list'ning ear ;
Lest you should meet them all again,
When wrapt in keen despair.

CCVI. (S. M.)

O that they would consider their latter end.

- 1 **S**INNERS, awake to know
Of God your awful stand,
For Gabriel soon the trump will blow—
Your guilty souls demand.
- 2 If unprepar'd by grace,
When called to the bar,

- Paleness and death will seize y our face,
And plunge you in despair.
- 3 Rocks, hills, and mountains fall,
And hide our guilty soul,
Will be your sure, but fruitless call !
They'll not your case condole.
- 4 O ye profane, I pray
Think on your latter end ;
Fly to the Lord without delay,
To Christ the sinner's friend !

CCVII. (C. M.)

Whoever will, let him come.

- 1 **O** WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found !
Suited to ev'ry sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here ;
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.
- 3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your ev'ry burden bring !
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep celestial spring !
- 4 Whoever will, (O gracious word !)
Shall of this stream partake ;
Come thirsty souls and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake !
- 5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace ;
Come then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

CCVIII. (C. M.)

The Guilty invited to Christ.

- 1 **C**OME guilty souls, and flee away
To Christ, and heal your wounds ;
This is the welcome gospel-day,
Wherein free grace abounds.

- 2 God lov'd the church, and gave his Son
 To drink the cup of wrath :
 And Jesus says he'll cast out none
 That come to him by faith.

CCIX. (L. M.)

The trembling Sinner Encouraged.

- 1 **W**HO is the trembling sinner, who
 That owns eternal death his due ?
 Who mourns his sin, his guilt, his thrall,
 And does on God for mercy call ?
- 2 Peace, troubled soul, dismiss thy fear,
 Hear, Jesus speaks, be of good cheer ;
 Upon his cleansing grace rely,
 And thou shalt never, never die.

CCX. (L. M.)

Christ the only Plea before God.

- 1 **H**OW shall the sons of men appear,
 Great God, before thine awful bar !
 How may the guilty hope to find
 Acceptance with th' eternal Mind ?
- 2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
 Not the most costly sacrifice,
 Not infant blood, profusely spilt,
 Will expiate the sinner's guilt.
- 3 Thy blood, dear Jesus, thine alone,
 Hath sov'reign virtue to atone ;
 Here we will rest our only plea,
 When we approach, great God, to thee.

CCXI. (L. M.)

Ask for the good old Way.

- 1 **I**NQUIRING souls who long to find
 Pardon of sin and peace of mind,
 Attend the voice of God to-day,
 Who bids you seek the good old way.
- 2 The righteousness, th' atoning blood
 Of Jesus is the way to God :

O may you then no longer stray,
But walk in Christ the good old way.

- 3 The prophets and apostles too,
Pursu'd this path while here below :
'Then let not fear your soul dismay,
But come to Christ the good old way
- 4 With cautious zeal and holy care,
In this dear way I'll persevere ;
Nor doubt to meet, another day,
Where Jesus is, the good old way.

CCXII. (C. M.)

Ye must be born again !

- 1 **S**INNERS, this solemn truth regard !
Hear, all ye sons of men ;
For Christ, the Saviour, hath declar'd,
"Ye must be born again."
- 2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain ;
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."
- 3 Our nature's totally deprav'd—
The heart 's a sink of sin,
Without a change we can't be sav'd,
"Ye must be born again."
- 4 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain ;
Bear witness, Lord, in ev'ry heart,
That we are born again.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let us now begin
To trust and love thy word ;
And, by forsaking ev'ry sin,
Prove we are born of God.

CCXIII. (C. M.)

Cast your burden on the Lord.

- 1 **Y**E burden'd souls to Jesus come, .
You need not be afraid ;
He loves to hear poor sinners cry—
He loves to hear them plead.

- 2 Ye humble souls to Jesus come,
 'Tis he who made you see
 Your wretched, ruin'd, helpless state,
 Your guilt and misery.
- 3 Christ is a friend to mourning souls ;
 Then why should you despair,
 Since Saul and Mary Magdalene
 Found grace and mercy here.

CCXIV. (L. M.)

Christ at the Door.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour at thy door,
 He gently knocks, has knock'd before ;
 Has waited long, is waiting still :
 You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 Admit him ; for the human breast
 Ne'er entertain'd so kind a guest ;
 Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
 When at his door deny'd you'll stand.
- 3 Open my heart, Lord, enter in,
 Slay ev'ry foe, and conquer sin :
 I now to thee my all resign,
 My body, soul, shall all be thine.

CCXV. (L. M.)

The coming Sinner encouraged.

- 1 **H**ARK ! 'tis the Saviour's voice I hear,
 Come, trembling soul, dispel thy fear ;
 He saith, and who his word can doubt,
 He will in no wise cast you out !
- 2 Doth Satan fill you with dismay,
 And tell you Christ will cast away ?
 It is a truth, why should you doubt ;
 He will in no wise cast you out !
- 3 Doth sin appear before your view,
 Of scarlet or of crimson hue ?
 If black as hell, why should you doubt !
 He will in no wise cast you out !
- 4 The Publican and dying Thief
 Apply'd to Christ, and found relief ;

Nor need you entertain a doubt ;
He will in no wise cast you out !

- 5 Approach your God, make no delay,
He waits to welcome you to-day :
His mercy try, nor longer doubt ;
He will in no wise cast you out !

CCXVI. (S. M.)

Behold, now is the accepted Time.

- 1 **N**OW is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace ;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come ;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.
- 3 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love ;
Then will the angels clap their wings,
And bear the news above.
- 4 At length around thy throne
They shall thy face behold ;
While through eternity they'll strive
Their raptures to unfold.

CCXVII. (7's.)

Compel them to come in.

- 1 **L**ORD, how large thy bounties are,
Tender, gracious sinner's friend ;
What a feast dost thou prepare,
And what invitations send ?
- 2 Now fulfil thy great design,
Who didst first the message bring :
Ev'ry heart to thee incline,
Now compel them to come in.
- 3 Thus their willing souls compel—
Thus their happy minds constrain ;
From the ways of death and hell,
Home to God, and grace again.

- 4 Stretch that conqu'ring arm of thine,
 Once stretch'd out to bleed for sin;
 Ev'ry heart to thee incline,
 Now compel them to come in.

CCXVIII. (7's.)

The Weary invited to Christ for rest.

- 1 **C**OME, ye weary souls opprest,
 Find in Christ the promis'd rest :
 On him all your burdens roll,
 He can wound, and he make whole.
- 2 Ye that dread the wrath of God,
 Come and wash in Jesus' blood ;
 To the Son of David cry,
 In his word he's passing by.
- 3 Naked, guilty, poor, and blind,
 All your wants in Jesus find ;
 'Tis the day of mercy is,
 Now accept the proffer'd bliss.
- 4 It is finish'd ! lo, he cries,
 Ere on yonder cross he dies :
 O believe the record true,
 Jesus dy'd for such as you.

CCXIX. (L. M.)

A Solemn Warning.

- 1 **S**INNER, O why so thoughtless grown '
 Why in such dreadful haste to die ?
 Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
 Heedless against thy God to fly ?
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate ?
 Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams ;
 Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
 And force thy passage to the flames ?
- 3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
 Behold the God of love unfold
 The glories of his dying pains,
 For ever telling yet untold !

CCXX. (L. M.) Windham.

Warning against Hypocrisy.

- 1 **B**ROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there :
But wisdom shows a narrower path,
With here and there a traveller.
- 2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command ;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heav'nly land.
- 3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;
Create my heart entirely new ;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain ;
Which false apostates never knew.

CCXXI. (L. M.) Greenwich.

The Prosperity of the Wicked cursed.

- 1 **L**ORD what a thoughtless wretch was I
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked plac'd on high,
In pride and robes of honour shine !
- 2 But oh, their end, their dreadful end !
'Thy sanctuary taught me so :
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.
- 3 'Their fancy'd joys, how fast they flee !
Like dreams as fleeting and as vain :
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a prelude to their pain.
- 4 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood :
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion and my God.

CCXXII. (L. M.) Exhortation.

Advice to Youth.

- 1 **N**OW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God !
Behold the months come hast'ning on,
When you shall say, " my joys are gone."
 - 2 Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.
 - 3 The dust returns to dust again :
The soul in agonies of pain
Ascends to God ; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell
 - 4 Eternal King ! I fear thy name :
Teach me to know how frail I am :
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.
-

CONVICTION AND CONVERSION.

CCXXIII. (8, 8, 6.)

The Sinner " must be born again."

- 1 **A**WAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
And knew not what to do :
O'erwhelm'd with guilt, with anguish slain,
I saw ' I must be born again,'
Or sink in endless woe.
- 2 Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell,
Which way to shun a *moving* hell,
(For death and hell drew near :)
I strove indeed, but strove in vain,
' The sinner must be born again,'
Still sounded in my ear.

- 3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It curs'd me, and pronounc'd me dead ;
I fell beneath its weight :
This perfect truth renew'd my pain,
'The sinner must be born again ;'
My woe I can't relate !
- 4 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul ;
A vast and pond'rous load ;
I read, and saw this truth most plain,
'The sinner must be born again,'
Or drink the wrath of God.
- 5 Oft as I heard the preachers tell,
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare ;
So oft I found this truth remain,
'The sinner must be born again,'
Or sink in deep despair.
- 6 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way
On me his pity mov'd :
Although I might be justly slain,
He spake, and I was born again,
By grace redeem'd and lov'd.
- 7 To heav'n the joyful tidings flew ;
'The angels tun'd their harps anew,
And loftier notes did raise :
All hail ! the *Lamb*, on Calv'ry slain,
For all who shall be born again ;
We'll shout thine endless praise.

CCXIV. (P. M.)

The Chief of Sinners saved.

- 1 COME all who fear the Lord, and see
What God has done for wretched me ;
For me who wicked was :
Who vainly strutted here and there,
Could boast and swell, and curse and swear
And bid defiance to God's word,
And hated all his cause.

- 2 I hated those who did me warn,
And treated them with silent scorn,
And wish'd they'd let me be ;
My soul to me was nothing worth,
I thought not on eternal wrath,
But roved o'er the world for joys,
The charms of vanity.
- 3 Thus while I run this mad-like race,
Not thinking on my fearful case,
The Lord did me o'ertake ;
I saw his holiness with awe,
His justice, truth, and fiery law,
Which made me own that I had sinn'd,
And my vile *self* to hate.
- 4 My life to mend I then set out,
Concluding soon without a doubt,
I should beloved be ;
But soon discover'd with surprise
I was all sin wrapp'd in disguise,
It twin'd about my inmost heart,
I breath'd iniquity.
- 5 I read and heard, and sought in vain,
I pray'd and pray'd, and pray'd again,
And gave my soul to grief ;
Thro' the wild woods I rov'd and mourn'd,
But all in vain, to home return'd,
And set me down, alas I cry'd,
For me there 's no relief !
- 6 I ask'd the men of faith to pray,
That God would take my sins away,
And bid my sorrow cease ;
But no deliverance could I find,
I thought to woe I was consign'd,
That therefore God refus'd their prayer,
Nor gave my spirit ease.
- 7 Others around me did proclaim,
The vict'ries of the slaughter'd Lamb,
Redeeming them from death ;
They talk'd, and cry'd and bless'd his name,
Because he bore their sin and shame,

And bow'd for them, beneath the load
Of God's tremendous wrath.

- 8 Their songs of joy grieved my soul,
Billows of woe did o'er me roll,
I thought my soul was lost ;
My pray'rs were sin, my tears were vile,
My heart was full of hellish guile,
From bad to worse I thus went on,
'Till all my hope was lost.
- 9 Thus frantic, fit to tear my hair,
Just on the verge of keen despair,
I laid me down to die.
When unexpected Jesus came,
Reveal'd his love, and seal'd his name
On my poor heart, and freely gave
My soul the victory.
- 10 His righteousness on me he plac'd,
My worthless soul by sin disgrac'd,
He made with glory shine :
My *rebel-heart* with love he broke,
He made me freely take his yoke,
O may I bear it with delight,
His service is divine.

CCXXV. (8, 7.)

Despair brightened by Hope.

- 1 **P**POOR mourning soul ! in deep distress,
Just waken'd from a slumber,
Who wanders in sin's wilderness,
One of the condemn'd number ;
The thunder roars from Sinai's mount,
Fills him with awful terror,
And he like nought in God's account,
All drown'd with grief and sorrow.
- 2 Oh ! woe is me that I was born,
Or after death have being ;
Fain would I be some earthly worm,
Which has no future being :
Or had I dy'd when I was young ;
O what would I have given !

Then might *with babes*, my little tongue,
Been praising God in heaven.

3 But now may I lament my case,
Just worn away by trouble,
From day to day I look for peace,
But find my sorrows double :
Cries Satan, “desp’rate is your state,
I’m ’s been you might repented,
But now you see it is too late.
So make yourself contented.”

4 How can I live ! how can I rest !
Under this sore temptation :
Fearing the day of grace is past ;
Lord hear my lamentation !
For I am weary of my life,
My groans and bitter crying,
My wants are great, my mind’s in strife,
My spirit’s almost dying.

5 Without relief I soon shall die,
No hope of getting better,
Show pity, Lord, and hear the cry,
Of a distressed sinner ;
For I’m resolved here to trust,
At thy foot-stool for favour,
Pleading for life, *tho’ death be just*,
Make haste Lord to deliver !

6 “Come hungry, weary, naked soul,
For such I ne’er rejected ;
My righteousness sufficient is,
I’ho’ you have long neglected ;
Come weary souls, *for right you have*.
I am such soul’s protector,
My honour is engag’d to save
All under this character.”

7 “I come to seek, I come to save,
I come to make atonement,
I liv’d, I dy’d, laid in the grave,
To save you from the judgment ;”
By faith my glorious Lord I sec,
O how it doth amaze me !

- To see him bleeding on the tree,
From hell and death to raise me.
- 8 O ! who is this that looketh forth,
Bright as the blooming morning,
Fair as the moon, clear as the sun ?
Jesus is so adorning :
Jesus hath cloth'd my naked soul,
O he for me has died !
And now I may with pleasure sing,
My wants are all supplied
- 9 Lord give me grace to spend my days,
In living to thy honour,
And not be found in sinners' ways,
Acting to thy dishonour ;
But let my life devoted be
To Jesus Christ, my Saviour,
And Glory to the sacred Three,
All glory now and ever !

CCXXVI. (5's.)

• *The Humble Beggar.*

- 1 **D**EAR Jesus here comes,
And knocks at thy door,
A beggar for *crumbs*,
Distressed and poor,
Blind, lame, and forsaken,
All roll'd in his blood,
At length overtaken,
When running from God.
- 2 To ask children's bread,
I durst not presume,
Yet Lord, to be fed
With fragments I've come,
Some crumbs from thy table,
O let me obtain ;
For lo ! thou art able
My wants to sustain.
- 3 I own I deserve,
No favour to see,

So long did I swerve,
And wander from thee,
'Till brought by affliction
My follies to mourn,
Now under conviction,
To thee I return.

- 4 Great God, my desert
Is nothing but death !
And hence to depart,
Forever in wrath ;
Yet still to the city
Of refuge I fly,
O let thine eye pity !
Since Jesus did die !
- 5 And since thou hast said
“Thou wilt cast out none,”
Who fly to thy aid,
As sinners undone,
Here Lord, tho' in honest
Condemned to die,
Yet on this sweet promise
I humbly apply.
- 6 I cannot depart,
Dear Jesus nor yield,
'Till feels my poor heart,
This promise fulfill'd,
That I may forever
A monument be,
To praise the sweet Saviour
Of sinners like me.

CCXXVII. (7, 6.)

Christian Experience.

- 1 **C**OME all ye weary Pilgrims,
Who feel your need of Christ,
Surrounded by temptations,
And by the world despis'd ;
Attend to what I'll tell you,
My exercise I'll shew,
And then you may inform me
If it be so with you.

- 2 Long time I liv'd in darkness,
Nor saw my dang'rous state,
And when I was awaken'd
I thought it was too late :
A lost and helpless sinner,
Myself I plainly saw,
Expos'd to God's displeasure,
Condemned by his law.
- 3 I thought the brute-creation
Was better off than I,
I spent my days in anguish ;
In pain and misery :
Thro' deep distress and sorrow,
My Saviour led me on,
Reveal'd to me his kindness,
When all my hopes were gone.
- 4 When first I was deliver'd,
I hardly could believe
That I so vile a sinner,
Such favours should receive ;
Altho' his solemn praises
Were flowing from my tongue,
Yet fears were oft suggested,
That yet I might be wrong.
- 5 But soon these fears were banish'd
And tears began to flow,
That I so vile a sinner,
Should be beloved so :
I thought my trials over,
And all my troubles gone,
And joy, and peace, and pleasure,
Should be my lot alone.
- 6 But now I find a warfare,
Which often bends me low,
The world, the flesh, and Satan,
They do beset me so :
Can one who is a Christian,
Have such a heart as mine ?
I fear I never witness'd
'Th' effects of love divine.

- 7 I find I'm often backward,
 To do my Master's will,
 Or else I want the glory
 Of what I do fulfil.
 In duties I feel weakness,
 And oftentimes I find
 A hard deceitful spirit,
 And wretched wandering mind.
- 8 Sure others do not feel
 What's often felt by me,
 Such trials and temptations,
 Perhaps they never see :
 For I'm the chief of sinners,
 I freely own with Paul ;
 Or if I am a Christian,
 I am the least of all.
- 9 And now I have related
 What trials I have seen,
 Perhaps my brethren know what
 Such sore temptations mean ;
 I've told you of my conflicts,
 Believe my friends 'tis true,
 And now you may inform me,
 If it be so with you.

CCXXVIII. (L. M.)

The Hiding-Place.

- 1 **H**AIL sov'reign *love* which first began
 The scheme to rescue fallen man :
Hail matchless, free, eternal *grace*,
 Which gave my soul a hiding-place.
- 2 Against the God who rules the sky,
 I fought with hands uplifted high,
 Despis'd the mention of his grace ;
 Too proud to seek a hiding-place.
- 3 Enwrapt in sin's Egyptian night,
 Fonder of darkness than of light,
 Madly I ran the sinful race,
 Secure without a hiding-place.

- 4 But thus eternal counsels ran,
"Almighty love arrest the man ;"
I felt the arrows of disgrace,
And found I had no hiding-place.
- 5 Vindictive justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fi'ry mount I flew ;
But justice cry'd, with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding-place."
- 6 At length a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy for my soul appear'd,
Which led me on with smiling face,
To Jesus Christ *my* hiding-place.
- 7 Should storms of sev'nfold thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole,
No storm can change my happy case,
Since Jesus is *my* hiding-place.
- 8 On him Almighty vengeance fell,
Which might have crush'd a world to hell ;
He bore it for his chosen race ;
And so became their hiding-place.
- 9 A few more rolling scenes, at most,
Will land my soul on Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing a song of grace,
Safe in my glorious hiding-place.

CCXXIX. (L. M.) Double.

Miss Hataway's Experience.

- 1 **Y**OUNG women all I pray draw near,
Listen awhile and you shall hear,
How sin and Satan both did try,
To land my soul in misery.
I, like the rest of human kind,
Was born in sin, both deaf and blind,
And as my days advanc'd I grew
The more debas'd and form'd for woe !
- 2 No greater crimes did I commit,
Than thousands do delight in yet ;
That heinous sin call'd civil mirth,
God threatens with his dreadful wrath.

I oftentimes to church did go
My beauty and fine clothes to show ;
About my soul I took no thought,
Christ and his grace to me were nought.

3 Full eighteen years around did roll,
Before I thought of my poor soul ;
Which makes me shudder when I think,
How near I stood upon the brink !
At length I heard a *Baptist* preach,
His words into my heart did reach ;
He said, "I must be born again,
If ever heav'n I would obtain."

4 To keep the law I then was bent,
But found I fail'd in every point ;
The law appear'd so just and true,
Not one good duty could I do.
In silent watches of the night,
I went in secret, where I might,
Upon my knees pour out my grief,
And pray to God for some relief.

5 My *uncle* said, "don't look so dull,
Come go with me to yonder hall ;
I'll dress you up in silk most fine,
And make you *heir* of all that 's mine."
Dear *uncle* that will never do,
It only will augment my woe ;
Nor can I think true bliss to win,
If I shall still add sin to sin.

6 "Well if you are resolv'd to turn,
And after silly babblers run,
None of my portion you shall have,
I will *it* to some other leave."
I am resolv'd to seek the Lord,
Perhaps, he may his help afford,
O help me mourn my wretched case,
For I am lost without *free grace* !

7 Just in this great extremity,
As almost helpless I did lie,
I thought I heard a small still voice
Cry out "Rise up in me rejoice."

Then to my mind one did appear,
Wounded by whip, and nail, and spear,
Bearing my sin, a mighty load,
That I might be a child of God.

- 8 Immediately my soul did rise
On wings of faith above the skies ;
I count all earthly things but loss,
And glory in my Saviour's cross :
I see none but the Lord himself,
Can save a soul from sin and death :
And since he was by *John* baptiz'd,
I'll follow him tho' I'm despis'd.
- 9 I am dispos'd to serve the Lord,
It is to me a full reward ;
I value not man's scoffing frown ;
I hope to wear a starry crown.
Come all who know his works and ways,
Let's join to sing his lasting praise ;
But I must strive to praise him best,
I've run so deep in debt to grace.

CCXXX. (11's.)

The Sinner's Pedigree.

- 1 **Y**E people who wonder at me and my
ways, [always
Who censure, and judge, and condemn me
If you will but hear, and believe, I'll relate,
My names and adventures, and my present
state.
- 2 I came from the loins of the first sinner man,
Though born so far from him, yet like him I
am,
And unto his mis'ries, contract'd by the fall,
Was born heir at law, 'twas entail'd on us
all.
- 3 My father a bankrupt was turn'd out of door,
And I from his loins came a debtor and poor ;
The contract he broke was to him and his
heirs,
And thus my first name to be sinner appears.

- 4 My surname to sinner, was dark, dead, and
blind, [sign'd :
Yea helpless, condemn'd, and to prison, con-
A pris'ner of hope, who had freedom to rove,
'To seek for a friend who a sinner could
love.
- 5 And wand'ring alone in my own native
sphere, [elsewhere,
I heard a strange voice, saying, "Get ye
"Leave kindred and country, and come after
me,
"And thou a salvation most glorious shalt
see."
- 6 No person I saw, but the voice I obey'd,
Not knowing by what, or whercunto led :
'Till one to the eyes of my mind did appear,
All bloody and wounded, with whips, nail
and spear.
- 7 I soon did perceive by his carriage and form,
'Twas Jesus the Saviour with out-stretched
arm ;
Who scatter'd my fears and remov'd all my
guilt,
And bid me rejoice in his blood for me spilt.
- 8 And now like a travelling pilgrim I'm bound,
'To the holy land where true joys may be
found ;
My soul's resolution is never to faint,
'Till through dissolution the pilgrim's a saint.
- 9 A race I am running, and hope to obtain ;
'The world and the flesh may oppose me in
vain ;
Between ev'ry heat I get cordials of grace :
Which giant-like make me rejoice in the
race.
- 10 A wrestler I am and my combatants be
Not flesh and blood only from which I could
flee :

But spirits invisible, wicked and high,
Which I must e'er conquer or certainly die.

- 11 I wrestle, I strive, I fight, and I run ;
O may I ne'er yield till the battle is won !
But through the Lamb's blood more than
conqueror prove,
And triumph at last in the haven of love.

CCXXXI. (8, 8, 6.)

The proud Complainer humbled.

- 1 **I** SET myself against the Lord,
Despis'd his Spirit and his word,
And wish'd to take his place :
It vex'd me so that I must die,
And perish too eternally,
(Or else be sav'd by grace.
- 2 Of ev'ry preacher I'd complain :
One spoke through pride, and one for gain,
Another's learning small.
One spoke too fast, and one too slow,
One pray'd too loud, and one too low ;
Another had no call.
- 3 Some walk too straight to make a show,
While others far too crooked go ;
And both of these I scorn :
Some odd, fantastic motions make,
Some stoop too low, some stand too straight,
No one is faultless born.
- 4 With no professor could I join,
Some dress'd too mean, and some too fine,
And some would talk too long :
Some had a tone, some had no gift,
Some talk'd too slow, and some too swift,
And all of them were wrong.
- 5 I thought they'd better keep at home,
Than to exhort where'er they come,
And tell us of their joys :
They'd better keep their garden free
From weeds, than to examine me,
And vex me with their noise.

- 6 Kindreds and neighbours too are bad,
And no true friend is to be had :
My rulers too are vile.
But I at length was brought to see,
The faults did mostly lie on me,
And had done all the while.
- 7 The horrid load of guilt and shame,
Being conscious too I was to blame,
Did wound my frightened soul ;
I've sinn'd so much against my God,
I've crouch'd so low beneath his rod,
How can I be made whole ?
- 8 O ! Christ's free love, a boundless sea !
What ! to expire for wretched me ?
Yes ! 'tis a truth divine.
My heart did melt, my soul o'er-run
With love, too see what God had done
For souls so vile as mine.
- 9 Now I can hear a child proclaim
The joyful news, and praise the name
Of Jesus Christ my King :
I know no sect—Christians are one ;
With my complaints I now have done,
And God's free grace I sing.

CCXXXII. (8, 8, 6.)

The Love of Christ recounted.

- 1 **U**NCLEAN ! unclean ! and full of sin !
From first to last, O Lord, I've been,
Deceitful is my heart :
Guilt presses down my burden'd soul,
But Jesus can the waves controul,
And bid my fears depart.
- 2 When first I heard his word of grace,
Ungratefully I hid my face,
Ungratefully delay'd :
At length his voice more pow'rful came,
" 'Tis I," he cried, " I still the same,
Thou need'st not be afraid."

- 3 My heart was chang'd in that same hour
 My soul confess'd his mighty pow'r
 Out flow'd the briny tear :
 I listen'd still to hear his voice—
 Again he said, “ In me rejoice,
 “ ’Tis I, thou need'st not fear.”
- 4 “ Unworthy of thy love,” I cried :
 “ Freely I love,” he soon replied,
 “ On me thy faith be staid :
 “ On me for ev'ry thing depend,
 “ I'm Jesus still, the sinner's friend,
 “ Thou need'st not be afraid.”

CCXXXIII. (11, 8.)

The Experience of J. M.

- 1 **I**N sin's howling waste, my poor soul was
 forlorn,
 And loved the distance full well,
 When grace, on the wings of the dove to me
 borne,
 Did snatch me, the fire-brand of hell.
- 2 O how shall I praise,—shall I glorify him,
 Who bore with my manners long time,
 And waited with patience to save me from
 sin,
 And made his long-suffering shine !
- 3 Six years had completed their round, when I
 saw,
 My soul was in danger of wrath ;
 He then with the cords of his goodness did
 draw,
 And kept me, and held me from death.
- 4 I sought him by pray'r, and desir'd to know,
 His favour to Christians most free ;
 But still I inclined to sin as I grew,
 And wish'd him conformed to me.
- 5 Entic'd by my comrades I oft went astray,
 And grieved and vexed my soul ;
 I then would resolve, and go often to pray,
 But could not my passions controul.

- 6 So making and breaking resolves I went on,
And sinning and praying by times,
Till fifteen full years had their numbers sent
on,
Nor mourned but *actual* crime.
- 7 Alarmed more fully, I call'd on the Lord,
And wonder'd I could not attain :
I pray'd, and I heard, and I searched his
word,
But found all my efforts in vain.
- 8 The evil of sin I was then brought to view ;
The fountain of nature broke forth ;
I thought that I quickly with hell's trembling
crew,
Should sink into oceans of wrath.
- 9 I wished to change with the beasts of the
field,
My state with the trees of the wood ;
My soul lay in sin, and with anguish was
fill'd,
Because it was unlike to God.
- 10 The way of salvation I saw through the
Lamb,
Who yielded his life on the tree ;
Most just unto God, and sufficient to man,
From sin, and from wrath to set free.
- 11 For others, I saw this salvation by grace,
And envy'd their happier state ;
But fear'd that this plan would not answer
my case,
Although 'twas stupendously great.
- 12 When seventeen years and six months had
gone round,
And sundry good promises had,
Where sin did abound, grace did much more
abound,
And I was in Jesus made *glad*.
- 13 I calmly sojourned, and praised his name,
Who precious to me did appear ;

- Believing, I ventur'd his kingdom to claim,
 And serv'd him with trembling and fear.
- 14 Believing, I hop'd, and I lov'd, and I liv'd,
 Have halted along to this day :
 And surely the goodness which I have re-
 ceiv'd,
 Will help to the *end* of the way.

CCXXXIV. (L. M.)

The Experience of the Philosopher.

- 1 **I** WALK'D abroad one morning fair,
 When odours sweetly balm'd the air,
 And birds their artless notes did sing
 To welcome in the cheerful spring.
- 2 Surveying nature all around,
 The scene with wonder did abound :
 But while my ravish'd eyes were charm'd,
 An inward voice my soul alarm'd.
- 3 "Could you all nature comprehend,
 "You'd better learn to know your *end* ;
 "These beauties which you now survey,
 "Will, like yourself, soon pass away.
- 4 "But death is not alone your doom,
 "To judgment you must shortly come ;
 "When hills and valleys all are fled,
 "Where will you hide your guilty head ?"
- 5 Black horrors seiz'd my frightened soul,
 Billows of woe did o'er me roll ;
 I fell and almost lost my breath ;
 I thought I soon should sink in death.
- 6 The little birds from spray to spray,
 Were hymning praises all the day,
 In artless anthems to their God,
 While I lay weltering in my blood.
- 7 Thus trembling o'er a gulf I lay,
 But dar'd not move my lips to pray,
 I had provok'd a dreadful God,
 And trampled on a Saviour's blood.

- 8 To my amazement and surprise,
I saw a cloud descend the skies,
And in the midst a fairer One,
Than any of the sons of men.
- 9 His curled locks were snowy white,
His garments far exceeded light,
The sun grew pale before his face,
His feet were like to burnish'd brass.
- 10 He spake, and brightness shone around,
He said, "*I have a ransom found*;
"I bought your pardon on the tree,
"And come to set the pris'ner free."
- 11 My heart rebounded like a roe,
And glory in my soul did flow;
My sins were gone, and I was free—
My Saviour liv'd and died for me.
- 12 I leap'd and shouted out aloud,
And long'd for wings to reach the cloud—
T' embrace my Saviour in my arms,
And gaze forever on his charms.

CCXXXV. (C. M.)

The successful Resolve.

- 1 COME humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
And make this last resolve.—
- 2 "I'll go to *Jesus*, though my sin
"Hath like a mountain rose;
"I know his courts, I'll enter in,
"Whatever may oppose.
- 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
"And there my guilt confess;
"I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
"Without his sov'reign grace.
- 4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
"Whose sceptre pardon gives;
"Perhaps he may command my touch,
"And then the suppliant lives.

- 5 “ Perhaps he will admit my plea,
 “ Perhaps will hear my pray’r;
 “ But if I perish I will pray,
 “ And perish only there.
- 6 “ I can but perish if I go—
 “ I am resolv’d to try;
 “ For if I stay away, I know
 “ I must for ever die.”

SECOND PART.—*Responsive.*

- 1 **R**ESOLVING thus, I entered in,
 Though trembling and depress’d;
 I bow’d before the gracious King,
 And all my sins confess’d.
- 2 Sweet majesty and awful grace,
 Sat smiling on his brow;
 He turn’d to me his glorious face,
 And made my eyes o’erflow.
- 3 He held the sceptre out to me,
 And bade me touch and live;
 I touch’d, and (O what mercy free!)
 He did my sins forgive.
- 4 I touch’d, and liv’d, and learn’d to love,
 And triumph’d in my God;
 I sat my heart on things above,
 And sang redeeming blood.
- 5 Come sinners griev’d, with sins distress’d,
 And ready to despair,
 Take courage, though with guilt oppress’d,
 Jesus still answers pray’r.
- 6 Come enter in with cheerful haste;
 You may his glory see,
 You may his richest mercy taste—
 He has forgiven ME.

CCXXXVI. (L. M.)

Humble Pleadings.

- 1 **O** GIVE me, Lord, my sins to mourn;
 My sins which have thy body torn:

- Give me with broken heart to see
Thy last tremendous agony.
- 2 O could I gain the mountain's height,
And gaze upon that bleeding sight !
O that with Salem's daughters I
Might stand and see my Saviour die !
- 3 I'd smite upon my breast and mourn,
And never from the cross return ;
I'd weep o'er an expiring God,
And mix my tears with Jesus' blood.
- 4 I'd hang upon his breast and cry,
Lord save a soul condemn'd to die !
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 Father of mercies, drop thy frown,
And let me shelter in thy Son :
O ! with my earnest suit comply,
And give me Jesus or I die.
- 6 O Lord deny me what thou wilt,
Only relieve me of my guilt ;
Good Lord ! in mercy hear me cry,
And give me Jesus or I die !
- 7 Shew pity, Lord, and send relief
To a poor sinner drown'd in grief,
Who has no plea to bring him nigh—
Lord, save a soul condemn'd to die !
- 8 Didst thou not send thy Son to die
For guilty worms who pine and cry ?
O ! let the vilest now come nigh—
Lord, save a soul condemn'd to die !

CCXXXVII. (L. M.)

The Penitent venturing.

- 1 **P**ITY a helpless sinner, Lord,
Who would believe thy gracious word,
But own my heart with shame and grief,
A mass of sin and unbelief.
- 2 Lord, in thy house I read there's room,
And vent'ring hard, behold I come ;

But can there, tell me, can there be,
Amongst thy children, room for *me*?

- 3 For sinners, Lord, thou can'st to bleed
And I'm a sinner vile indeed !
Lord I believe thy grace is free ;
O magnify that grace in *me*.

CCXXXVIII. (S. M.) Norwich.

Confession and Forgiveness.

- 1 **M**Y sorrows like a flood,
Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom, O my God !
Pour out a long complaint.
- 2 This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Could rush with violence on to sin,
In presence of thy sword.
- 3 How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies,
And yet, and yet, O matchless grace !
Thy thunder silent lies.
- 4 O, shall I never feel
The meltings of thy love ?
Am I of such hell-harden'd steel,
That mercy cannot move ?
- 5 O'ercome by dying love,
Here at thy cross I lie,
And throw my flesh, my soul, my all
And weep, and love, and die.
- 6 "Rise," says the Saviour, "rise !
Behold my wounded veins !
Here flows a sacred crimson flood,
To wash away thy stains."
- 7 See, God is reconcil'd !
Behold his smiling face !
Let joyful cherubs clap their wings,
And sound aloud his grace.

CCXXXIX. (L. M.)

Humble pleadings under conviction.

- 1 **L**ORD ! with a griev'd and aching heart,
To thee I look, to thee I cry ;
Supply my wants, and ease my smart :
Oh, help me soon, or else I die.
- 2 Here, on my soul a burden lies !
No human power can it remove :
My num'rous sins like mountains rise :
Do thou reveal, thy pard'ning love.
- 3 Break off these adamantine chains ;
From cruel bondage set me free ;
Rescue from everlasting pains ;
And bring me safe to heav'n and thee.

CCXL. (L. M.)

The same.

- 1 **B**EHOLD a sinner, dearest Lord,
Encourag'd by thy gracious word,
Would venture near to seek that bread,
By which thy children here are fed.
- 2 Do not the humble suit deny,
Of such a guilty wretch as I ;
But let me feed on crumbs, though small,
Which from thy bounteous table fall.
- 3 I am a sinner, Lord, I own ;
By sin and guilt I am undone ;
Yet will I wait, and plead, and pray,
Since none are empty sent away.

CCXLI. (S. M.)

The Pool of Bethesda.

- 1 **B**ESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From time to time my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.
- 2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move ;
And others round me stepping in,
Their efficacy prove ?

- 3 But my complaints remain :
I feel the very same :
And full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.
- 4 O, would the Lord appear
My malady to heal ;
He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what distress I feel.
- [5 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie ?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I ?
- 6 But whither can I go ?
There is no other pool
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow
To make a sinner whole.]
- 7 Here, then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try ;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die ?
- 8 No—he is full of grace ;
He never will permit
A soul that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

CCXLII. (C. M.)

Faith fulfilling the Law.

- 1 **W**HEN from the precepts to the cross
The humble sinner turns,
His brightest deeds he counts but dross,
And o'er his vileness mourns.
- 2 God on the table of his heart,
Inscribes his love and fear ;
He loves the law in ev'ry part,
But takes no refuge there.
- 3 Thus gospel, law, and justice too,
Conspire to set him free ;
Reflect, my soul, admire and view,
What God hath done for thee.

CCXLIII. (S. M.) Double.

Mispent Mercies lamented.

- 1 **Q**UITE weary, near to faint,
I my hard lot deplore—
I would myself with God acquaint,
But 'tis not in my pow'r ;
I know my dang'rous state,
'Tis carnal, sold to sin ;
Corrupt, impure, degenerate,
Have all my doings been.
- 2 How many precious days,
Have I mispent and lost,
Lov'd to frequent unholy ways,
And made of sin my boast ?
Alas ! those days are gone,
'Those golden days are o'er ;
The gospel here, that lately shone,
Perhaps may shine no more.
- 3 O ! whither shall I fly,
If God hath me forsook ?
To whom, or where for mercy cry,
Or where for refuge look ?
How shall I meet the Lord,
Or how his anger bear,
When I shall see his flaming sword,
And banner in the air ?
- 4 When by the trumpet's sound,
The dead to life shall come,
And all the nations under ground,
Shall rise to know their doom ?—
When time shall have an end,
When Jesus on a cloud,
Shall with his angel host descend,
And with the trump of God ?
- 5 O Lord my crimes forgive,
If I may be forgiven,
And with thy chosen me receive,
When thou shalt come from heav'n
Spare me, in mercy spare,
O ! wash and make me clean,

And fit me for the day when here,
I shall no more be seen.

- 6 And when I'm dead and gone,
May I in glory be,
To sing in strains till then unknown—
Thy lovely face to see ;
O may I hear some part,
With the redeemed race,
And play upon a golden harp
Thy well-deserved praise.

CCXLIV. (6, 8.) Lenox.

Barthimeus, or a convicted Sinner begging.

- 1 **S**INFUL, and blind, and poor,
And lost without thy grace,
Thy mercy I implore,
And wait to see thy face :
Begging I sit by the way side,
And long to know thee crucifi'd.
Jesus attend my cry,
Thou son of David hear,
If now thou passest by,
Stand still and call me near ;
The darkness from my heart remove,
And show me now thy pard'ning love.

CCXLV. (L. M.)

The Pool of Bethesda.

- 1 **H**OW long, thou faithful God, shall I,
Here in thy ways forgotten lie ?
When shall the means of healing be
The channels of thy grace to me ?
Sinners on ev'ry side step in,
And wash away their pain and sin ;
But I, an helpless, sin-sick soul,
Still lie expiring at the pool.
Thou cov'nant Angel, swift come down,
To-day thine own appointments crown ;
Thy pow'r into the means infuse,
And give them now their sacred use.

- 4 Thou seest me lying at the pool—
 I would, thou know'st I would, be whole ;
 Oh, let the troubled waters move,
 And minister thy healing love.

CCXLVI. (C. M.)

The worth of the Soul contrasted with the world.

- 1 **L**ORD, shall we part with gold for dross,
 With solid good for show ?
 Outlive our bliss, and mourn our loss
 In everlasting woe ?
- 2 Let us not lose the living God
 For one short dream of joy ;
 With fond embrace cling to a clod,
 And fling all heaven away.
- 3 Vain world, thy weak attempts forbear ;
 We all thy charms defy ;
 And rate our precious souls too dear
 For all thy wealth to buy.

CCXLVII. (C. M.)

The Omniscience of God, and Mediation of Christ.

- 1 **G**REAT God, though from myself con-
 ceal'd,
 Thou seest my inward frame ;
 To thee I always stand reveal'd,
 Exactly as I am.
- 2 Since, therefore, I can hardly bear
 What in myself I see ;
 How vile and black must I appear,
 Most holy God to thee ?
- 3 But since my Saviour stands between,
 In garments dy'd in blood,
 'Tis he, instead of me is seen
 When I approach to God.
- 4 Thus, tho' a sinner, I am safe ;
 He pleads before the throne
 His life and death in my behalf,
 And calls my sins his own.

- 3 What wond'rous love, what mysteries,
In this appointment shine !
My breaches of the law are his,
And his obedience mine.

CCXLVIII. (C. M.)

The Penitent imploring Mercy.

- 1 **L**ORD at thy feet in dust I lie,
And knock at mercy's door ;
With humble heart and weeping eye,
Thy favour I implore.
- 2 On me, O Lord, do thou display
Thy rich, forgiving love ;
O take my heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.
- 3 Without thy grace, I sink opprest
Down to the gates of hell ;
O give my troubled spirit rest,
And all my fears dispel.
- 4 'Tis mercy, mercy, I implore,
O may thy bowels move :
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.

CCXLIX. (L. M.)

Blessed are they that mourn.

- 1 **W**HY, mourning soul, why flow these
tears ?
Why thus indulge thy doubts and fears ?
Look to thy Saviour on the tree,
Who bore the load of guilt for thee.
- 2 Then cease thy sorrows, banish grief,
Though thou of sinners art the chief ;
The wounds that make poor sinners grieve,
Are heal'd when they in Christ believe.
- 3 Whom Jesus wounds, he wounds to heal—
O 'tis a mercy thus to feel ;
There's none can mourn while dead in sin ;
Thine are the marks of life within.

- 4 Be of good cheer, on him rely ;
He'll pass thy great transgressions by ;
And guide thee safely by his hand,
'Till thou shalt reach fair Canaan's land.

CCL. (L. M.) Williamstown.

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

- 1 **S**HEW pity, Lord ; O Lord forgive ;
Let a repenting sinner live :
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace :
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean :
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
Lord should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

BELIEVERS' BAPTISM.

CCLI. (10, 11.)

The Word, a Rule of Faith and Practice.

- 1 **Y**OU captives restor'd, and saints of the
Lord, [word,
Who follow the Lamb, and are led by his

Let's read it and see, if we can agree,
And pray for his Spirit our leader to be.

2 We'll read it aright, and pray for a sight,
Of each gospel duty, and in it delight;
And is it your case, through rich and free
 grace,
'That you are secure in a Saviour's embrace?

3 And do you enquire, with earnest desire,
To know what the Lord of his servants re-
quire?
His Spirit and word directions afford;
Let's search for our duty and follow the
Lord.

4 We'll follow him down to Jordan's fair
stream, [blaspheme;
And tread in his footsteps, though sinners
From Galilee, he did travel we see,
'To Jordan, and on its banks bended his knee.

Thus cheerfully bent, with the herald's con-
sent, [went:
And straightway down into the water he
See here what a brave example we have,
Behold him immers'd in a watery grave.

6 And herein we see, bless'd Saviour that he
Came out of the water in miracles three :
The heavens were rent, the Spirit was sent,
The voice of the Father proclaimed consent.

7 This stoop of our Lord, we have on record,
Then pray let us always take heed to his
word :
Although Zion's foes will dare to oppose,
We'll follow the Lamb wherever he goes.

8 Although Zion cries, ere long she'll arise,
Above the blue curtains in the higher skies,
Where angels do stand, and wait the com-
mand,
'To meet us and guide us to Jesus' right hand.

CCLII. (8's.)

Christ's Baptism by John our Example.

- 1 **I**N Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
 Immersing the repenting Jews;
 The Son of God the rite demands,
 Nor dares the holy man refuse :
 Jesus descends beneath the wave,
 The emblem of his future grave.
- 2 Wonder, ye heav'ns ! your Maker lies
 In deeps conceal'd from human view,
 Ye saints behold him sink and rise,
 A fit example this for you :
 This sacred record, while you read,
 Calls you to imitate the deed.
- 3 But, lo ! from yonder opening skies,
 What beams of dazzling glory spread !
 Dove-like th' eternal Spirit flies,
 And lights on the Redeemer's head ;
 Amaz'd they see the pow'r divine,
 Around the Saviour's temples shine.
- 4 But hark, my soul, hark and adore !
 What sounds are those that roll along,
 Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
 But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song !
 "This is my well-beloved Son,
 "I see well pleas'd what he hath done."
- 5 Thus the eternal Father spoke,
 Who shakes creation with a nod :
 Through parting skies the accents broke,
 And bid us hear the Son of God :
 O hear the awful word to-day,
 Hear, all ye nations, and obey !

CCLIII. (8, 7.)

The Humble invited to imitate Christ.

- 1 **H**UMBLE souls who seek salvation
 Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood,
 Hear the voice of Revelation,
 Tread the path that Jesus trod.

- Flee to him your only Saviour,
 In his mighty name confide ;
 In the whole of your behaviour,
 Own him as your Sov'reign guide.
- 2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,
 Listen to his gracious voice :
 Dread no ills that can befall you,
 While you make his ways your choice ;
 Jesus says, " Let each believer
 " Be baptized in my name :"
 He himself in Jordan's river,
 Was immers'd beneath the stream.
- 3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
 Follow him without delay ;
 Gladly his command embracing,
 Lo ! your captain leads the way :
 View the rite with understanding ;
 Jesus' grave before you lies ;
 Be interr'd at his commanding,
 After his example rise.

CCLIV. (8, 8, 6.)

Thus it becometh us, &c.

- 1 **T**HUS it became the Prince of grace,
 And thus should all the favour'd race
 High heav'n's command fulfil ;
 For that the condescending *God*,
 Should lead his followers through the flood,
 Was heav'n's eternal will.
- 2 'Tis not as led by custom's voice,
 We make these ways our favour'd choice,
 And thus with zeal pursue :
 No ; heav'n's eternal sovereign *Lord*
 Has, in the precepts of his word,
 Enjoin'd us thus to do.
- 3 And shall we ever dare despise
 The gracious mandate of the skies,
 Where condescending heav'n,
 To sinful man's apostate race,
 In matchless love and boundless grace,
 His will reveal'd has giv'n ?

- 4 Thou everlasting gracious King,
 Assist us now thy grace to sing,
 And still direct our way,
 'To these bright realms of peace and rest,
 Where all th' exulting tribes are bless'd
 With one great choral day.

CCLV. (P. M.)

Christ the Christian's Exemplar.

- 1 **H**AIL sacred Saviour ! Prince of Light,
 With joy we hail thy humble flight,
 Down through the portals of the sky—
 We view thee in a manger :
 The eastern sages there appear,
 Directed by a blazing star.
 Come saints draw nigh,
 See him lie,
 Join the cry,
 “ Born to die.”
 Behold the darling Son of God,
 Now in the world a stranger.
- 2 But see him soon rise like the noon,
 Surrounded by a mixed throng ;
 His friends delighted with his charms,
 But enemies confounded :
 To mark the path of duty, he
 Did march on foot from Galilee :
 () hear him say,
 “ I'm the Way,”
 While you may,
 Don't delay—
 Behold him leave the wat'ry tomb,
 With dazzling light surrounded !
- 3 On Jordan's banks, methinks I see
 My Jesus kneel and pray for me :
 For this I would his name adore,
 And sing with pleasing rapture :
 Come on, ye blooming sons of God,
 And follow Jesus through the flood :

Through ice and snow
 You must go ;
 As you know
 'Twill be so.

Wherever Jesus leads his friends,
 The world and sin to capture.

- 4 With joy thy footsteps here we trace,
 In hopes to see thy smiling face,
 Not as in sad Gethsemane,
 But as thou reign'st in glory ;
 Come animate our hearts to sing,
 While willing converts here we bring
 Behold them come,
 To thy tomb,
 Make them room—
 Guide them home.

When all together we shall meet,
 And tell the pleasing story.

CCLVI. (6, 8.) Lenox.

The descent of the Dove in Baptism.

- 1 **D**ESCEND, celestial Dove,
 And make thy presence known ;
 Reveal our Saviour's love,
 And seal us for thine own ,
 Unbless'd by thee, our works are vain ;
 Nor can we e'er acceptance gain.
- 2 When our incarnate God,
 The sov'reign Prince of light,
 In Jordan's swelling flood
 Receiv'd the holy rite,
 In open view thy form came down,
 And, dove-like, flew the King to crown.
- 3 The day was never known,
 Since time began its race,
 On which such glory shone,
 On which was shown such grace,
 As that which shed, in Jordan's stream,
 On Jesus' head the heav'nly beam.
- 4 Continue still to shine,
 And fill us with thy fire ;

This ordinance is thine,
 Do thou our souls inspire !
 Thou wilt attend on all thy sons,
 “ ‘Till time shall end,” thy promise runs.

CCLVII. (6, 8.) Lenox.

Encouragement to be Baptized.

- 1 “ **W**HY tarriest thou, arise
 And be baptiz’d” strightway !
 This institution prize,
 O come without delay ;
 Since Jesus has thy sins forgiven,
 This is the way that leads to heaven.
- 2 This is the way he trod,
 He bow’d beneath the stream ;
 The great eternal God
 Did not account it mean ;
 But loud proclaim’d “this is my Son,
 And I’m well pleas’d with what he’s done.”
- 8 Down from the upper skies
 Descends the peaceful Dove,
 To Jesus’ head he flies,
 His conduct to approve :
 Thus Father, Son, and Spirit too,
 Unite to teach us what to do.
- 4 Could you have seen that man
 Who shed his precious blood,
 And John the Baptist stand
 In Jordan’s rolling flood,
 Then seen him plung’d beneath the wave,
 An emblem of his future grave.
- 5 How quickly would you move,
 Beneath the flowing strand,
 To follow him you love
 In this his great command !
 Then, O believer, haste away
 And be baptiz’d without delay !

CCLVIII. (C. M.)

Love to Christ constrains to Obedience.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, and will thy pard'ning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove;
And bless me with thy smile?
- 2 Hast thou the cross for me endur'd,
And all its shame despis'd?
And shall I be asham'd, O Lord,
With thee to be baptiz'd?
- 3 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood,
And shall my pride disdain the deed,
That 's worthy of a God?
- 4 Dear Lord, the ardour of thy love
Reproves my cold delays,
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

CCLIX. (C. M.)

Christ's Example worthy of Imitation.

- 1 **T**HUS was the great Redeemer plung'd
In Jordan's swelling flood,
To show he must be soon baptiz'd,
In tears, and sweat, and blood.
- 2 Thus was his sacred body laid,
Beneath the yielding wave;
Thus was his sacred body rais'd,
Out of the liquid grave.
- 3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
In thy own footsteps tread,
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
Our ever living head.

CCLX. (L. M.)

Baptism representing the Death and Resurrection of Christ

- 1 **L**ORD, to this fountain we repair,
Our love by duty to declare:
'Tis thus the foil'wers of the Lamb,
Their faith and love to him proclaim.

- 2 They, in these waters deeply laid,
Show him as suff'ring in their stead :
And rising from this wat'ry grave,
They show his glorious power to save.
- 3 Thus we proclaim our faith in him,
As rising from this yielding stream :
And show by this deserted grave,
The pow'r of Christ from death to save.
- 4 O may we hence proclaim abroad
The honour of our Saviour God !
And wear his liv'ry and renown,
And thus our high profession crown.

CCLXI. (C. M.)

Baptism urged from the command of Christ.

- 1 **D**ESPISE me not, my carnal friends,
Lest you despise my Lord ;
He bids me in the water go,
And I'll obey his word.
- 2 Christ is the Bishop of my soul :
He meekly did appear
In Jordan's stream, and was baptiz'd
By John his harbinger.
- 3 And shall I now refuse to do
What he 's enjoin'd on me ?
No—I'll through grace the cross forego,
And his disciple be.
- 4 The wat'ry grave I have in view,
It bids me hasten in :
To all the world I bid adieu,
To rise with Christ my King.
- 5 In thee, my Lord, I put my trust,
With all I have or own—
Hoping that thou wilt raise this dust,
To praise thee on the throne.

CCLXII. (C. M.)

"Hinder me not."

- 1 **I**N all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue ;

- Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.
- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes ;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duty, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command ;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my IMMANUEL's land.
- 4 And when my Saviour calls me home.
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not, come welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

CCLXIII. (S. M.)

The Duty in Baptism urged.

- 1 “ **A**RISE and be baptiz'd,
And wash away thy sin ;”
The Christian soul is here advis'd,
‘T’ obey her Lord and King.
- 2 You must your Lord obey,
Or crucify afresh ;
Therefore arise without delay,
Nor parley with the flesh.
- 3 For if you know his will,
And do not it perform,
The cross will grow more heavy still—
Perhaps you’ll grow lukewarm.
- 4 Arise and be baptiz'd,
And wash away your sin ;
If you in heart are circumcis’d,
The act ’s a pleasant thing.

CCLXIV. (C. M.)

A Prayer for Baptized persons

- 1 **E**TERNAL God, now smile on those,
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have publicly declar’d
That Jesus is their Lord.

- 2 With cheerful feet may they advance
And run the Christian race ;
And through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

CCLXV. (L. M.)

The Commission.

- 1 **T**WAS the commission of our Lord ;
“ Go teach the nations and baptize ”
The nations have receiv'd the word
Since he ascended to the skies.
- 2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his cov'nant with the seals,
To bless the distant heathen lands.
- 3 “ Repent, and be baptiz'd,” he saith,
“ For the remission of your sins : ”
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what his gospel means.
- 4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean ;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.

CCLXVI. (L. M.)

Believers buried in Baptism.

- 1 **D**O we not know that solemn word,
That we are bury'd with the Lord ;
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin ?
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death .
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again ;
The various lusts we serv'd before
Shall have dominion now no more.

CHRISTIAN EXERCISES.

CCLXVII. (P. M.)

Rejoicing in Divine Union.

- 1 **C**OME saints and sinners hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
Who snatch'd me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell
To dwell in sweetest union.
- 2 When Jesus from his throne on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He look'd on me with pitying eye,
And said to me, as he pass'd by,
"With God you have no union."
- 3 This information made me cry,
I strove salvation hard to buy,
And with my tears to satisfy ;
I look'd this way and that to fly,
For still I lack'd this union.
- 4 But when depress'd and lost in sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he wash'd me clean,
And O what seasons I have seen,
Since first I felt this union.
- 5 I prais'd the Lord both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one in the way,
Something I always found to say
About this heavenly union.
- 6 O come ye lukewarm, come away,
And learn to do as well as say,
And bear your cross from day to day,
And mind to walk the narrow way,
And then you'll feel this union.
- 7 I wonder that the saints don't sing,
And make the hills and vallies ring,

With loud hosannas to their King,
 Who sav'd their souls from hell and sin,
 And brought about this union.

- 8 We soon shall leave these climes below,
 And ev'ry scene of pain and woe !
 We all shall then to glory go !
 And there we'll see, and hear, and know
 And join in perfect union.
- 9 Come heav'n and earth unite your lays,
 And give Jehovah-Jesus praise :
 And thou my soul look up and gaze,
 He bleeds, he dies, thy debt he pays !
 To give thee heav'nly union.
- 10 O were I like an angel found,
 Salvation through the earth I'd sound,
 The devil's kingdom to confound,
 I'd triumph on Immanuel's ground,
 And spread this glorious union.

CCLXVIII. (L. M.)

Rejoicing in Hope of Glory.

- 1 **O** MAY I worthy prove to see
 The saints in full prosperity,
 To see the bride, the glittering bride,
 Close seated by her Saviour's side.

The Chorus.

*And I'll sing Glory, Glory,
 And glory be to God on high.*

- 2 O may I find some humble seat,
 Beneath my dear Redeemer's feet ;
 A servant, as before he's been,
 I'll sing salvation to my King.
- 3 I'm glad that I am born to die,
 From grief and woe my soul shall fly !
 Bright angels shall convey me home,
 Away to th' new Jerusalem.
- 4 I'll praise him while he gives me breath,
 I hope to praise him after death,

- I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly !
- 5 Farewell vain world, I'm going home,
My Jesus smiles, and bids me come ;
Sweet angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.
- 6 I soon shall pass the vale of death,
And in his arms resign my breath :
(O then my happy soul shall tell
" My Jesus has done all things well."
- 7 I soon shall hear the awful sound,
" Awake ye nations under ground ;
Arise and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet King Jesus in the clouds."
- 8 When to the blessed world I rise,
And join the anthems round the skies,
(Of all the notes there, this shall swell,
" My Jesus has done all things well."
- 9 Then shall I see my blessed God,
And praise him in his bright abode,
My theme to all eternity,
Shall *Glory, Glory, Glory*, be.

CCLXIX. (8, 7.)

Extatic Praises.

- 1 **B**RIGHT scenes of glory strike my sense,
And all my passions capture,
Eternal beauty round me shines,
Infusing warmest rapture ;
I dive in pleasures deep, and full,
In swelling waves of glory,
And feel my Saviour in my soul,
And groan to tell my story.
- 2 I feast on honey, milk, and wine,
And drink perpetual sweetness,
Mount Zion's odours through me roll
While Christ unfolds his greatness :

- No mortal tongue can speak my joys,
 Nor can an angel tell them,
 Ten thousand times surpassing all
 Terrestrial worlds of emblem.
- 3 My captivated spirits fly
 Through shining worlds of beauty,
 Dissolv'd in blushes then I cry,
 In praises loud and mighty ;
 Here will I sit, and swell the theme
 Of harmony, delighted !
 And with the millions learn the notes
 Of saints, in Christ united.
- 4 The bliss that rolls through those above,
 Through those in glory seated,
 Which causes them loud songs to sing,
 Ten thousand times repeated,
 Darts through my soul with radiant beams,
 Constraining loudest praises,
 O'erwhelming all my powers with joy,
 While all within me blazes.
- 5 When earth and seas shall be no more,
 And all their glory perish,
 When sun and moon shall cease to shine,
 And stars at midnight languish :
 My joys refin'd shall brighter shine,
 Mount heaven's radiant glory,
 And tell through one eternal day,
 Love's *all immortal* story.

CCLXX. (C. M.) Double.

The Love of Christ is better than Wine.

- 1 **M**Y soul doth magnify the Lord,
 My spirit doth rejoice
 In God my Saviour, and my God,
 I hear his joyful voice :
 I need not go abroad for joys,
 I have a feast at home,
 My sighs are turned into songs,
 The Comforter is come.

- Down from above, the blessed Dove,
Is come into my breast,
Witness of God's eternal love,
This is my heavenly feast .
This makes me *abba* father cry,
With confidence of soul ;
This makes me cry, my Lord, my God,
And that without controul.
- 3 There is a stream which issues forth
From God's eternal throne ;
And from the Lamb a living stream,
Clear as a crystal stone :
This stream doth water Paradise,
It makes the angels sing,
One cordial drop revives my heart,
Thence all my joys do spring.
- 4 Such joys as these unspeakable,
And full of glory too !
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls !
As worldlings do not know ;
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis conceal'd,
What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,
And hast to me reveal'd.
- 5 I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
I taste thy sweetest love,
My soul doth leap, but O for wings !
The wings of Noah's dove :
Then would I fly far hence away,
And leave this world of sin,
Then would my Lord put forth his hand,
And kindly take me in.
- 6 I then would my soul with angels feast,
On joys that ever last ;
Refined, full and always sweet,
Delighting to the taste.
Bless'd be my God, the God of joys,
Who gives me here a crumb,
And fills my soul with earnest hope
'Till I arrive at home.

CCLXXI. (L. M.)

Troubles ending in Glory.

- 1 **O** BRETHREN, we are going on,
To join the holy, hymning throng,
Of angels bright, and saints that shine,
Enrob'd in righteousness divine.

Chorus.

And we'll sing glory, glory,
And shout the Lamb who came to die,
And gave to us the victory—
And glory be to God on high.

- 2 We're now oppress'd with various doubt,
We've fears within, and foes without ;
Through hosts of devils now we fight,
But then we'll join the saints in light.
- 3 Our suff'ring time will soon be o'er,
We'll sin, and grieve, and doubt no more ;
But on that ever peaceful shore,
We'll shout our trials all are o'er.
- 4 Our praying time will soon be o'er,
We'll join with them who're gone before,
To love, and bless, and praise the name,
Of Jesus Christ, the bleeding Lamb.
- 5 Our parting time will soon be past,
Our joys will then for ever last ;
In union sweet we'll join to tell,
The love of dear Immanuel.
- 6 Our preaching time will soon be done,
We'll see the *travail* of the Son,
Unite and gather all in one,
And march in splendor to the throne.
- 7 The gulf of death will soon be cross'd,
We'll fear no more that we'll be lost :
But on that happy, happy shore,
We'll sing and triumph evermore.
- 8 Oh ! this shall be our theme above,
When we're solac'd in unknown love :

We'll bow around the golden throne,
And sing the boundless great *Three-One*.

- 9 When we've been there ten thousand days,
We've no less time to sing God's praise;
Eternity is but begun—
Our praising time will ever run.
- 10 Our raptur'd souls are all on fire,
To join the everlasting choir;
To bear a part in that bless'd lay,
Where none shall ever *Amen* say.

CCLXXII. (L. M.)

The glorious Mystery.

- 1 **(O)** 'TIS a glorious mystery,
That I should ever saved be!
No heart can think or fully tell,
Why God has sav'd my soul from hell.
- 2 Great mystery! I can't tell why,
That Christ for sinners e'er should die;
But greater still the mystery,
That he should ever die for me.
- 3 No creature can a reason give,
Why I wa'nt left in sin to live;
To spend my days in guilt and fear,
And die at last in deep despair.
- 4 No mortal can a reason find—
'Tis grace most free and mercy kind;
O 'tis a glorious mystery!
And will be to eternity.
- 5 O brethren we'll soon see the Lord,
And sit around his sacred board,
To drink in full mysterious love,
Which flows in Paradise above.
- 6 There we shall see our Father's face,
And sing of his redeeming grace,
With rapture join th' angelic throng,
And Christ the burden of the song.
- 7 With them the jasper walls we'll see,
With them in glory we shall be;

Through pearly gates we'll enter in,
And God's eternal praises sing.

- 8 There, there with joy we all shall meet
In Jesus' glories be complete ;
Eternity shall roll around,
And Jesus in the midst be found.

CCLXXIII. (C. M. Chorus 8's.)

Christian Love expanding its Desires.

- 1 **O**UR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, mix'd in one ;
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heav'n on earth begun :
Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spake,
And glow'd with sacred fire ;
He stopp'd, and talk'd, and fed, and bless'd
And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.

Chorus.

A Saviour ! let creation sing,
A Saviour ! let all heaven ring ;
He's God with us, we feel him ours,
His fulness in our souls he pours ;
'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
We're joining them who're gone before,
We soon shall meet to part no more.

- 2 We're soldiers fighting for our God,
Let trembling cowards fly ;
We stand unshaken, firm, and fix'd,
With Christ to live and die :
Let devils rage and hell assail,
We'll cut our passage through ;
Though foes unite, and friends all fail,
We'll seize the crown we view.

A Saviour, &c

- 3 The little cloud increases fast,
The heav'ns are big with rain ;
We haste to catch the teeming show'rs,
And all the moisture drain :
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
Yea pours a mighty flood ;

3 Sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.

A Saviour, &c.

4 From east to west, from north to south,
O be thy name ador'd !

Let *Europe* with her millions shout

Hosannas to thee, Lord :

Let *Asia*, *Africa* resound

From shore to shore thy fame ;

And all *America* in songs

Redeeming love proclaim.

A Saviour, &c.

5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,

And set'st thy starry crown ;

When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,

Proclaim'd *by thee* thy own ;

May we, a little band of love,

Be sinners sav'd by grace ;

From glory into glory chang'd,

Behold thee face to face.

A Saviour, &c.

CCLXXIV. (11's.)

The Children of Zion invited to unite in Praise.

WE children of Zion, who're bound for the
kingdom,

Attune all your voices and help me to sing

Sweet anthems of praises to my blessed Jesus,

For he is my Prophet, my Priest, and my

King.

When Jesus first found me, to hell I was go-
ing, [ruin ;

His love did surround me, and sav'd me from

He kindly receiv'd me, and from sin reliev'd
me, [sing.

And taught me aloud his sweet praises to

2 Why should you go mourning from such a
physician, [cure ;

Who is able and willing your sickness to

Come to him believing—though bad your
condition, [sure,

His Father has promis'd your case to en-

My soul he has healed, my heart it rejoices,
He's brought me to Zion to join the glad
voices ;

I'll serve him, and praise him, and always
adore him, [o'er.

Till we meet in glory where sickness is

3 My heart's now in heaven, to Jesus ascended,
I'm bound to set forward, to th' mark for
the prize ;

And when my temptations and trials are
ended, [shall rise.

On the wings of bright seraphs my soul it
O, Christians ! I'm happy in this contempla-
tion, [vation—

My soul it drinks in the sweet streams of sal-
I long to be flying, that I may be vying,

With th' tallest archangel that shouts in
the skies.

4 Cheer up, ye dear pilgrims, fair Canaan's
before you, [ing free grace :

We'll scale the high mountain, still shout-
On Jerusalem's bright tower we'll sing halle-
lujah.

And sit in the smiles of sweet Jesus's face.
No sorrow, no sighing, no weeping, no mourn-
ing, [ing,

To those who there enter there is no return-
But feasting, and resting, and for ever sing-
ing [grace :

All glory to Jesus, who bought us free

5 My soul, full of glory, can't stay here much
longer,

The angels of heaven now call me away ;
The Spirit of Jesus draws stronger and
stronger— [day.

My soul now exults to behold the glad
O Christians ! O Christians ! O had you not
rather, [ther,

Be shouting in glory with your blessed Fa-

- Where clouds and temptations, sins, pains,
and vexations,
Are all lost together in endless bright day?
- 6 This moment the angels are hov'ring around
us, [sweet King.
And joining with mortals to praise their
And waiting for Jesus to call us and crown
us,
To make all the arches of heaven to ring.
There, with our dear Father, we'll meet one
another, [brother;—
The wife and the husband, the sister and
In the fathomless ocean of love's sweet emo-
tion,
Salvation to Jesus, for ever we'll sing.

CCLXXV. (8, 8, 6.)

Rejoicing in earnest Hope.

- 1 **O** GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above :
It bears on eagles' wings :
It gives my raptur'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast,
With Jesus' priests and kings.
- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand and from the mountain's top,
See all the land below :
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise,
In endless plenty grow.
- 3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With ev'ry blessing blest :
There dwells the *Lord our righteousness*,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.
- 4 I have no sharers of my heart,
To rob my Saviour of a part,
I execrate the whole :

- Only betroth'd to Christ am I,
 I wait his coming from the sky,
 To wed my happy soul.
- 5 No foot of land do I possess,
 No cottage in this wilderness,
 A poor way-faring man :
 I lodge awhile in tents below,
 Or only sojourn as I go,
 Till I my Canaan gain.
- 6 O that I might at once go up,
 No more on this side Jordan stop,
 But all the land possess !
 When shall I end my ling'ring years,
 My sorrows, sins, and doubts, and fears,
 A howling wilderness ?
- 7 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in,
 Display thy grace, forgive my sin,
 My unbelief remove :
 The heav'nly Canaan, Lord, divide,
 And O ! with all the sanctified.
 Give me a lot of love.

CCLXXVI. (8, 8, 6.)

The same.

- 1 **H**OW happy is the Pilgrim's lot,
 How free from anxious care and tho'
 From worldly hope and fear !
 Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
 His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
 He only sojourns here.
- 2 His happiness in part is mine,
 Already sav'd from self-design,
 From ev'ry creature-love :
 Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,
 My soul is lighten'd of its load,
 And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue,
 And happiness, beyond the view
 Of those, who basely pant

For things by nature felt and seen :
 Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean
 I neither have, nor want.

- 4 Nothing on earth I call my own—
 A stranger to the world unknown,
 I all their goods despise :
 I trample on their whole delight,
 And seek a country out of sight,
 A country in the skies.
- 5 There is my house and portion fair,
 My treasure and my heart are there,
 And my abiding home :
 For me my elder brethren stay,
 And angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come.
- 6 I come ! thy servant, Lord, replies,
 I come to meet thee in the skies,
 And claim my heav'nly rest !
 Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
 Now, O my Saviour, brother, friend,
 Receive me to thy breast !

CCLXXVII. (11's.)

The Joys of a Revival long sought.

- 1 **O** HOW I have long'd for the coming of
 God, [his word :
 And sought him by praying and searching
 To fasting and weeping my soul it was
 press'd,
 Nor could I give over till Jesus had bless'd.
- 2 The tokens of mercy at length did appear,
 According to promise he answered pray'r,
 To Israel, salvation from Zion doth roll,
 And glory is risen and beams on my soul.
- 3 The good news of mercy is spreading abroad,
 And sinners are crying and turning to God ;
 The tears of contrition now pour like a flood,
 And some have found favour in Jesus's blood.

- 4 Here's more my dear Jesus, that fall at thy feet,
Oppress'd by a burden enormously great;
O raise them dear Jesus to tell of thy love,
And sing of thy glory like angels above.
- 5 Shout all the creation below and above,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus's love;
Break forth into singing ye trees of the wood,
For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God!
- 6 Let all who have being rejoice now and sing,
O God make the nations with praises to ring,
With loud acclamations of Jesus's love,
And carry us up to the city above.
- 7 We'll wait for thy chariot, it seems to draw near,
O come my dear Saviour let glory appear,
I long to be singing and shouting above,
With angels o'erwhelm'd in the ocean of love.

CCLXXVIII. (11's.)

Christian Harmony.

- 1 SWEET singers of Israel, begin your sweet strains,
We'll join you in walking through these flowery plains:
Your theme is applauded, and jovial the lay,
Let's walk in sweet concert to eternal day.
- 2 We came out of darkness to dwell in the light, [sight:
The brightness so sparkles, it dazzles our
So bright is the morning, the clouds flee away,
The sun is now dawning its eternal day.
- 3 We'll 'scend up the stairs, though most winding they be,
Till we gain the heaven of highest degree.

- We'll stand in sweet wonder to view the
 bright ray,
 Which 'lumines the mountain of eternal day.
- 4 Religion and friendship unite heart and hand,
 Like two loving brothers together we'll stand,
 Like well order'd armies that move by due
 sway,
 We'll march in due order for eternal day.
- 5 Built on the foundation of Christ, *the sure*
Rock, [the work :
 With line, rule, and compass, made fit for
 Like gold, silver, stones, wholly precious en-
 tire, [on fire.
 We'll stand in that day when the world is

CCLXXIX. (8, 7, 7.)

Thanksgiving for Redemption.

- 1 **R**ANSOM'D sinners, sing the praises,
 Of your dear redeeming God :
 Hymn, with joy, the holy Jesus,
 Who has purchas'd you with blood :
 Dwell on this delightful theme,
 Shout the dear Immanuel's name.
- 2 He the pow'rful word hath spoken,
 "I redeem'd them—mine they are ;"
 With that word the snare is broken,
 Satan struck with panic fear !
 This is glorious liberty ;
 Christ the Son hath made us free.
- 3 For this wonderful compassion,
 (Far surpassing human thought,)
 Let us praise with exultation,
 Him who our salvation wrought !
 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 Worthy thou of all our praise.
- 4 O that worldlings knew our pleasure !
 While we walk in Christ the way ;
 We possess an heavenly treasure,
 In an earthly house of clay !

- But what bliss before us lies !
 Though 'tis veil'd beyond the skies.
 5 Hark ! while angel-choirs are bringing
 Rapt'rous praises round the throne !
 Let us come to Zion singing :
 Their and our delights are one !
 Grateful songs our mutual mirth—
 They in heaven, and we on earth.

CCLXXX. (6, 8.) Lenox.

The All-sufficiency of Christ celebrated.

- 1 **B**Y whom was David taught,
 To aim the dreadful blow ;
 When he Goliath fought,
 And laid the Gittite low ?
 No sword nor spear the stripling took,
 But chose a pebble from the brook.
 2 'Twas Israel's God and King,
 Who sent him to the fight ;
 Who gave him strength to sling,
 And skill to aim aright.
 Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
 Because young David's God is yours.
 3 Who order'd Gideon forth,
 To storm th' invaders camp,
 With arms of little worth,
 A pitcher and a lamp ?
 The trumpets made his coming known,
 And all the host was overthrown.
 4 Oh ! I have seen the day,
 When with a single word,
 God helping me to say,
 My trust is in the Lord :
 My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
 Fearless of all that could oppose.
 5 But unbelief, self-will,
 Self-righteousness and pride,
 How often do they steal,
 My weapon from my side •

But David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,
Will help his servant to the end.

CCLXXXI. (11, 8.)

The Praises of Christ.

- 1 **O** THOU, in whose presence my soul
takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all,
- 2 Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy
sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love,
For why, in the valley of death, should I
weep?
Or, alone in the wilderness rove?
- 3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they
see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare if ye've seen
The *Star* that on Israel shone;
Say if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he has gone.
- 5 Thou fairest of women, O what's thy Be-
lov'd,
Above those around whom we see?
Why charge us so straitly to know where
he's lov'd?
Declare what his beauties may be.
- 6 If he is possess'd of more dignify'd charms
Than any about whom we know,
We'll turn, with disdain, from their beauties
and arms,
And seek him intensely with you.
- 7 *This is my Beloved*—his form is divine,
His vestment shed odours around,

The locks on his head are as grapes on the
vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

8 The roses of Sharon, the lillies that grow
In the vales on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks in the beauty of excellence
blow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

9 His voice as the sound of a dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfum'd with his breath.

10 His lips as the fountain of righteousness
flow,
And water the garden of grace,
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall
know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

11 Love sits on his eye-lids and scatters de-
light,
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubims veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.

12 He looks—and ten thousand of angels re-
joice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks—and eternity filled with his
voice,
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

13 His vestment of righteousness, who shall
describe?
Its purity words would defile,
The heav'ns from his presence fresh beauties
imbibe,
And earth is enrich'd by his smile.

14 Such is my Beloved in excellence bright,
When pleas'd he looks down from above,

Like the morn when he breathes from the
chambers of light,
And comforts his people with love.

CCLXXXII. (12, 11.)

The same.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to Jesus! my soul's fill'd with
praises,
Come, O my dear brethren, and help me
to sing,
No theme is so charming, no love is so warm-
ing, [within.
It gives life and comfort, and gladness
- 2 Hosanna is ringing—O how I love singing!
There's nothing so sweet as the sound of his
name:
The angels in glory repeat the glad story
(Of love, which in Jesus is made known to
man.
- 3 Hosanna to Jesus! who died to save us:
I'll love him, and serve him wherever I
go;
He's now gone to heav'n, but the Spirit is
giv'n [low.
To quicken and comfort his children be-
- 4 Hosanna forever! His grace like a river,
Is rising and spreading all over its banks;
His love is unbounded, and hell is con-
founded, [thanks.
And sinners are drinking and giving of
- 5 Hosanna to Jesus! my soul how it pleases,
To see sinners crying, and turning to God;
To see them uniting, is truly delighting,
And praising for pardon through Jesus's
blood.
- 6 Hosanna is ringing, O how I love singing
The praising of Jesus, and tasting his love!
The sound goes to heav'n, the Spirit is given:
It rolls through my soul from the ocean
above

- 7 Hosanna to Jesus ! my soul feels him precious
 In streams of salvation which come from
 above :
 My heart is now glowing, I feel his love
 flowing [love.
 And filling my soul from the fountain of
- 8 Hosanna is ringing—the saints now are sing-
 ing, [bands :
 And marching to glory, in bright royal
 Come on my dear brethren, let's all go to
 heaven, [hands.
 For Jesus invites us with out-stretched
- 9 Hosanna to Jesus ! my soul sweetly rises—
 We soon will attain a far happier clime,
 Where we will see Jesus, and dwell on his
 praises,
 And with him in glory eternally shine.
- 10 Hosanna dear *Jesus* ! how then it will please
 us,
 To bow and adore the great *Father* divine:
 The *Spirit* well bless it, and humbly con-
 fess it,
 That not unto us, but all glory be thine.

CCLXXXIII. (8, 7, 4.)

Joining in Praise with Angels.

- 1 **M**IGHTY God ! while angels bless thee,
 May an infant lisp thy name ?
 Lord of men, as well as angels,
 'Thou art ev'ry creature's theme.
 Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.
- 2 Lord of ev'ry land and nation,
 Ancient of eternal days !
 Sounded through the wide creation
 Be thy just and lawful praise.
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature—
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought ;

For created works of power—

Works with skill and kindness wrought.
Hallelujah, &c.

4 For thy providence that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow:
Blessed be thy gentle reign.
Hallelujah, &c.

5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark though brightness all along;
I thought is poor, and poor expression:
Who dare sing that awful song!
Hallelujah, &c.

6 Brightness of thy Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die.
Hallelujah, &c.

7 Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn thy lays?—
Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.
Hallelujah, &c.

8 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe;
All to ransom guilty captives:
Flow, my praise, forever flow.
Hallelujah, &c.

9 Go, return, immortal Saviour!
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return, and reign forever,
Be the kingdom all thine own.
Hallelujah, &c.

CCLXXXIV. (C. M.) Chorused.

The New Jerusalem described and desired.

1 **J**ERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee,
When will my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see.

Chorus.

O the place, the happy place,
The place where Jesus is,
The place where Christians all shall meet
In everlasting bliss !

- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold !
Thy gates are richly set with pearls,
Thy streets are pav'd with gold.
- 3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens,
My study long have been ;
Such sparkling light, by human sight,
Hath never yet been seen.
- 4 If heaven be thus glorious Lord,
Why should I stay from thence ?
What folly 'tis that makes me dread,
To die and go from hence.
- 5 Reach down, reach down thy arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.
- 6 Jesus my love to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see ;
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.
- 7 My friends I bid you all adieu !
I leave you in God's care ;
And if no more I here see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.
- 8 And if our happiness below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet.
- 9 There we shall meet and no more part,
And heav'n shall ring with praise,
While Jesus' love in every heart,
Shall tune the song *free grace*.
- 10 Millions of years around shall run—
Our song shall still go on,

To praise the *Father* and the *Son*,
And *Spirit*, three in *One*.

CCLXXXV. (C. M.) Double.

Desiring to be present with the Lord.

- 1 **S**WEET rivers of redeeming love
Lie just before my eyes,
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd to those regions rise ;
I'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind,
I'd cross proud Jordan's swelling flood,
And leave the world behind.
- 2 While I'm imprison'd here below,
In anguish, pain, and smart,
Sometimes those troubles I forego,
When love sustains my heart :
In darkest shadows of the night,
Faith mounts the upper sky,
I then behold my heart's delight,
And would rejoice to die.
- 3 I view the monster death, and smile,
For he has lost his sting ;
Though Satan rages all the while,
I still in triumph sing :
I hold my Saviour in my arms,
And will not let him go,
I'm so delighted with his charms,
No other good I'll know.
- 4 A few more days or years at most
My troubles will be o'er ;
I hope to join the heavenly host,
On Canaan's happy shore :
My raptur'd soul shall drink and feast,
In love's unbounded sea ;
The glorious hope of endless rest
Is ravishing to me.
- 5 O come, my Saviour, come away,
And bear me to the sky,

Nor let thy chariot long delay,
 Make haste and bring it nigh :
 I long to see thy glorious face,
 And in thine image shine,
 To triumph in victorious grace,
 And be forever thine.

5 Then will I tune my harp of gold,
 To my eternal King ;
 Through ages which can ne'er be told,
 I'll make thy praises ring :
 All hail eternal Son of God !
 Who dy'd on Calvary,
 Who bought me with his precious blood,
 From endless misery.

7 Ten thousand thousand join in one,
 To praise th' eternal three,
 Prostrate before the blazing throne,
 In deep humility ;
 They raise and tune their harps of gold,
 And join th' immortal choir,
 Through ages that can ne'er be told
 They'll raise his praises higher.

8 Salvation in sweet purling streams,
 Through Canaan's land doth roll,
 Proceeding from the throne of God,
 To soothe the pilgrim soul :
 Ten thousand thousand gli t'ring crowns
 All set with diamonds bright,
 And there my smiling Jesus reigns,
 Who is my heart's delight.

CCLXXXVI. (10's.)

Worldly Treasures lost in the Joyful Hope of the True.

1 **(O)** TELL me no more of this world's vain
 store !
 The time for such trifles with me is now o'er:
 A country I've found where true joys abound,
 And to dwell I'm determin'd on that happy
 ground.

- 2 No mortal doth know, what Christ will bestow,
What life, strength, and comfort ! go after him go.
Lo onward I move, to see Christ above,
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will prove.
- 3 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell, and sin ;
'Midst outward affliction shall feel Christ within ;
And still, which is best, I in his dear breast,
As at the beginning, find pardon and rest.
- 4 When I am to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus has lov'd me, I cannot tell why ;
But this I do find, we *two* are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.
- 5 This blessing is mine, thro' favour divine,
And, *O my dear Jesus*, the praise shall be thine ;
In heav'n we'll meet, in harmony sweet,
And glory to Jesus ! we'll then be complete.

CCLXXXVII. (8, 7.)

Zion is Defended and Supplied.

- 1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God !
He whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode ;
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
'Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See ! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove ;
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?

Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

- 3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear !
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near :
'Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day ;
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.
- 4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood !
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings,
And as priests—his solemn praises
Each for a thank-off'ring brings.
- 5 Saviour, if of Zion's city,
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name :
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show ;
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

CCLXXXVIII. (7, 6.)

The Joyful Pilgrim bound to Canaan.

- 1 **G**OOD morning, brother Pilgrim,
What ! bound for Salem's coasts ?
Let's march for new-Jerusalem,
'To join the heav'nly hosts :
Pray wherefore are you smiling,
While tears run down your face ?
We soon shall cease from toiling,
And reach that happy place.
- 2 To Canaan's coast we'll hasten,
To join the heav'nly throng,
Hark ! from the bank of Jordan,
How sweet the pilgrim-song !

Their Jesus they are viewing,
By faith we see him too,
We smile, and weep, and praise him,
And on our way pursue.

- 3 Though sinners do despise us,
And treat us with disdain,
Our former comrades slight us,
Esteem us low and mean :
No earthly joy shall charm us,
While marching on our way,
Our Jesus will defend us,
In the distressing day.
- 4 The frowns of old companions,
We're willing to sustain,
And in divine compassions
To pray for them again :
For Christ our loving Saviour,
Our Comforter and Friend,
Will bless us with his favour,
And guide us to the end.
- 5 With streams of consolation,
We're fill'd as with new wine,
We die to transient pleasures,
And live to things divine :
We sink in holy raptures,
While viewing things above,
Why glory to my Saviour !
My soul is full of love.
- 6 Beyond the streams of Jordan,
Behold the shining throng,
Salvation to their Jesus,
Is flowing from their tongue :
The sparkling gates are open,
'The golden streets I view,
My happy soul would join 'em,
And praise my Jesus too.
- 7 The gales of grace are blowing,
My soul is on the wing,
Salvation's current flowing,
And well may Christians sing :

The fiery chariot's rolling,
 To bear me through the skies,
 Hail, lovely precious Jesus,
 To thee my spirit flies !

CCLXXXIX. (C. M.)

Love the Sweetest Passion.

- 1 **D**O not I love thee, O my Lord !
 Behold my heart, and see ;
 And turn each cursed idol out,
 That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul ?
 Then let me nothing love ;
 Dead be my heart to ev'ry joy,
 Which thou dost not approve.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still
 To mine attentive ear ?
 Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat
 My Saviour's voice to hear ?
- 4 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,
 But O, I long to soar
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
 That I may love thee more.

CCXC. (C. M.)

The same.

- 1 **T**HOU lovely source of true delight,
 Whom I unseen adore,
 Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
 That I may love thee more.
- 2 Thy glory o'er creation shines,
 But in thy sacred word
 I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
 My bleeding, dying Lord.
- 3 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
 O come with blissful ray !
 Break radiant through the shades of night,
 And chase my fears away.
- 4 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
 The wonders of thy love ;

But the full glories of thy face,
Are only known above.

CCXCI. (L. M.)

The Joys of Christian Fellowship.

- 1 **K**INDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.
- 2 To you and us, by grace 'tis giv'n,
To know the Saviour's precious name ;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above ;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

CCXCII. (L. M.)

Young Converts in their First Love.

- **W**HEN converts first begin to sing,
Their happy souls are on the wing ;
Their theme is all redeeming love,
Fain would they be with Christ above.
- 2 With admiration they behold,
The love of Christ that can't be told :
They view themselves upon the shore,
And think the battle is all o'er.
- 3 They feel themselves quite free from pain,
And think their enemies are slain ;
They make no doubt but all is well,
And Satan is cast down to hell.
- 4 But 'tis not long before they feel,
Their feeble souls begin to reel ;

They think their former hopes are vain,
 They're fill'd with sorrow, grief, and pain.

- 5 O foolish child ! why didst thou boast
 In the enlargement of thy coast ?
 Why didst thou think to fly away
 Before thou leav'st this feeble clay ?
- 6 Come take up arms and face the field,
 Come gird on harness; sword and shield,
 Stand fast in faith, fight for your King,
 And soon the vict'ry you shall win.

CCXCIII. (C. M.)

The Love of Christ Constraining.

- 1 **A** HEAVENLY flame creates my song,
 And sets my soul on fire ;
 It glides my pleasing thoughts along,
 To join the heavenly choir.
- 2 While trav'ling through the desert land,
 My weary soul shall rest ;
 Guided by Jesus' gentle hand,
 To lean upon his breast.
- 3 Here I will ease my burden'd mind,
 And tell him all my grief ;
 From Jesus' blood my soul shall find,
 The streams of sweet relief.
- 4 I'll lay me down within his arms,
 And view his lovely face ;
 As one o'ercome by sov'reign charms,
 And lost in his embrace.
- 5 Here I behold with joy divine,
 The springs of rising bliss,
 And joy to see that Christ is mine,
 And view that I am his.
- 6 The views of my dear bleeding King,
 Strike an immortal flame ;
 Raptur'd with joy my soul shall sing
 The praise of Jesus' name—
- 7 Shall sing like the redeemed throng,
 Of my incarnate God ;

His love shall be my ceaseless song,
Who wash'd me in his blood.

- 8 High on a throne my Saviour reigns ;
Angels adore my King ;
In lofty, sweet, seraphic strains,
My Saviour's praise they sing,
- 9 There I'll adore my dying God,
And bow before his face ;
I'll sing of Jesus' wounds and blood,
And praise victorious grace.
- 10 The heav'nly flame shall still aspire,
Before my Saviour's throne ;
His love shall feed the sacred fire,
To praise the Holy One.

CCXCIV. (C M.) New Jordan.

A Transporting View of the Heavenly Canaan.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight !
- 3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow ; [vales,
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and
With milk and honey flow.
- [4 All o'er these wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day ;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.]
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?

When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?

- 7 Fill'd with delight my raptur'd soul
Would here no longer stay ;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

CCXCV. (C. M.)

The Condescension of Christ.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
How sweet thy gracious name,
With joy that errand we review,
On which thy mercy came.
- 2 While all thy own angelic bands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charm'd with the honour to obey,
Their great eternal King ;
- 3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
Thou laid'st that glory by ;
First, in our mortal flesh, to serve ;
Then, in that flesh to die.
- 4 Bought with thy service and thy blood,
We doubly, Lord, are thine !
To thee, our lives we would devote,
To thee, our death resign.

CCXCVI. (C. M.)

The Advent of Christ Joyful News.

- 1 **H**ARK, the glad sound, the Saviour
comes,
The Saviour promis'd long !
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held :
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;

And with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

- 4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

CCXCVII. (L. M.)

A Glimpse of Christ is Joyful.

- 1 **J**ESUS, what shall I do to show,
How much I love thy charming name;
Let my whole heart with rapture glow,
Thy boundless goodness to proclaim.
- 2 Lord if a distant glimpse of thee,
Can give such sweet, such vast delight,
What must the joy, the triumph be,
To dwell forever in thy sight.

CCXCVIII. (L. M.)

The Pleasing Welcome.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, thou well belov'd of God,
Thou heir of grace, redeem'd by
blood;
Welcome with us thine hand to join,
As partner of our love divine.
- 2 With us the pilgrim's state embrace,
We're trav'ling to a blissful place;
The Holy Ghost who knows the way,
Conducts thee on from day to day.
- 3 Take up thy cross, and bear it on,
It shall be light, and not be long;
Soon shalt thou sit with Jesus down,
And wear an everlasting crown.

CCXCIX. (C. M.)

Rejoicing in the Mercies of God.

- 1 **F**AIN would my soul with wonder trace
Thy mercies, O my God;
And tell the riches of thy grace—
The merits of thy blood.

- 2 With Israel's King, my heart would cry,
While I review thy ways,
Tell me, my Saviour, who am I,
That I should see thy face ?
- 3 Form'd by thine hand, and form'd for thee,
I would be ever thine :
My Saviour, make my spirit free ;
With beams of mercy shine.
- 4 Fain would my soul with rapture dwell
On thy redeeming grace ;
O for a thousand tongues to tell
My dear Redeemer's praise.

CCC. (C. M.) Double.

The happy Child of Grace.

- 1 **H**OW happy 's every child of grace
Who feels his sins forgiv'n !
This world, he cries, is not my place,
I seek a place in heav'n.
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet O ! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
A heav'n prepar'd for me.
- 2 A stranger in this world below,
I only sojourn here :
Nor can its happiness or woe,
Provoke my hope or fear.
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past :
But O ! the bliss to which I tend,
Eternally shall last.
- 3 To that Jerusalem above,
With singing I'll repair ;
While in the flesh by hope and love,
My heart and soul are there ;
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful high-priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast.

- 4 What is there here to court my stay,
And keep me back from home,
When angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come ?
Shall I regret my parted friends,
Here in this vale confin'd ?
Nay, but whene'er my soul ascends,
They will not stay behind.
- 5 The race we all are running now,
And if I first attain,
They too their willing heads shall bow,
They too the prize shall gain :
Now on the brink of death I stand,
And if I pass before,
They too shall all escape to land,
And hail me on that shore.
- 6 Then let me suddenly remove
That hidden life to share ;
I shall not lose my friends above,
But more enjoy them there :
There we in Jesus' praise shall join,
His boundless love proclaim,
And solemnize in songs divine,
The marriage of the Lamb.
- 7 O what a blessed hope is ours !
While here on earth we stay ;
We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs,
And antedate that day :
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd,
And with his glorious presence here,
Our earthen vessels fill'd.
- 8 O ! would he more of heav'n bestow,
And let this vessel break,
And let my ransom'd spirit go,
To grasp the God I seek :
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who fought the fight for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace,
Through all eternity.

CCCI. (S's.)

Desiring to leave this evil World.

- 1 **M**Y gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name.
To gaze on his glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless ineffable joy.
- 2 He freely redeem'd with his blood
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell ;
To shine with the angels of light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing,
To view with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.
- 3 In *Meshech*, as yet I reside,
A darksome and restless abode !
Molested with foes on each side,
And longing to dwell with my God.
O ! when shall my spirit exchange
This cell of corruptible clay,
For mansions celestial, and range
Through realms of ineffable day !
- 4 My glorious Redeemer ! I long
To see thee descend on the cloud,
Amidst the bright numberless throng,
And mix with the triumphing crowd .
O ! when wilt thou bid me ascend,
To join in thy praises above,
To gaze on thee world without end,
And feast on thy ravishing love ?
- 5 Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
Shall ever molest me again,
Perfection of glory reigns there ;
This soul, and this body shall shine
In robes of salvation and praise,

And banquet on pleasures divine,
Where God his full beauty displays.

- 6 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey .
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away :
The crown that my Saviour bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outshine ;
My joy everlastingly flows ;
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

CCCII. (P. M.)

The happiness of a Soul safe in Jesus.

- 1 **H**OW blest is ev'ry child of grace—
The soul that's fill'd with joy and peace,
That bears the fruit of righteousness,
Kept by the pow'r of Jesus :
His trespasses are all forgiv'n,
He antedates the joys of heav'n—
In rapturous lays
Shout and praise
Jesus' grace,
To the race
Of sinners brought to happiness,
Through the rich blood of Jesus.
- 2 Satan may tempt, and hell may rage,
And all the pow'rs of earth besiege—
Their united strength at once engage
To pluck a soul from Jesus :
The faithful soul laughs them to scorn,
He's heaven-bound, he's heaven-born ;
He'll watch and pray,
Night and day,
Fight his way,
Win the day,
And all his enemies dismay,
Through the dear name of Jesus.
- 3 O monster, Death ! thy sting is drawn—
O boasting grave ! no trophies won :
The saint triumphs through grace alone,
To praise the name of Jesus.

At length he bids the world adieu,
With all its vanity and shew—

The soul it flies,
Through the skies
To Paradise ;
Joins its voice,

In rapturous lays of love, to praise
The glorious name of Jesus.

- 4 When Gabriel's awful trump shall sound,
And rend the rocks, convulse the ground,
It will the sinner's heart confound,
To meet the lovely Jesus ;
See lightnings flash, and thunders roll,
The earth wrapt like a parchment-scroll :
The comets blaze—
Dread amaze !
Sinners gaze—
Horrors seize
The guilty sons of Adam's race,
Unsav'd from sin by Jesus.

- 5 The Christian, fill'd with rapturous joy,
'Midst flaming worlds he mounts on high,
To meet his Saviour in the sky,
And see the face of Jesus.
Then soul and body re-unite,
And fill'd with glory infinite,
"O blessed day !"
Christians say—
Will you pray
That we may
All join that happy company,
To praise the name of Jesus ?

CCCIH. (7, 7, 7, 6.)

The Love of Jesus Wonderful.

- 1 **T**HE wond'rous love of Jesus,
From sin and death he frees us,
And now with pity sees us,
While toiling here below ;

Through tempests fiercely driven,
 He guides us safe to heaven,
 And consolation given,
 Revives us as we go.

2 The *storm* which often rises,
 And *calm* that *ills* disguises,
 And *all* the mind surprises,
 Are under his control :
 Through tribulations many,
 And tempests all, and any,
 He will from all defend ye,
 And save your trembling soul.

3 Companions in distresses,
 Whom Satan sore oppresses,
 And Jesus always blesses,
 Look up, relief's at hand !
 In every trying-hour,
 From every beating shower,
 He'll shield you by his power,
 And bring you safe to land.

4 See yonder is the glory,
 It lies but just before ye,
 Where you shall tell the story,
 Of rich redeeming blood :
 There, there you shall forever,
 Drink of that flowing river,
 Which ever and forever,
 Flows from the throne of God.

5 All, in that blooming garden
 Of Eden, who by pardon,
 Have pass'd the swelling Jordan,
 In love shall burn and flame :
 They'll sing the song of Moses,
 The theme which love composes,
 A song that never closes,
 Of praises to the Lamb.

CCCIV. (7, 7, 7, 6.)

The same.

1 **O** THE sweet love of Jesus,
 With pleasure now he sees us,

And from our fears relieves us,
While in this wilderness :
Though in the woods, surrounded,
By enemies and wounded,
We shall not be confounded,
He will his children bless.

- 2 Though 'niquity increases,
And love of many ceases,
Which seem to break in pieces,
The fruits of righteousness :
Though men and devils howling,
And enemies are prowling,
He will, their rage controlling,
His little children bless.
- 3 All glory give to Jesus,
Who sweetly now relieves us,
From sin which so much grieves us,
And bears us on his breast :
He by his Spirit leads us,
And on our way he speeds us,
And by his pleasures feeds us,
And gives his children rest.
- 4 Until this night of mourning,
Shall break in blooming morning,
We, only here sojourning,
Will on his care depend ;
And prostrate fall before him,
Most humbly there adore him,
And constantly implore him,
His children to defend.
- 5 But when the light increases,
The power of sinning ceases,
And pilgrims it releases,
Throughout this wilderness .
Then christians join together,
In praying for each other,
The child, the father, mother,
Unite for happiness.
- 6 Companions then in joy,
'They'll journey on to glory,

And tell their pleasing story,
 In presence of the Lamb :
 The Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Their souls will then inherit,
 And wonder at the merit
 Of their eternal FAME.

CCCV. (11's.)

Happy Poverty.

- 1 **M**Y heart and my tongue shall unite in
 the praise
 Of Jesus, my Saviour, for mercy and grace ;
 My pardon is seal'd through his precious
 blood ;
 By him I inherit the peace of my God. ,
- 2 My lot may be low, and my parentage
 mean,
 Yet born of my God, I have glories unseen,
 Surpassing all joys 'mongst sinners on earth,
 Prepared for souls of an heavenly birth.
- 3 Secur'd from a thousand allurements to sin,
 I find in my cottage a heaven begin :
 And soon I shall lay all my poverty by,
 And mansions of glory for ever enjoy.
- 4 By the sweat of my brow I labour for bread,
 Yet guarded by Jesus, no evil I dread ;
 And Lord, while possess'd of all riches in
 thee,
 My poverty comes with a blessing to me.
- 5 My labouring dress I shall soon lay aside,
 For robes rich and splendid, a dress for a
 bride ;
 The bride that is married to Jesus the Lamb,
 And clad in a garment that 's ever the same.
- 6 Though fare be but scant while I travel be-
 low,
 A feast that 's eternal will Jesus bestow ;
 No sorrow, nor sighing shall evey annoy
 The heavenly banquet I there shall enjoy

- 7 Then what though the body goes weary to
rest,
Yet, sav'd my the merits of Jesus, I'm blest.
Fresh strength for my labour on earth he
bestows,
And soon I shall bask in eternal repose.

CCCVI. (8, 7.)

The Bible,—O what a Treasure.

- 1 **P**RECIOUS Bible ! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford !
All I want for life, or pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword :
Let the world account me poor—
Having this I need no more.
- 2 Food to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys ;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills it never cloy ;
On a dying Christ I feed—
He is meat and drink indeed !

CCCVII. (7's.)

Rejoice evermore.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad !
Christ our advocate is made ;
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Shout ye little flock and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There's your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren—joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee !

CCCVIII. (L. M.)

Divine Communion.

1 **A** UNION rare divinely shines—
Most glorious, which life entwines ;
'Tis from the Gospel's fairer lines
Revealed to believing minds,
And gives with God communion.

2 The great Jehovah, (awful name !)
The Son of God, the bleeding Lamb,
And sinners, who from Adam came,
Unite in one mysterious chain,
And form, and hold communion.

3 The Father drew the wond'rous plan,
And then fulfill'd the Son of man,
On which the Dove from heaven came,
To light in us a sacred flame
Of pure, divine communion.

4 When God look'd down on dying man,
He saw him lost and dead in sin :
His pity mov'd he took him in—
His love stood forth his heart to win,
And draw to close communion.

5 Come, brethren, think upon that love
Which did the great Jehovah move ;
And never grieve the blessed Dove,
By whom you were constrain'd to love,
And hold with God communion.

6 O, what a matchless wonder this !
That we should have access to bliss !

And sit in love where Jesus is,
And hear his words of life and peace,
And hold so rich communion.

- 7 O for this love let rocks and hills,
And flowing founts and running rills,
With all that nature's bosom fills,
Resound his praise whose goodness seals
To so divine communion.
- 8 O sinners, can you dare to say,
That you enjoy a better way,
Delighted with but fellow clay,
Which can't avail in that great day,
Instead of this communion?
- 9 Then, heav'n and earth unite your lays,
And saints and sinners join to gaze,
And with delight stand in amaze,
With warmest thought admire and praise
This all-divine communion.

CCCIX. (L. M.)

Christ the End of the Law, &c.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus for his people died,
The holy law was satisfy'd :
Its awful penalties he bore,
It can command, nor curse no more.
- 2 He having suffered in their stead,
The law in cov'nant form is dead ;
He rules them with a gentle sway,
And they, with sweet delight, obey.
- 3 Amazing Love !—how rich, how free !
That Christ should die for such as we !
From hence the holiest duties flow,
Of saints above, and saints below.

CCCX. (C. M.)

Precious Bible.

- 1 **H**OW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration giv'n !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heav'n.

- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way :
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

CCCXI. (L. M.)

Joying in Christ as a Friend indeed.

- 1 **P**OOOR, weak, and worthless, tho' I am,
I have a rich, almighty Friend :
Jesus, the Saviour, is his name ;
He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,
And by his pow'r my foes control'd ;
He found me wand'ring far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.
- 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthron'd with him above the skies :
O ! what a friend is Christ to me !

CCCXII. (L. M.)

The Time of Love.

- 1 **L**ORD, 'twas a time of wond'rous love
When thou didst first draw near my
soul,
And by thy Spirit from above,
My raging passions didst control.
- 2 Guilty and self-condemn'd I stood,
Nor dreamt of life and bliss so near ;
But he my evil heart renew'd,
And all his graces planted there.
- 3 He will complete the work begun,
By leading me in all his ways ;—
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, *equal* praise.

CCCXIII. (C. M.)

Complete Salvation.

- 1 **S**ALVATION, through our dying God,
Shall surely be complete ;
He paid whate'er his people ow'd,
And cancell'd all their debt.
- 2 He sends his Spirit from above,
Our nature to renew ;
Displays his pow'r, reveals his love,
Gives life and comfort too.
- 3 He heals our wounds, subdues our foes,
And shows our sins forgiv'n ;
Conducts us through the wilderness,
And brings us safe to heav'n.
- 4 Salvation now shall be my stay :
"A sinner sav'd," I'll cry ;
Then gladly quit this mortal clay,
For better joys on high.

CCCXIV. (C. M.)

Love and Gratitude.

- 1 **A**ND have I, Christ, no love for thee,
No passion for thy charms ?
No wish my Saviour's face to see,
And dwell within his arms ?
- 2 Is there no spark of gratitude
In this cold heart of mine,
To him whose gen'rous bosom glow'd
With friendship all divine !
- 3 Can I pronounce his charming name,
His acts of kindness tell ;
And, while I dwell upon the theme,
No sweet emotion feel ?
- 4 Such base ingratitude as this
What heart but must detest !
Sure Christ deserves the noblest place
In ev'ry human breast.
- 5 A very wretch, Lord ! I should prove,
Had I no love for thee :

Rather than not my Saviour love,
O may I cease to be !

CCCXV. (7's.)

The Pleasures of Religion.

- 1 **'T**IS religion that can give,
Sweetest pleasures while we live ;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.
- 2 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity !
Be the living God my friend,
'Then my bliss shall never end.

CCCXVI. (C. M.)

Not unto us, but to thy Name give glory.

- 1 **N**OT unto us, but thee alone,
Bless'd Lamb be glory giv'n :
Here shall thy praises be begun,
And carried on in heav'n.
- 2 The hosts of spirits now with thee
Eternal anthems sing :
To imitate them here, lo ! we
Our hallelujahs bring.
- 3 Had we our tongues like them inspir'd,
Like theirs our songs should rise ;
Like them, we never should be tir'd,
But love the sacrifice.
- 4 'Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays ;
And when we reach thy Father's throne,
We'll give thee nobler praise.

CCCXVII. (C. M.)

Glorying in God only.

- 1 **Y**E saints of ev'ry rank, with joy,
To God your off'rings bring ;
Let towns and cities, hills and vales,
With loud hosannas ring.

- 2 Let him receive the glory due
 To his exalted name ;
 With thankful tongues and hearts inflam'd,
 His wond'rous deeds proclaim.
- 3 Praise him in elevated strains,
 And make the *world* to know,
 How *great* the Master whom you serve,
 And yet how *gracious* too.

CCCXVIII. (C. M.)

Fortitude and Holy Boldness.

- 1 **A** M I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb ?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,
 On flowery beds of ease ;
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sail'd through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
 Must I not stem the flood ?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;
 Increase my courage, Lord !
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer though they die ;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

CCCXIX. (L. M.)

Israel's Glory and Defence.

- 1 **W**ITH Israel's God who can compare !
 Or who, like Isra'l happy are !

O people saved by the Lord,
He is thy shield and great reward !

- 2 Upheld by everlasting arms,
Thou art secur'd from foes and harms :
In vain their plots, and false their boasts,
Our refuge is the Lord of Hosts.

CCCXX. (C. M.)

Through much tribulation we go to Heaven.

- 1 **W**E seek a rest beyond the skies,
In everlasting day ;
Through floods and flames the passage lies,
But Jesus guards the way.
- 2 The swelling flood and raging flame,
Hear and obey his word ;
Then let us triumph in his name,
Our Saviour is the Lord.

CCCXXI. (S. M.)

Rejoicing in the Ways of God.

- 1 **N**OW let our voices join
To form a sacred song :
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways
With music pass along.
- 2 How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair !
No lurking gins t' entrap our feet ;
No fierce destroyer there.
- 3 But flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring ;
The Sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.
- 4 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise ;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.
- 5 All honour to his name,
Who marks the shining way ;
To him, who leads the wanderers on,
To realms of endless day.

CCCXXII. (L. M.)

The Dominion of God celebrated.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the God of glory reigns,
In robes of Majesty array'd ;
His rule omnipotence sustains,
And guides the worlds his hands have made.
- 2 Ere rolling worlds began to move,
Or ere the heavens were stretch'd abroad,
Thy awful throne was fixt above:
From everlasting thou art God.
- 3 The Lord, the mighty God, on high,
Controuls the fiercely raging seas ;
He speaks ! and noise and tempests fly—
The waves sink down in gentle peace.
- 4 Thy sov'reign laws are ever sure—
Eternal holiness is thine ;
And, Lord, thy people should be pure,
And in thy blest resemblance shine.

CCCXXIII. (C. M.)

The Goodness of God adored.

- 1 **T**HY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore ;
A spring whose blessings never fail—
A sea without a shore !
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest
In ev'ry golden ray,
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.
- 3 Thy bounty ev'ry season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields ;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strength'ning grain the fields.
- 4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen ;
There, like a sun thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.
- 5 Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,
Through Jesus' name are giv'n ;

He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

CCCXXIV. (C. M.)

God's Love. John iii. 16.

- 1 **T**WAS not to make Jehovah's love
Towards the sinner flame,
That Jesus from his throne above,
A suff'ring man became.
- 2 'Twas not the death which he endur'd.
Nor all the pangs he bore,
That God's eternal love procur'd ;
For God was love before.
- 3 He lov'd the world—his own elect,
With love surpassing thought ;
Nor will his mercy e'er neglect
The souls so dearly bought.
- 4 The warm affections of his breast
Towards his children burn ;
And in this love he'll ever rest,
Nor from his oath return.

CCCXXV. (C. M.)

Omniscience and Omnipresence of God celebrated.

- 1 **W**HERE from thy Spirit shall I stretch
The pinions of my flight ?
Or where, through nature's spacious range,
Shall I elude thy sight ?
- 2 Scal'd I the skies, the blaze divine
Would overwhelm my soul ;
Plung'd I to hell, there should I hear
Thine awful thunders roll.
- 3 If on a morning's darting ray,
With matchless speed I rode,
And flew to the wild lonely shore
That bound the ocean's flood,
- 4 Thither thine hand, all present God,
Must guide the wond'rous way,
And thine Omnipotence support,
The fabric of my clay.

- 5 Should I involve myself around
 With clouds of tenfold night,
 The clouds would shine like blazing noon,
 Before thy piercing sight.
- 6 'If in thy being so enclos'd,
 How vain th' attempt to fly,
 Since ev'ry rising bud of thought
 Is naked to thine eye.'

CCCXXVI. (C. M.)

Christ the Desire of all the Saints.

- 1 **C**OME, thou desire of all thy saints,
 Our humble strains attend,
 While with our praises and complaints,
 Low at thy feet we bend.
- 2 When we thy wond'rous glories hear,
 And all thy suff'rings trace,
 What sweetly awful scenes appear !
 What rich unbounded grace !
- 3 How should our songs like those above,
 With warm devotion rise !
 How should our souls on wings of love,
 Mount upward to the skies !
- 4 But ah ! the song how cold it flows !
 How languid our desire !
 How faint the sacred passion glows,
 Till thou the heart inspire !
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
 And fill thy dwellings here,
 Till life, and love, and joy divine,
 A heaven on earth appear.

CCCXXVII. (C. M.)

Christ the Door.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Shepherd of the sheep,
 "I am the sacred door ;
 "In the fair pastures which I keep
 "There's life for ever more.
- 2 "My tender care shall keep them free
 "From dangers night and day ;

“My pow’r their strong defence shall be,
 “From every beast of prey.

- 3 “I will enrich them with my grace,
 “And feed them with my love;
 “Their souls shall find a joyful place
 “In the bright fields above.”
- 4 Come, then, my little purchas’d flock,
 Dear objects of my care;
 And let this promise be your hope,
 While you are feeding here.

CCCXXVIII. (C. M.)

The Praises of Christ.

- 1 **I**NFINITE excellence is thine,
 Thou lovely Prince of grace!
 Thy uncreated beauties shine
 With never fading rays.
- 1 Sinners, from earth’s remotest end,
 Come bending at thy feet;
 To thee their pray’rs and praise ascend—
 In thee their wishes meet.
- 1 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
 Delights the church around;
 Sweetly the sacred odours spread
 Thro’ all Immanuel’s ground.
- 4 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
 They find their all in thee;
 Thy glories will their tongues employ
 Thro’ all eternity.

CCCXXIX. (C. M.)

Christ’s Love unchangeable.

- 1 **C**OME let our hearts and voices join,
 To praise the Saviour’s name;
 Whose truth and kindness are divine,
 Whose love’s a constant flame.
- 2 When most we need his gracious hand,
 This friend is always near;
 With heaven and earth at his command,
 He waits to answer pray’r.

- 3 His love no end nor measure knows,
No change can turn its course ;
Immutably the same it flows
From one eternal source.
- 4 When frowns appear to veil his face,
And clouds surround his throne,
He hides the purpose of his grace,
'To make it better known.
- 5 And when our dearest comforts fall
Before his sov'reign will,
He never takes away our all—
Himself he gives us still !
- 6 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
And measures out our pains ;
The wildest storm his word obeys—
His word its rage restrains !

CCCXXX. (C. M.)

Jesus Precious.

- 1 **B**LEST Jesus, when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is my soul in transport lost—
In wonder, joy, and love !
- 2 Not softest strains can charm mine ears,
Like thy beloved name ;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.
- 3 No, thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy ;
Forever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.
- 4 When nature faints, around my bed
Let thy bright glories shine ;
And death shall all his terrors lose,
In raptures so divine.

CCCXXXI. (C. M.)

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song !
O may his love, (immortal flame,)
'Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach ?
 What mortal tongue display ?
 Imagination's utmost stretch
 In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high—
 Left the bright realms of bliss,
 And came to earth to bleed and die !
 Was ever love like this ?
- 4 He took the dying traitor's place,
 And suffer'd in his stead ;
 For man, (O miracle of grace !)
 For man the Saviour bled !
- 5 Dear Lord what heavenly wonders dwell,
 In thy atoning blood !
 By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
 And rebels brought to God.
- 6 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
 Fill ev'ry heart and tongue,
 Till strangers love thy charming name,
 And join the sacred song.

CCCXXXII. (C. M.)

To Christ the Good Shepherd.

- 1 **T**O thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
 A grateful song I'll raise ;
 O let the meanest of thy flock
 Attempt to sing thy praise.
- 2 Vain the attempt—what tongue can speak
 A subject so divine !—
 Do justice to so vast a theme,
 And praise a love like thine.
- 3 Love that could bring thy willing feet
 From that blest world on high ;
 From thy great Father's dear embrace,
 To labour, bleed, and die.
- 4 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
 To this amazing love ;
 Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
 And nobler bliss above.

CCCXXXIII. (C. M.)

The same.

- 1 **I**N one harmonious, cheerful song,
Ye happy saints combine ;
Loud let it sound from ev'ry tongue,
The Saviour is divine.
- 2 The least, the feeblest of the sheep
To him the Father gave ;
Kind is his heart the charge to keep,
And strong his arm to save.
- 3 That hand which heaven and earth sustains,
And bars the gates of hell,
And rivets Satan down in chains,
Shall guard his chosen well.
- 4 Now let th' infernal lion roar ;
How vain his threats appear !
When he can match Jehovah's pow'r,
I will begin to fear.

CCCXXXIV. (L. M.)

Eternal Life.

- 1 **E**TERNAL life ! how sweet the sound,
To sinners who deserve to die !
Publish the bliss the world around—
Echo the joys, ye worlds on high.
- 2 Eternal life ! how will it reign,
When, mounting from this breathless clod,
The soul discharg'd from sin and pain,
Ascends t' enjoy its Father, God.
- 3 Eternal life ! how will it bloom
In beauty on that blissful day,
When rescu'd from th' impris'ning tomb,
Glory invests our rising clay !
- 4 Eternal life ! O how refin'd
The joy ! the triumphs how divine !
When saints in body and in mind
Shall in the Saviour's image shine.
- 5 Holy and heavenly be that soul,
Where dwells an hope so bright as this :

How should we long to reach the goal,
And seize the prize of endless bliss :

CCCXXXV. (C. M.)

Joy over dead Sinners coming to Life.

- 1 **H**OW much the hearts of those revive
That love and fear the Lord ;
When sinners dead are made alive
By his all-quick'ning word.
- 2 The parent views with joyful eyes,
His now returning son,
And in extatic joy he cries,
“ What hath the Saviour done ? ”
- 3 The ministers of Christ rejoice,
When souls the word receive :
When sinners hear the Saviour's voice,
And in the Lord believe.
- 4 The church of God their praises join,
And of salvation sing :
They glorify the grace divine
Of their victorious King.

CCCXXXVI. (L. M.)

The Fulness of Christ.

- 1 **I**N Christ alone all fulness dwells ;
He a rich plenitude reveals ;
Whatever be his people's wants,
From his rich fulness still he grants.
- 2 In all their troubles and distress,
He will bestow abundant grace ;
He'll never let his people go,
Nor shall they sink in endless woe.
- 3 Ye timid souls, renounce yourselves,
Nor longer live on Christ by halves ;
Behold yourselves in him complete,
With him in heaven you soon shall meet

CCCXXXVII. (C. M.)

Gratitude to God for his Gifts.

- 1 **M**Y Father God ! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear !

Nor thus could heav'n's sweet harmony
Delight my list'ning ear.

- 2 Thanks to my God for ev'ry gift
His bounteous hands bestow ;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.
- 3 For ever let my grateful heart,
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.
- 4 Transporting hope ! still on my soul
Let thy sweet glories shine,
Till thou thyself art lost in joys,
Immortal and divine.

CCCXXXVIII. (C. M.)

A Young Person Devoting himself to God.

- 1 **S**HALL mortals aim at themes so great,
Or raise their notes so high,
When seraphs low beneath thy feet,
In self abasement lie ?
- 2 Tho' Gabriel tunes immortal lyres,
To sweet seraphic lays ;
Th' Eternal hears when infant tongues
Attempt to lisp his praise.
- 3 The early dawn of op'ning life,
Has prov'd thy guardian care ;
Nor shall I less thro' future years,
Thy grace and goodness share.
- 4 Behold I give myself to thee,
And in thy name confide ;
Most gracious God, O deign to be
My Father, Friend, and Guide.

CCCXXXIX. (L. M.)

Praise for Divine Fulness.

- 1 **T**HE food on which thy children live,
Great God is thine alone to give :
And we, for grace receiv'd, would raise
A sacred song of love and praise.

- 2 How vast, how full, how rich, how free,
 Dear Jesus, thy rich treasures be :
 'To the full fountain of our joys,
 We gladly come for fresh supplies.
- 3 For this we wait upon thee, Lord,
 For this we listen to thy word :
 Descend like gentle show'rs of rain,
 Nor let our souls attend in vain.

CCCXL. (C. M.) Rochester.

Jesus Worthy of all Praise.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne :
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues ;
 But all their joys are one.
- 2 " Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry
 " To be exalted thus :
 " Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and pow'r divine ;
 And blessings, more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

CCCXLI. (C. M.) Ocean.

Mariners Constrained to Praise.

- 1 **T**HY works of glory, mighty Lord,
 That rule the boist'rous sea,
 The sons of courage shall record,
 Who 'tempt that dang'rous way.
- 2 At thy commands the winds arise,
 And swell the tow'ring waves ;

- The men astonish'd mount the skies,
And sink in'gaping graves.
- 3 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He hears their loud request,
And orders silence through the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.
- 4 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allay'd :
Now to their eyes the port appears ;
There let their vows be paid.
- 5 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord !
And those that see thy wondrous ways
Thy wond'rous love record.

CCCXLII. (S. M.) L. Marlboro

Joy in the Lord's Day.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The king himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place,
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
In pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

CCCXLIII. (S. M.) Newburg.

Universal Worship.

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry creature join
To praise th' eternal God ;
Ve heav'nly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

- 2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous frame :
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.
- 4 By all his works above
His honours be exprest ;
But saints that taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

CCCXLIV. (C. M.) New Jerusalem.

The New Jerusalem.

- 1 **L**O, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes !
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.
- 2 From the third heav'n, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
"Of your descending King !
- 4 "The God of glory down to men
"Removes his blest abode !
"Men, the dear objects of his grace,
"And he the loving God.
- 5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
"From every weeping eye ; [fears
"And pains, and groans, and griefs, and
"And death itself shall die."
- 6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long !
Shall this bright hour delay ?
Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time.
And bring the welcome day.

CCCXLV. (8, 8, 6.)

A Revival began, increases Desire.

- 1 **T**HE Lord into his garden's come,
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing streams of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to ev'ry vine,
And make the dead alive.
- 2 O that this dry and barren ground
With springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become—
The spring in youthful bloom appear,
And zephyrs blow each plant to cheer,
And bring the harvest on !
- 3 Come, brethren dear, who love the Lord.
Who taste the sweets of Jesus' word,
In Jesus' ways go on ;
Our poverty and trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.
- 4 We feel that heav'n is now begun—
Grace issues from the heav'nly throne,
As never heretofore ;
It comes in floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And still we long for more.
- 5 But when to that bless'd world we come
And we surround the glorious throne,
We'll drink a full supply ;
Jesus will lead his ransom'd forth,
To living streams of richer worth,
That never will run dry.
- 6 Then we shall smile, and sweetly sing,
And make the heav'nly arches ring,
When all his saints get home.
Come on ! come on ! my brethren dear—
We soon shall meet together there—
For Jesus bids us come.

- 7 Amen ! amen ! my soul replies ;
 I long to meet you in the skies,
 Where sin and death are o'er :
 Now here 's my heart, and here 's my hand
 To meet you in that heavenly land,
 Where parting is no more.
- 8 Then shall we join in sweet accord,
 To chant the loving, bleeding Lord,
 And enter to his rest ;
 We then in high, immortal strains,
 Will move and charm the starry plains,
 And be forever bless'd.

CCCXLVI. (L. M.) Double.

Longing for abounding Grace.

- 1 **M**Y God, my heart with love inflame,
 That I may in thy holy name,
 Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
 While I have strength to raise my voice :
 Incessantly I want to pray,
 And live rejoicing ev'ry day,
 And to give thanks in ev'ry thing,
 And do the will of Christ my king.
- 2 O Jesus, hope of glory, come !
 And make in me thy constant home ;
 For the short remnant of my days
 I want to live, and sing thy praise.
 When on my dying bed I lie,
 Lord, give me faith to see *thee* nigh,
 And grace to praise thee with my breath,
 Until my voice is lost in death.
- 3 Then brothers, sisters, joyful come,
 My body follow to the tomb ;
 And as you march that solemn road,
 Loud sing the praises of our God.
 Then you below, and I above
 Will shout, and praise the God we love,
 Until the great tremendous day,
 When he shall wake our slumb'ring clay.
- 4 When from our dusty beds we rise,
 " Well done," the sov'reign of the skies,

Shall smiling to his children say,
 "Come reign with me in endless day."
 Then into life we'll leap and spring,
 And sing "O death! where is thy sting?
 O grave! where is thy victory?"
 And live and sing eternally.

- 5 Then farewell world, you're not our rest,
 We long to taste the heav'nly feast,
 Where no more thy deceiving charms
 Thrust the dear Saviour from our arms :
 But where we'll sing in sweet accord,
 And be forever with the Lord,
 In the Jerusalem above,
 Wrapt up in *everlasting love*.

CCCXLVII. (8's.)

The Presence of Christ makes all well.

- 1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see,
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
 flow'rs,
 Have lost all their sweetness with me :
 The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice ;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice :
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
 No mortal so happy as I,
 My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resign'd ;
 No changes of seasons or place,
 Would make any change in my mind :
 While bless'd with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear ;

And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song ;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long ?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

CCCXLVIII. (C. M.) Double.

The Christian's best and only Wish.

- 1 **I**F dust and ashes might presume
Great God, to talk to thee ;
If in thy presence can be room
For crawling worms like me ;
I humbly would my *wish* present ;
For *wishes* I have none ;
All my desires are now content
To be compris'd in one.
- 2 I would not sue for length of days ;
For honour, or for wealth ;
Nor, that which far surpasseth these,
Uninterrupted health.
I would not ask, a monarch heir,
Or counsellor to be ;
A better wisdom I would share,
A nobler pedigree.
- 3 Not joy, nor strength would I request ;
Though neither I contemn ;
But would petition to be blest
With what transcendeth them.
'Tis not that angels might convey
My soul this night to heav'n :
Thy time with patience I can stay,
Since all my sin 's forgiv'n.
- 4 Nor would I crave in highest state,
At thy right hand to sit

(The suit of *Zeb'dee's* sons ;) for *that*
I know myself unfit,
Nor in thy church on earth would strive
A pompous post to fill ;
For fear I might not well perceive,
Or fail to do thy will.

5 The single boon I would entreat
Is to be led by thee,
To gaze upon the bloody sweat
In sad *Gethsemane*.
To view (as I could bear at least)
Thy tender broken heart,
Like a rich olive, bruis'd and prest
With agonizing smart.

6 To see thee bow'd beneath my guilt,
Intolerable load !
To see thy blood for sinners spilt,
My groaning, gasping God !
With sympathizing grief to mourn
The sorrows of thy soul ;
The pangs and tortures by thee borne,
In some degree condole.

7 There musing on thy mighty love,
I always would remain ;
Or but to *Golgotha* remove,
And thence return again.
In each dear place the same rich scene
Should ever be renew'd ;
No object else could intervene,
But all be love and blood.

8 For this one favour oft I've sought :
And if this one be giv'n,
I seek on earth no happier lot ;
And hope the like in heav'n.
Lord, pardon what I ask amiss,
For knowledge I have none :
I do but humbly speak my wish ;
And may thy will be done.

CCCXLIX. (8, 7.)

Past Mercies acknowledged, and Future ones sought.

- 1 COME thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace !
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise :
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above ;
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy grace I've come ;
And I trust by thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home :
Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wand'ring from the fold of God,
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.
- 3 O to grace, how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring soul to thee :
Prone to wander, Lord I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love ;
Here's my heart—O take and seal it !
Seal it for thy courts above.
- 4 O that day when freed from sinning,
I shall see thy lovely face !
Richly cloth'd in blood-wash'd linen,
How I'll sing thy sov'reign grace !
Come, dear Lord, no longer tarry,
Take my raptur'd soul away ;
Send thy angels down to carry
Me to realms of endless day.
- 5 If thou ever didst discover,
To my faith the promis'd land ;
Bid me now the stream pass over,
On the heav'nly border stand :
Now surmount whate'er opposes,
Into thy embrace I fly ;

Speak the word thou spak'st to Moses,
 Bid me "get me up and die."

CCCL. (8. 7.)

Breathing after the Indwelling of the Spirit.

- 1 **L**OVE divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heav'n to earth come down;
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
 Into ev'ry troubled breast;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find that second rest.
 Take away our pow'r of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be;
 End of faith as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive,
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave:
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be:
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restor'd in thee.
 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 'Till in heav'n we take our place,
 'Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

CCCLI. (7's.)

Christ a Covert from the Tempest.

- 1 **J**ESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,

While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high !
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past :
 Safe into the haven guide ;
 O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on thee is staid,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 All in all in thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind :
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make and keep me pure within :
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

CCCLII. (8, 7.)

Blind Bartimeus Healed and Praising.

1 “ **M**ERCY, O thou Son of David ;”
 Thus blind Bartimeus cry’d ;
 “ Others by thy grace are saved,
 O vouchsafe to me thine aid.”
 For his crying many chid him,
 But he cry’d the louder still ;
 “ Till his gracious Saviour bid him,
 ‘ Come and ask me what you will.’ ”

- 2 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging us'd to live :
Yet he ask'd, and Jesus granted
Alms, that none but he could give :
“ Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let mine eyes behold the day ;”
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.
- 3 Now methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around ;
“ Friends is not my case amazing,
What a Saviour I have found !
O that all the blind but knew him,
Or could be advis'd by me ;
Sure if they were brought unto him,
He would cause them all to see.”
- 4 “ Now I freely leave my garments,
Follow Jesus in the way,
He'll direct me by his counsel,
Bring me to eternal day :
There shall I behold my Saviour,
Spotless, innocent and pure ;
I shall reign with him for ever,
For his promises are sure.”
- 5 Don't you see my Jesus coming,
See him now in yonder cloud,
With ten thousand angels round him ;
O behold the glorious crowd !
I will rise and go and meet him,
And embrace him in my arms ;
In the arms of my dear Jesus,
O ! he hath ten thousand charms.

CCCLIII. (6, 5.)

To be Sung at the close of Worship.

- 1 **W**ITH gladness, dear brethren,
We met at this place,
To speak and to hear
Of God's rich and free grace :

For all who are needy,
And know they are poor,
The Saviour of sinners
Has plenty in store.

2 If hungry and thirsty,
And burden'd with guilt,
For you the dear Saviour
His blood freely spilt ;
If naked and wounded,
Just ready to die,
The Saviour is willing
Your wants to supply.

3 Then come, ye poor sinners,
And make no delay,
Our Jesus most kindly
Invites you to-day ;
If you are but willing
You've nothing to doubt,
For such as come to him,
He will not cast out.

4 We soon must be parted,
And this I you tell,
I wish your souls happy,
I wish you all well ;
If we here together
No longer can stay,
Be sure you continue
To watch and to pray.

5 Farewell, my dear brethren,
Belov'd of the Lord,
The footsteps of Jesus
You find in his word ;
Then follow your leader
Wherever he goes,
Stand fast and unshaken
Whatever oppose.

6 On parting, dear brethren,
I give you my hand,
In token of friendship,
That uniting band ;

Although for awhile
 These vile bodies must part,
 Cemented in love
 We're still join'd in heart.

- 7 The time's swiftly coming
 When Christ shall appear
 In glory, and then
 All his saints will meet there :
 No fear then of parting,
 No grief nor complaint,
 Shall ever be heard
 From the tongue of a saint.
- 8 But praise and thanksgiving
 Shall be their employ—
 Their souls always feasting,
 Yet never shall cloy :
 New scenes then unfolding
 New joys will afford ;
 All glory and honour,
 And praise to the Lord.

CCCLIV. (L. M.) Portugal.

The Blessedness of Public Worship.

- 1 **H**OW lovely, how divinely sweet,
 O Lord, thy sacred courts appear !
 Fain would my longing passions meet,
 The glories of thy presence there.
- 2 O, blest the men, blest their employ,
 Whom thine indulgent favours raise
 To dwell in those abodes of joy,
 And sing thy never-ceasing praise.
- 3 Happy the men, whom strength divine
 With ardent love and zeal inspires :
 Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
 With willing hearts and warm desires.
- 4 One day within thy sacred gate
 Affords more real joy to me,
 Than thousands in the tents of state :
 The meanest place is bliss, with thee.

CCCLV. (C. M.)

Christ more Precious than Rubies.

- 1 **J**ESUS, to multitudes unknown,—
O name divinely sweet !
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honour, pleasure meet.
- 2 Should both the Indies at my call,
Their boasted stores resign ;
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.
- 3 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be forever bless'd.
- 4 Dear Sov'reign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine :
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

CCCLVI. (C. M.)

The Saviour Praised.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour ! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound !
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.
- 2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine,
In rich profusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.
- 3 O the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store !
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine ;
I cannot wish for more.
- 4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall ;
My lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

CCCLVII. (7's.)

Christ King of Righteousness and Peace.

- 1 **K**ING of Salem, bless my soul !
 Make a wounded sinner whole !
 King of righteousness and peace,
 Let not thy sweet visits cease !
- 2 Come refresh this soul of mine
 With thy sacred bread and wine !
 All thy love to me unfold,
 Half of which cannot be told.
- 3 Hail ! Melchisedec divine !
 Thou, great High-priest, shalt be mine :
 All my pow'rs before thee fall—
 Take not tithes, but take them all.

CCCLVIII. (L. M.)

The Power of God encouraging Prayer.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH is a God of might,
 He fram'd the earth, he built the sky ;
 And what he speaks is surely right—
 "The Strength of Israel will not lie."
- 2 Ye weary souls, with sin opprest,
 To him in ev'ry trouble fly :
 His promise is, "I'll give you rest"—
 "The Strength of Israel will not lie."
- 3 Then why sunk down beneath despair ?
 To Jesus' throne of grace apply ;
 His promise plead—he'll hear your pray'r ;
 "The Strength of Israel will not lie."
- 4 Ask what you will in Jesus' name,
 He never will your suit deny ;
 To save you from distress he came,
 "The Strength of Israel will not lie."
- 5 Behold ! I come, most gracious Lord,
 And on thy promise now rely ;
 In my distress how sweet this word,
 "The Strength of Israel will not lie."

CCCLIX. (L. M.)

Praises for the Wisdom and Love of God.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my tongue, thy tribute bring
To him who gave thee pow'r to sing;
Praise him, who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.
- 2 How vast his knowledge ! how profound !
A depth where all our thoughts are drown'd !
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.
- 3 Thro' each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold :
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine,
To speak his wisdom all divine.
- 4 ' But in Redemption, O what grace !
Its wonders, O what thought can trace !
Here wisdom shines forever bright—
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

CCCLX. (L. M.)

Christ the Advocate

- 1 **L** OOK up my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands :
The glorious advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands.
- 2 He smiles on ev'ry humble groan,
He recommends each broken pray'r ;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose pow'r and love forbid despair.
- 3 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
With stronger faith to call thee mine ;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father, God, with joy divine.

CCCLXI. (L. M.)

Christ the best Gift of God.

- 1 **J** ESUS, my Lord, my soul's delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.

- 2 Thou art the glorious gift of God,
To sinners weary and distressed :
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,
And certain pledge of all the rest.
- 3 Could I but say this gift is mine,
I'd tread the world beneath my feet ;
No more at poverty repine,
Nor envy sinners rich and great.
- 4 The precious jewel I would keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart ;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never should from thence depart.

CCCLXII. (C. M.)

Not ashamed of Christ.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour, will thy pard'ning love
Embrace a wretch so vile ?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile ?
- 2 Hast thou the cross for me endur'd,
And suffer'd all my shame ?
And shall I be asham'd, O Lord,
To own thy precious name ?
- 3 No, Lord, I'm not asham'd of thee,
Nor of thy cause on earth !
O do not be asham'd of me,
When I resign my breath.
- 4 Be thou my shield, be thou my sun ;
O guide me all my days ;
And let my feet with joy run on
In thy delightful ways.

CCCLXIII. (L. M.)

Growth in Grace—Praise for.

- 1 **P**RAISE to thy name eternal God,
For all the grace thou shed'st abroad ;
For all thy influence from above,
To warm our souls with sacred love.
- 2 Blest be thy hand, which from the skies
Brought down this plant of Paradise,

And gave its heavenly glories birth,
To deck the wilderness of earth.

- 3 Unchanging sun, thy beams display,
To drive the frosts and storms away ;
Make all thy potent virtues known,
To cheer a plant so much thine own.
- 4 And thou, blest Spirit, deign to blow,
Fresh gales of heaven on shrubs below ;
So shall they grow and breathe abroad,
A fragrance grateful to our God.

CCCLXIV. (C. M.)

Faith affords Comfort in every State.

- 1 **W**HEN faith presents the Saviour's
death,
And whispers, "this is mine :"
Sweetly my rising hours advance,
And peacefully decline.
- 2 Let outward things go how they will,
His love is bliss divine ;
I triumph in my Saviour's death—
My joys are all sublime !
- 3 Faith in thy love shall sweeten death,
And smooth the rugged way ;
Smile on me, dearest Lord, and then
I shall not wish to stay.

CCCLXV. (C. M.)

Confidence.

- 1 **F**IRMLY I stand on Zion's hill,
And view my starry crown ;
No pow'r on earth my hope can shake,
Nor hell can pull me down.
- 2 The lofty hills and stately tow'rs,
That lift their heads on high,
Shall all be levell'd in the dust—
Their very names shall die.
- 3 The vaulted heavens shall melt away,
Built by Jehovah's hands ;

But firmer than the heavens, the Rock
Of my salvation stands.

CCCLXVI. (C. M.)

Faith and Resignation.

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the downward tracts
time,
God's watchful eye surveys ;
O, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or regulate our ways ?
- 2 I cannot doubt his bounteous love,
Unmeasurably kind ;
To his unerring, gracious will,
Be every wish resign'd.
- 3 Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies ;
E'en crosses from his sov'reign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

CCCLXVII. (C. M.)

Bring your Burden to the Lord.

- 1 **T**HE cause that is for me too hard,
I'll make to Jesus known ;
I'll cast my burdens on the Lord,
And leave them at his throne.
- 2 He will his cheering grace impart,
And ease my anxious breast ;
His love can heal a wounded heart,
And bring my soul to rest.
- 3 The Judge supreme must needs do right,
Whoe'er should me condemn ;
He'll bring my judgment to the light,
And clear my injur'd name.
- 4 He calls me by his precious word,
And bids me not to fear ;
The cause that is for me too hard,
My gracious God will hear

CCCLXVIII. (L. M.)

Cast down, but not in Despair.

- 1 **W**HY, O my soul, these anxious cares ?
Why thus cast down with doubts and fears ?
How canst thou want if God provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide ?
- 2 When first before his mercy seat
Thou didst to him thy all commit,
He gave thee warrant from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.
- 3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call ?
And has he not his promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last ?
- 4 He who has help'd me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.

CCCLXIX. (C. M.)

Cast down, but not Destroyed.

- 1 **N**OW in thy praise, eternal King,
Be all my thoughts employ'd ;
While of this precious truth I sing,
Cast down, but not destroy'd.
- 2 Oft the united pow'rs of hell
My soul have sore annoy'd ;
And yet I live this truth to tell,
Cast down, but not destroy'd.
- 3 In all the paths thro' which I've past,
What mercies I've enjoy'd :
And this shall be my song at last,
Cast down, but not destroy'd.
- 4 When I with God in heav'n appear,
There I shall him adore ;
Destroy'd shall be my sin and fear,
And I cast down no more.

CCCLXX. (C. M.)

Devils believe and tremble.

- 1 **T**HU God who lives and reigns on high,
 The saints' best passions move :
 Devils believe, and trembling lie,
 But devils cannot love.
- 2 The saints in songs for ever new,
 Their humble tribute bring ;
 Devils believe and tremble too,
 But devils cannot sing.
- 3 The saints before his throne in prayer,
 Their daily wants display ;
 Devils believe and tremble there,
 But devils cannot pray.
- 4 Give me that faith, O God of grace,
 Which purifies the heart ;
 Which works by love and holiness,
 Nor will from thee depart.
- 5 In this sweet grace may I excel,
 And in it live and die ;
 While trembling devils down in hell
 In chains and darkness lie.

CCCLXXI. (L. M.)

Ebenezer.

- 1 **E**TERNAL God, I bless thy name—
 The same thy pow'r, thy grace the
 same :
 The tokens of thy friendly care,
 Open and crown, and close the year.
- 2 I 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,
 Supported by thy guardian hand ;
 And see, when I survey thy ways,
 Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far thy arm has led me on ;
 Thus far I make thy mercy known ;
 And while I tread this desert land,
 New mercies shall new songs demand.

- 4 My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more ;
Then bear in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

CCCLXXII. (L. M.)

Reflections on Life and Eternity.

- 1 **E**TERNITY is just at hand ;
And shall I waste my ebbing sand ?
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away ?
- 2 Eternity ! tremendous sound !
To guilty souls a dreadful wound !
But O ! if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents ! how divine !
- 3 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent pray'r—
An int'rest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon seal'd, and peace with God.
- 4 Search, Lord, (O search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart ;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

CCCLXXIII. (L. M.)

The same.

- 1 **O** THOU eternal glorious Lord,
Thy gracious presence now afford :
To all our souls thine influence bring,
While of eternity we sing !
- 2 Eternity ! stupendous theme !
Compar'd herewith our life's a dream ;
Eternity ! O awful sound,
'A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 Eternity ! the dread abode,
And habitation of our God !
His glory fills the vast expanse,
Beyond the reach of mortal sense.
- 4 But an eternity there is
Of dreadful woe, or joyful bliss :

And swift as time fulfils its round,
We to eternity are bound.

CCCLXXIV. (C. M.)

Faith Conquering.

- 1 **R**ISE, () my soul, pursue the path,
By ancient heroes trod :
Ambitious view those holy men,
Who liv'd and walk'd with God.
- 2 Tho' dead they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live ;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.
- 3 'Twas thro' the Lamb's most precious blood,
They conquer'd ev'ry foe :
And to his pow'r and matchless grace,
Their crowns and honour owe.
- 4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given ;
And ne'er forsake the blessed road,
Which led them safe to heaven.

CCCLXXV. (C. M.)

To Obey is better than Sacrifice.

- 1 **W**HY should the dread of sinful man
Ensnare and vex my soul ?
(), for that fortitude which can
My ev'ry fear control.
- 2 Shall I offend a holy God,
And sacrifice my peace,
To shun a mortal's threat'ning rod,
A friend or two to please ?
- 3 I must obey the God I love,
Though all the world contemns ;
One smile from him, I prize above
The richest earthly gems.
- 4 Lord, I resign me to thy will,
Thy wisdom I adore !
I yield to thee—thy word fulfil,
And let me doubt no more.

CCCLXXVI. (L. M.)

The Ways of God mysterious, yet sure.

- 1 **T**HY ways, O God, with wise design,
Are fram'd upon thy throne above ;
And ev'ry dark and bending line,
Meets in the centre of thy love.
- 2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thy arrangements view :
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.
- 3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
'Tho' now they seem to roam uney'd,
Are led, or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.
- 4 They neither know, nor trace the way,
But trusting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

CCCLXXVII. (C. M.)

Self-denial, or taking up the Cross.

- 1 **D**IDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me ?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be ?
- 2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold ;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.
- 3 'Let mockers scoff, let men defame,
And treat me with disdain ;
Still may I glorify thy name,
And count their slander gain.'
- 4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my pow'rs resign ;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

CCCLXXVIII. (C. M.)

Submission to the Divine Will.

- 1 **S**UBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,
I all to thee resign ;
And bow before thy chast'ning rod—
I mourn, but not repine.
- 2 Why should my foolish heart, complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love,
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above ?
- 3 How short are all my suff'rings here,
How needful ev'ry cross ;
Away, my unbelieving fear,
Nor call my gain my loss.
- 4 Then give, dear Lord, or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred name ;
My Jesus, yesterday, to-day,
Forever is the same !

CCCLXXIX. (C. M.)

Another.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at the gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No—let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour all my journey through,
Thou art engag'd to grant :
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;
Shall I resist them both ?

A poor blind creature of a day ?
And crush'd before the moth ?

- 6 But, ah ! my inmost spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway ;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

CCCLXXX. (C. M.)

Submission, or Divine Direction sought.

- 1 **L**ORD, hast thou call'd me by thy grace,
And form'd my heart anew ?
And are these joys which now I taste
The pledge of glory too ?
- 2 I leave inferior cares with thee,
Since thou hast won my heart ;
Whatever, Lord, is good for me,
Do thou that good impart.
- 3 Not to my wish, but to my want
All needful good apply ;
Unask'd for good, Lord, to me grant—
What's ill, though ask'd, deny.

CCCLXXXI. (C. M.)

Desiring a closer Walk with God.

- 1 **(O)** FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view,
Of Jesus, and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd !
How sweet their mem'ry still !
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be ;
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 So purer light shall mark the road,
 That leads me to the Lamb.

CCCLXXXII. (S. M.) Ps. xxv

Waiting for Pardon and Direction.

- 1 **I** LIFT my soul to God,
 My trust is in his name ;
 Let not my foes that seek my blood,
 Still triumph in my shame.
- 2 Sin and the pow'r of hell
 Persuade me to despair ;
 Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,
 That I may 'scape the snare.
- 3 From beams of dawning light,
 'Till ev'ning shades arise,
 For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
 With ever longing eyes.
- 4 Remember all thy grace,
 And lead me in thy truth ;
 Forgive the sins of riper days,
 And follies of my youth.

CCCLXXXIII. (6, 8.) Lenox, Delight

The Christian's life perilous.

- 1 **J**ESUS, at thy command,
 I launch into the deep ;
 And leave my native land,
 Where sin lulls all asleep :
 For thee I would the world resign,
 And sail to heav'n with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot wise :
 My compass is thy word :
 My soul each storm defies,
 While I have such a Lord.

- I trust thy faithfulness and pow'r,
To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie ;
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guide me with his eye.
My anchor hope shall firm abide,
And I each boist'rous storm outride.
- 4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest :
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast !
O ! may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more
- 5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss ;
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss :
For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- 6 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosp'rous gale of grace,
Waft me from all below,
To heav'n my destin'd place !
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

CCCLXXXIV. (C. M.)

The Effort.

- 1 **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-sea:
Where Jesus, answers pray'r ;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest ;

- By war without and fears within
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place !
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "thou hast dy'd."
- 5 O wond'rous love ! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shaine ;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.
- 6 "Poor tempest tossed soul be still,
"My promis'd grace receive ;"
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must—I will,
I can, I do believe.

CCCLXXXV. (8's.)

Self-ahhorrence and humble Prayer.

- 1 **F**ATHER of light, from whom proceed,
Whate'er thy ev'ry creature needs,
Whose goodness providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry :
To thee I look, my heart prepare,
Suggest and hearken to my pray'r.
- 2 Since by thy light myself I see,
Naked, and poor, and void of thee ;
Thy eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Preventing what my lips would say :
Thou seest my wants, for help they call,
And ere I speak, thou know'st them all.
- 3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind ;
Thou know'st how unsubdu'd my will,
Averse to good, and prone to ill ;
Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love.
- 4 Fain would I know, as known by thee,
And feel the indigence I see ;
Fain would I all my vileness own,
And deep beneath the burden groan ;

Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Detest and loathe myself and sin.

- 5 Ah ! give me Lord, myself to feel ;
My total misery reveal :
Ah ! give me Lord, (I still would say)
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray ;
My bus'ness this, my only care,
My life, my ev'ry breath be pray'r.

CCCLXXXVI. (C. M.)

Fear not, I am with you. Is. xli. 10.

- 1 **A**ND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear ?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God forever near ?
- 2 Dost thou a father's bowels feel
For all thy humble saints ?
And in such friendly accents speak,
To soothe their sad complaints ?
- 3 Why droop our hearts, why flow our eyes ?
While such a voice we hear ?
Why rise our sorrows and our fears,
While such a friend is near ?
- 4 To all thy other favours add
A heart to trust thy word ;
And death itself shall hear us sing,
While resting on the Lord.

CCCLXXXVII. (7's.)

A Prayer for Humility.

- 1 **L**ORD, if thou thy grace impart,—
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall, as my Master be
Rooted in humility.
- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child :
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides ;
Wean'd from all the world besides.

- 3 Father, fix my soul on thee ;
 Ev'ry evil let me flee :
 Nothing want, beneath, above,—
 Happy in thy precious love.
- 4 O that all may seek and find
 Ev'ry good in Jesus join'd !
 Him let Isr'el still adore,
 Trust him, praise him, evermore.

CCCLXXXVIII. (L. M.)

Patience and Submission.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord ! though bitter is the cup
 Thy gracious hand deals out to me,
 I cheerfully would drink it up :
 That cannot hurt which comes from thee.
- 2 Dash it with thy unchanging love ;
 Let not a drop of wrath be there !
 The saints, forever bless'd above,
 Were often most afflicted here.
- 3 From Jesus, thy incarnate Son,
 I'll learn obedience to thy will ;
 And humbly kiss the chastening rod,
 When its severest strokes I feel.

CCCLXXXIX. (L. M.)

Trusting in God in darkness.

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy vast designs,
 Th' obscure abyss of providence ;
 Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
 Too dark to view with feeble sense.
- 2 Through seas and storms of deep distress,
 We sail by faith and not by sight ;
 Faith guides us in the wilderness,
 Through all the briers and the night.
- 3 Dear Father, though thy lifted rod
 In love doth scourge us here below,
 Still we do lean upon our God—
 Thine arms shall bear us safely through.

CCCXC. (L. M.)

All things work for good to them that love God.

- 1 **T**EMPTATIONS, trials, doubts, and fears,
Wants, losses, crosses, groans, and tears,
Will, through the grace of God, our friend,
In everlasting triumph end !
- 2 To those who him sincerely love,
All penai evils blessings prove ;
Whom grace hath call'd and made his own,
Nor fires can burn, nor floods can drown.
- 3 Lord, let this thought in deep distress,
Our hopes confirm, our spirits raise ;
'Midst earth and hell's opposing pow'rs,
We still are safe, if thou art ours.

CCCXCI. (L. M.)

Faith and Unbelief struggling.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our soul's delightful choice,
In thee, believing, we rejoice ;
Yet still our joy is mix'd with grief,
While faith contends with unbelief.
- 2 O let not sin and Satan boast,
While saints lie mourning in the dust ;
Nor see that faith to ruin brought,
Which thy own gracious hand has wro't.
- 3 Do thou the dying spark inflame ;
Reveal the glories of thy name ;
And put all anxious doubts to flight,
As shades dispers'd by opening light.

CCCXCII. (S. M.)

Submission and Prayer.

- 1 **D**OST thou my profit seek,
And chasten as a friend ?
O God, I'll kiss the smarting rod,
There's honey at the end.
- 2 Dost thou through death's dark vale
Conduct to heav'n at last ?

The future good will make amends
For all the evil past.

- 3 Lord, I would not repine
At strokes in mercy sent ;
If the chastisement comes in love,
My soul shall be content.

CCCXCIII. (C. M.)

A Blessing sought in the Beginning of Worship.

- 1 **T**HY promise, Lord, and thy command,
Have brought us here to-day ;
And now we humbly waiting stand
To hear what thou wilt say.
- 2 Meet us, we pray, with words of peace,
And fill our hearts with love ;
From all our follies may we cease,
More faithful may we prove.

CCCXCIV. (L. M.)

The same.

- 1 **H**UNGRY, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.
- 2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we must starve indeed ;
For we no money have to buy,
No righteousness to plead.
- 3 The food our spirits want
Thy hand alone can give ;
Oh, hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat, and live.

CCCXCV. (8, 7, 4.)

Christ the Pilgrim's Guide.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty—
Hold me in thy pow'rful hand :
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open now the chrystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow :
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey thro' :
Strong deliv'rer !
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 Feed me with the heavenly manna,
In this barren wilderness :
Be my sword, my shield, and banner—
Be my robe of righteousness :
Fight and conquer
All my foes by sov'reign grace
- 4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Foe to death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

CCCXCVI. (L. M.)

An Exhortation to Prayer.

- 1 **P**RAY'R makes the darken'd cloud with-
draw ;
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw—
Gives exercise to faith and love—
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.
- 2 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight ;
Pray'r makes the christian's armour bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 3 Have you no words ? ah ! think again :
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 4 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent—
Your cheerful songs should oft'ner be,
“ Hear what the Lord has done for me ! ”

CCCXCVII. (L. M.)

Pray without Ceasing.

- 1 **P**RAY'R was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give :
Long as they live should christians pray,
For only while they pray, they live.
- 2 The christian's heart his pray'r indites,
He speaks as prompted from within ;
'The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives, and gives it in.
- 3 'Tis pray'r supports the soul that 's weak,
'Tho' thought be broken—language lame ;
Pray, if thou canst, or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
- 4 Depend on Christ—thou canst not fail :
Make all thy wants and wishes known ;
Fear not—his merits must prevail ;
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

CCCXCVIII. (L. M.)

The Spirit's Influences Desired.

- 1 **B**LESS'D Jesus ! source of grace divine,
What soul refreshing streams are
thine !
O ! bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.
- 2 No traveller through desert lands,
'Midst scorching suns, and burning sands,
More needs the current to obtain,
Or to enjoy refreshing rain.
- 3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
Spring up, celestial Fountain, spring,
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below.
- 4 May this blest torrent near my side,
Through all the desert gently glide ;
Then, in Immanuel's land above,
Spread to a sea of joy and love !

CCCXCIX. (S. M.)

The same

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine :
And on this poor, benighted soul,
With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 From the celestial hills
Life, light, and joy, dispense !
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quick'ning influence.
- 3 Melt, melt this frozen heart ;
This stubborn will subdue ;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.
- 4 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise ;
And unto thee I will devote
The remnant of my days.

CCCC. (L. M.)

A Prosperous Gale longed for.

- 1 **A**T anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling I cry, "Sweet Spirit, come !
"Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
"But swell my sails, and speed my way !
- 2 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
"And loose my cable from below ;
"But I can only spread my sail ; [gale !"
"Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious

CCCCI. (C. M.)

The Spirit's Return Entreated.

- 1 **M**Y grace so weak, my sin so strong ;
My heart so greatly pain'd :
Bless'd Spirit, art thou griev'd ?—and is
Thine influence restrain'd ?
- 2 Tell me—O tell me what will please,
And cause thee to return ?
As doves the absence of their mates,
I thy withdrawments mourn.

- 3 Come then, celestial Helper ! come,
 With energy divine ;
 Ease, of its heavy load of guilt,
 This troubled heart of mine.
- 4 Vouchsafe, in answer to my pray'r,
 Thy visits to renew ;
 Increase my faith, dispel my fear,
 O ! guard and save me too.

CCCCII. (L. M.)

A Prayer for Peace

- 1 **O** LORD, thy mourning people bow,
 And raise to thee their pensive cry ;
 By sore affliction pressed now,
 To thee they breathe their plaintive sigh.
- 2 Behold their foes, with mighty hosts,
 In hostile rage, without a cause,
 Rush on our undefended coasts,
 Regardless of thy holy laws.
- 3 Wilt thou not judge them, O our God !
 The heathen they employ to kill !
 Our men, and wives, and helpless brood,
 And so our land with horrors fill.
- 4 Be thou our refuge, mighty God !
 Till these calamities shall cease ;
 Say to our foes, as to the flood,
Thus far—and send us speedy peace.

CCCCIII. (C. M.)

For a National Fast.

- 1 **O** LORD, behold thy people bow,
 And send their cries to thee ;
 A nation in affliction now
 Bends in humility.
- 2 The terrors of thy chast'ning sword,
 In awful triumphs spread ;
 We haste to seek thy face, O Lord !
 As by thy promise led.
- 3 All things are in thy potent hand—
 O bid this war now cease !

O hear thy people through the land,
And grant their pray'r for peace.

CCCCIV. (L. M.)

The Spirit's aid Implored.

- 1 **G**IVE me thy Spirit, O my God !
Then I can well all trials meet,
Deny myself, and all my pride,
And wash thy weakest servant's feet.
- 2 Give me thy Spirit, O my God !
Then I shall all thy footsteps trace,
And show to all who read thy word,
That I'm indeed renew'd by grace.
- 3 Give me thy Spirit, O my God !
Then, through my few remaining days,
I'll yield obedience to thy word,
And as I go I'll sing thy praise.

CCCCV. (L. M.)

Faith Conquering.

- 1 **S**AVE me, save me ! O my God,
For sorrows break into my soul ;
And like a risen angry flood,
The mighty billows o'er me roll.
- 2 Each rising surge proclaims my death,
I sink in black and quaggy mire ;
My lungs heave with but strangling breath,
Which brings my dissolution nigher.
- 3 From such a state, Lord, canst thou save ;
For I am quite o'erwhelm'd and sunk ?
Yes ; thou didst Lazarus from the grave
Save, when his friends said that he stunk.
- 4 Well, then my soul shall courage take,
Although I sink, and drown, and die !
For thou the bonds of death canst break,
And set my soul at liberty.

CCCCVI. (L. M.)

An Evil Heart Lamented.

- 1 **L**ORD what a barren heart is mine,
In ev'ry thing that is divine :

- But O, alas ! how fruitful found,
In ev'ry noxious cumber-ground.
- 2 Just like the execrated earth,
Noxious is all its natural growth ;
While what it does produce divine,
Are natives of a foreign clime.
- 3 Here anger, envy, malice grow,
A thousand sinful passions too,
Like briars form'd but to deface,
And overspread the plants of grace.
- 4 Each like a spreading verdant vine,
Both self and mammon here entwine
About the heav'nly plant of love,
And bend it from the realms above.
- 5 While the luxuriant weed of pride
Shoots up so high, and spreads so wide,
That through its boughs I scarce can see
The little plant humility.
- 6 Here Satan, like a beast of prey,
In fury roams from day to day ;
Till I with care can scarcely trace
A remnant of the seed of grace.
- 7 O Lord, assist me to repair,
The wall of watchfulness and prayer,
This mental garden round about,
To keep the great destroyer out.
- 8 Help me with courage to begin
T' remove the cursed growth of sin ;
The stinted heav'nly plants to till,
On which, O Lord, thy grace distil.
- 9 Then shall the spices grow and bloom,
And send abroad a sweet perfume ;
The fragrance rich shall pierce the skies,
In praises which like incense rise.

CCCCVII. (L. M.)

Pleading the Covenant.

- 1 **O** LORD, my God ! whose sovereign love,
Is still the same, nor e'er can move,

- Look to the covenant and see,
Has not thy love been shown to me ?
- 2 Be with me still, as heretofore,
And help me forward more and more ;
My strong, my stubborn will incline,
To be obedient still to thine.
- 3 Remember me, my dearest Friend,
And love me always to the end :
O lead me by thy gracious hand,
And guide me safe to Canaan's land.

CCCCVIII. (C. M.)

My Peace I give unto you.—St. John, xiv. 27.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce the words of peace !
And all my warmest pow'rs shall join
To celebrate thy grace.
- 2 With gentle smiles call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiv'n ;
The accents mild shall charm mine ear,
All like the harps of heav'n.
- 3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I'll tread ;
Cheerful, I'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.
- 4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we'll know ;
That hand which scatters pardons down
Shall crowns of life bestow.

CCCCIX. (L. M.)

Desiring Communion with God.

- 1 **M**Y rising soul with strong desires,
To perfect happiness aspires,
With steady steps would tread the road
That leads to heav'n—that leads to God.
- 2 I thirst to drink unmingled love,
From the pure fountain-head above ;
My dearest Lord, I long to be
Empty'd of sin, and full of thee.

- 3 For thee I pant, for thee I burn :
 Art thou withdrawn ? again return,
 Nor let me be the first to say,
 'Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray

CCCCX. (C. M.)

Why Weepest Thou ?

- 1 **W**HY, O my soul ! why weepest thou ?
 Tell me from whence arise
 Those briny tears that often flow,
 Those groans that pierce the skies ?
- 2 Is sin the cause of thy complaint,
 Or the chastising rod ?
 Dost thou an evil heart lament,
 And mourn an absent God ?
- 3 Lord, let me weep for nought but sin !
 And after none but thee !
 And then I would—O, that I might !
 A constant weeper be !

CCCCXI. (C. M.)

Self-denial and Prayer.

- 1 **A**ND must I part with all I have,
 My dearest Lord for thee ?
 It is but right ! since thou hast done
 Much more than this for me.
- 2 Yes, let it go !—one look from thee
 Will more than make amends
 For all the losses I sustain
 Of credit, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
 How worthless they appear,
 Compar'd with thee, Supremely Good !
 Divinely Bright and Fair !
- 4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
 A single smile obtain,
 Though destitute of all things else,
 I'd glory in my gain.

CCCCXII. (S. M.)

Sincerity Desired.

- 1 **I**F secret fraud should dwell
Within this heart of mine,
Purge out, O God ! that cursed leaven,
And make me wholly thine.
- 2 If any rival there
Dares to usurp the throne,
Oh, tear th' infernal traitor thence,
And reign thyself alone.
- 3 Is any lust conceal'd ?
Bring it to open view ;
Search, search, dear Lord ! my inmost soul,
And all its pow'rs renew.

CCCCXIII. (C. M.)

Spiritual Mindedness.

- 1 **O**H, may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
His government to own.
- 2 Let deep repentance, faith and love,
Be join'd with godly fear ;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.
- 3 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Through my remaining days ;
And in me let each virtue shine
To my Redeemer's praise.
- 4 Let lively hope my soul inspire ;
Let warm affections rise ;
And may I wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies.

CCCCXIV. (C. M.)

Holy Zeal and Diligence Desired.

- 1 **W**HILE carnal men with all their might,
Earth's vanities pursue,
How slow th' advances which I make,
With heav'n itself in view.

- 2 Inspire my soul with holy zeal ;
Great God ! my love inflame :
Religion without zeal and love,
Is but an empty name.
- 3 To gain the top of Zion's hill,
May I with fervour strive ;
And all those powers employ for thee,
Which I from thee derive.

CCCCXV. (C. M.)

Desiring to Run the Christian Race.

- 1 **O**H ! let me run the christian race
With diligence and speed !
God's Word, his Spirit, and his Grace,
Do all to duty lead.
- 2 Did Jesus leave the realms of bliss,
To save from sin and hell ?—
A love so wonderful as this
Calls for a glowing zeal.
- 3 Those who to Christ for refuge flee
Should in his footsteps tread ;
Our Prophet, Priest, and King should be
Both trusted and obey'd.

CCCCXVI. (L. M.)

Choosing the better part.

- 1 **B**ESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand :
Saviour divine ! diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving treach'rous heart
To fix on Mary's better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise ;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Jesus ! still be nigh :
Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;

Secure when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

CCCCXVII. (S. M.)

Offering a Living Sacrifice.

- 1 **A**ND will th' eternal King
So mean a gift reward?
That off'ring, Lord, with joy we bring,
Which thine own hand prepar'd.
- 2 We own thy various claim,
And to thine altar move :
The willing victims of thy grace,
And bound with cords of love.
- 3 Descend, celestial fire !
The sacrifice inflame :
So shall a grateful odour rise,
Through our Redeemer's name.

CCCCXVIII. (C. M.)

A Glimpse of Christ better than the World.

- 1 **L**ORD ! let me see thy beauteous face ;
It yields a heav'n below ;
And angels round thy throne will say
'Tis all the heav'n they know.
- 2 A glimpse—a single glimpse of thee,
Would more delight my soul,
Than this vain world with all its joys,
Could I possess the whole.

CCCCXIX. (C. M.)

The Request.

- 1 **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise.
- 2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
"From every murmur free ;
"The blessings of thy grace impart,
"And make me live to thee.

- 3 “Let the sweet hope, that thou art mine,
 “My life and death attend ;
 ‘Thy presence through my journey shine,
 “And crown my journey’s end.

CCCCXX. (C. M.)

Secret Prayer.

- 1 **F**ATHER divine, thy piercing eye
 Sees through the darkest night ;
 In deep retirement thou art nigh,
 With heart discerning sight.
- 2 There may that piercing eye survey
 My dutious homage paid,
 With ev’ry morning’s dawning ray,
 And ev’ry evening’s shade.
- 3 O let thy own celestial fire
 The incense still inflame ;
 While my warm vows to thee aspire,
 Through my Redeemer’s name.
- 4 So shall the visits of thy love
 My soul in secret bless ;
 So shalt thou deign in worlds above
 Thy suppliant to confess.

CCCCXXI. (L. M.)

The Noble Resolution.

- 1 **A**H, wretched souls, who strive in vain,
 Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin !
 A nobler toil may I sustain,
 A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 Be this the purpose of my soul,
 My solemn, my determin’d choice,
 To yield to Christ’s supreme control,
 And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 3 O may I never faint or tire,
 Nor wandering leave his sacred ways !
 Great God, accept my soul’s desire,
 And give me strength to live thy praise.

CCCCXXII. (S. M.)

A broken Heart, and a bleeding Saviour.

- 1 **U**NTO thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring ;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing.
- 2 To Christ the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs its eyes ;
Thou may'st reject that worthless thing,
But not his sacrifice.
- 3 When he gave up the ghost,
The law was satisfied :
And now, to its most rig'rous claims,
I answer, "Jesus died."

CCCCXXIII. (L. M.)

Social Prayer.

- 1 " **W**HERE two or three with sweet ac-
cord,
" Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,
" Meet to record his acts of grace,
" And offer solemn pray'r and praise
- 2 " There," says the Saviour, " will I be,
" Amidst this little company ;
" To them unveil my smiling face,
" And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word :
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heav'nly love

CCCCXXIV. (L. M.)

A Revival sought.

- 1 **L**OOK from on high, great God, and see
Thy saints lamenting after thee
We sigh, we languish, and complain .
Revive thy gracious work again.
- 2 To-day thy cheering grace impart,
Bind up and heal the broken heart ;

Our sins subdue, our souls restore,
And let our foes prevail no more.

- 3 Thy presence in thy house afford,
To ev'ry heart apply thy word—
That sinners may their danger see
And now begin to mourn for thee.

CCCCXXV. (7's.)

A Blessing humbly requested.

- 1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow ;
O ! do not our suit disdain ;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
- 2 In thy own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay ;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

CCCCXXVI. (L. M.)

Hope in God alone.

- 1 **N**OW, while the gospel net is cast,
Do thou, O Lord, the effort own ;
From num'rous disappointments past,
Teach us to hope in thee alone.
- 2 May this be a much-favour'd hour,
To souls in Satan's bondage led ;
Or clothe thy word with sov'reign pow'r,
To break the rocks, and raise the dead.
- 3 To mourners speak a cheering word,
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine ;
Let poor backsliders be restor'd.
And al. thy saints in praises join.

CCCCXXVII. (C. M.)

A Blessing prayed for on the Word.

- 1 **N**OW, Lord, the heav'nly seed is sown,
Be it thy servant's care
Thy heav'nly blessings to bring down,
By humble fervent pray'r.
- 2 In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain ;
Lord of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heav'nly rain.
- 3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues
Begin this song divine :
" Thou, Lord, hast giv'n the rich increase,
" And be the glory thine."

CCCCXXVIII. (C. M.)

Earnest desires to be taught and led in the Way.

- 1 **L**ORD God, omnipotent to bless,
My supplication hear ;
Guardian of Jacob, to my voice
Incline thy gracious ear.
- 2 If I have never yet begun
To tread the sacred road,
O teach my wand'ring feet the way
To Zion's blest abode !
- 3 Or, if I'm trav'ling in the path,
Assist me with thy strength,
And let me swift advances make,
And reach thine heav'n at length.
- 4 My care, my hope, my first request,
Are all compris'd in this,
To follow where thy saints have led,
And then partake their bliss.

CCCCXXIX. (C. M.)

Perfection desired.

- 1 **N**OW may the God of peace and love,
Who, from th' impris'ning grave,
Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save.

- 2 Through the rich merits of that blood
Which he on Calv'ry spilt,
To make th' eternal cov'nant sure,
On which our hopes are built.
- 3 Perfect our souls in ev'ry grace
'T' accomplish all his will,
And all that's pleasing in his sight
Inspire us to fulfil !
- 4 For the great Mediator's sake,
We ev'ry blessing pray :
With glory let his name be crown'd
Through heav'n's eternal day !

CCCCXXX. (L. M.)

A Blessing implored on all present.

- 1 **T**HE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.
- 2 And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On ev'ry soul assembled here !

CCCCXXXI. (L. M.)

Thirsting for quickening Grace.

- 1 **I** THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share ;
Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid,
That I should seek my pleasure there.
- 2 It was the sight of thy dear cross,
First wean'd my soul from earthly things ;
And taught me to esteem as dross,
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.
- 3 I want that grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows ;
And makes a wretched thorn like me,
Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.
- 4 For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye ;

None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yield him meaner fruit than I.

CCCCXXXII. (L. M.)

Hope in Darkness longing for Light.

- 1 **O** GOD, my Sun, thy blissful rays
Can warm, rejoice, and guide my heart!
How dark, how mournful are my days,
If thy enliv'ning beams depart !
- 2 Scarce thro' the shades a glimpse of day
Appears to these desiring eyes !
But shall my drooping spirit say,
The cheerful morn shall *never* rise !
- 3 O let me not despairing mourn,
'Tho' gloomy darkness spreads the sky ;
My glorious Sun will yet return,
And night with all its horrors fly.
- 4 O for the bright, the joyful day,
When hope shall in fruition die !
So tapers lose their feeble ray,
Beneath the sun's refulgent eye.

CCCCXXXIII. (L. M.)

Let brotherly Love continue.

- 1 **G**REAT Spirit of immortal love,
Vouchsafe our frozen hearts to move
With ardour strong these breasts inflame
To all that own a Saviour's name.
- 2 Still let the heav'nly fire endure,
Fervent and vigorous, true and pure :
Let ev'ry heart, and ev'ry hand
Join in the dear fraternal band.
- 3 Celestial Dove, descend and bring
The smiling blessing on thy wing ;
And make us taste those sweets below
Which in the blissful mansions grow.

CCCCXXXIV. (8's.)

Sloth deprecated.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour meets his flock to day
Shall I, in sloth, abide at home ?

Shall I behind the people stay,
 When Jesus calls, there still is room ?
 I'll go, it is a place of prayer,
 Who knows but God may meet me there '

- 2 Remove temptation, O my Lord,
 And let my enemies be slain,
 Who would withdraw me from thy word,
 And plunge me in the world again ;
 And when the bridegroom shall appear,
 O may my soul be found in pray'r.

CCCCXXXV. (L. M.)

1 Prayer for persevering Grace, on giving ourselves to the Church of Christ.

- 1 **R**ENEW'D by grace, we love the word,
 And yield our souls to Christ the Lord ;
 Then to the Church ourselves we give
 In holy fellowship to live.
- 2 Lord may we feel that we are thine,
 And sweetly on thy breast recline,
 Thy name revere, thy word obey,
 And never cease to watch and pray.
- 3 May we continue in thy ways,
 Delight to pray—delight to praise :
 Among thy saints abide in love,
 Till call'd to shine in realms above.

CCCCXXXVI. (C. M.)

The Pleasure of receiving new Converts into the Church and a Prayer for them.

- 1 **O** WITH what pleasure we behold
 Sinners to Canaan move,
 Leaving the fleeting things of earth,
 For greater things above.
- 2 These having openly confess'd,
 The great Immanuel's name ;
 With sacred pleasure we receive,
 As lovers of the Lamb

- 3 Lord, may they ever live to thee,
And grow in heav'nly love ;
Still may they fight the fight of faith,
Till crown'd with thee above.

CCCCXXXVII. (S. M.)

Desiring to be found ready.

- 1 **P**REPARE me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face ;
'Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.
- 2 In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood :
So shall I lift my head with joy,
Among the sons of God.
- 3 Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sov'reign love make known ;
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.
- 4 Let me attest thy pow'r,
Let me thy goodness prove,
'Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

CCCCXXXVIII. (C. M.)

Humble Pleadings—Remember me.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee ;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
O Lord, remember me.
- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary ;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.
- 3 Thou wond'rous advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee,
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation s free ;

Then in thy all abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distrest,
Howe'er oppress'd I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear, Redeemer, God,
I pray remember me.

CCCCXXXIX. (L. M.)

The absence of God insupportable.

1 **I** CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord,
My life expires if thou depart;
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,
And thou, my God, be near my heart.

2 I was not born for earth or sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile:
Yet I will stay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for heav'n awhile.

3 Then dearest Lord, in thine embrace,
Let me resign my fleeting breath;
And, with a smile upon my face
Pass the important hour of death.

CCCCXL. (L. M.)

A Prayer for hardened Sinners.

1 **S**IN, in ten thousand treach'rous ways,
Dazzles and blinds both young and old,
Around the pit the sinner plays,
And they that trembled once, grow bold.

2 Saviour divine, stretch out thine hand,
And fill their souls with deep amaze;
Pluck from the fire the flaming brand,
And form new trophies of thy grace.

CCCCXLI. (7's.)

A Prayer on Parting.

1 **F**OR a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend

- To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever present Friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble pray'r,
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep !
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong,
Sweeten ev'ry cross and pain ;
Give us, if we live, ere long,
- In thy peace to meet again.
- 4 Then if thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers shall be rear'd ;
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who our poor petitions heard.

CCCCXLII. (L. M.)

A universal Blessing sought.

- 1 **T**HY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad ;
Thy watchful eyes which cannot sleep,
In ev'ry place thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain ;
When absent, happy if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.
- 3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet :
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.
- 4 Give us, in thy beloved house,
Again to pay our thankful vows ;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

CCCCXLIII. (C. M.)

Refuge in God the Saint's Privilege.

- 1 **D**EAR refuge of my weary soul,
On thee when sorrows rise,
On thee when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
 For thou alone canst heal ;
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
 For ev'ry pain I feel.
- 3 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
 And shall I seek in vain ?
 And can the ear of sov'reign grace
 Be deaf when I complain ?
- 4 No—still the ear of sov'reign grace
 Attends the mourner's pray'r ;
 O may I ever find access
 To breathe my sorrows there !
- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still ;
 Here let my soul retreat ;
 With humble hope attend thy will,
 And wait beneath thy feet.

CCCCXLIV. (L. M.)

The Request.

- 1 **L**ORD, dost thou say, "ask what thou
 wilt?"
 I gladly seize the golden hour ;
 I pray to be releas'd from guilt,
 And freed from sin and Satan's pow'r.
- 2 More of thy presence Lord, impart—
 More of thy image let me bear ;
 Erect a throne within my heart,
 And reign without a rival there.
- 3 Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
 And from thy joy to draw my strength—
 To have thy boundless love reveal'd,
 In all its height, and breadth, and length.
- 4 Grant these requests—I ask no more,
 But to thy care the rest resign ;
 Sick, or in health, or rich or poor,
 All shall be well if thou art mine.

CCCCXLV. (C. M.)

My God will hear me.

- 1 **T**HOU' I am poor and needy too,
 And scarce know what to say ;

- And tho' my words are faint and few,
My God will hear me pray.
- 2 'Thro' Christ I come, and mercy claim,
Who lives to intercede ;
For in his dear adored name,
My God will hear me plead.
- 3 'Tho' oft with sins, and doubts, and fears,
My soul is much cast down ;
And tho' o'erwhelm'd with sighs and tears,
My God will hear me groan.
- 4 Then whilst my life and breath remain,
I'll humbly persevere ;
And when to glory I attain,
My God will hear me there.

CCCCXLVI. (S. M.)

Importunate Prayer prevalent.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, who truly knows,
The heart of ev'ry saint,
Invites us by his holy word,
To pray, and never faint.
- 2 He bows his gracious ear ;
We never plead in vain ;
Yet we must wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Tho' unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait ?
He bids us never give him rest,
But be importunate.
- 4 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in pray'r ;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

CCCCXLVII. (L. M.)

Prayer before Sermon.

- 1 **O** THOU, at whose almighty word,
The glorious light from darkness
sprung !

- Thy quick'ning influence afford,
And clothe with pow'r the preacher's tongue.
- 2 'Tis thine to teach him how to speak,
'Tis thine to give the hearing ear ;
'Tis thine the stubborn heart to break,
And make the careless sinner fear.
- 3 'Tis also thine, Almighty Lord,
To cheer the poor desponding heart :
O speak the soul-reviving word,
And bid the mourner's fears depart.
- 4 Thus while we in the means are found,
We still on thee alone depend ;
To make the gospel's joyful sound,
Effectual to the promis'd end.

CCCCXLVIII. (C. M.)

Public Worship.

- 1 **L**ORD, in thy courts we now appear,
And bow before thy throne :
Before our lips begin to move,
Our wants to thee are known.
- 2 Thou know'st the language of the heart,
The meaning of a sigh ;
Dear Father, hear our humble pray'r,
And bring thy blessings nigh.
- 3 Few be our words, and short our pray'rs,
While we together meet ;
Short duties keep religion up,
And make devotion sweet.

CCCCXLIX. (C. M.)

A Prayer for Divine Influence.

- 1 **I**N thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet ;
O pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.
- 2 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word,

'To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

- 3 Here let thy pow'r and grace be felt ;
Thy love and mercy known ;
Our icy hearts, dear Jesus, melt,
And break this flinty stone.

Let sinners, Lord, thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee ;
Let rebels be subdu'd by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

CCCCL. (7's.)

A Prayer before Sermon.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Father, gracious Lord,
Give us ears to hear thy word,
Give us hearts to love and fear,
Give us now to find thee near.
- 2 Let us know and praise thee more ;
Let us live on mercy's store ;
Let us sing our Saviour's love,
'Till we join the saints above.
- 3 Then we'll praise thee and adore,
On the happy blissful shore :
Praise, with all the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

CCCCLI. (S. M.)

Religion vain without Sincerity.

- 1 **R**ELIGION'S form is vain,
While we deny its pow'r !
What will the hypocrite obtain,
In death's tremendous hour.
- 2 Now he may credit gain,
And in affluence roll ;
But all his profit will be pain,
When God shall take his soul.
- 3 Then, O what dread surprise,
What horror and dismay,
When death shall open wide his eyes,
And tear his mask away ?

- 4 Lord, search and know my heart,
And make my soul sincere ;
And bid hypocrisy depart,
And keep my conscience clear.

CCCCCLII. (S. M.)

Jabez's Prayer imitated.

- 1 **T**HOU God of Jabez, hear,
While we intreat thy grace,
And borrow that expressive pray'r,
With which he sought thy face.
- 2 "O that the Lord indeed
"Would me his servant bless,
"From every evil shield my head,
"And crown my paths with peace.
- 3 "Be his almighty hand,
"My helper and my guide,
"Till, with his saints in Canaan's land,
"My portion he divide."
- 4 Thus pious Jabez pray'd,
While God inclin'd his ear ;
And all by whom this suit is made,
Shall find the blessing near.

CCCCCLIII. (L. M.)

Pity and Prayer for thoughtless Men.

- 1 **O** WERE my heart but form'd for wo,
What streams of pitying tears should
flow,
'To see the thoughtless sons of men
Labour, and toil, and live in vain !
- 2 One thing is needful—one alone ;
If this be ours, all is our own :
'Tis needful now, 'twill needful be
In death and thro' eternity.
- 3 Without it we are all undone,
'Tho' we could call the world our own ;
Not all the joys of time and sense
Can countervail the loss immense.

- 4 Great God ! that pow'rful grace of thine,
Which rous'd a soul so dead as mine,
Can rouse these thoughtless sinners too,
The one thing needful to pursue.

CCCCLIV. (C. M.)

O, that it was with me, as in days past.

- 1 **A** GAIN, indulgent Lord, return
With thy sweet quick'ning grace
To animate my sluggish soul,
And speed me in my race.
- 2 O may I feel as once I felt,
When pain'd and griev'd at heart ;
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,
Reliev'd my ev'ry smart.
- 3 Let graces then in exercise,
Be exercis'd again :
And, nurtur'd by celestial pow'r,
In exercise remain.
- 4 Awake, my love, my faith, my hope,
My fortitude and joy ;
Vain world, be gone, let things above
My happy thoughts employ.

CCCCLV. (C. M.)

Remember me.

- 1 **O** THOU, from whom all goodness flows
I lift my heart to thee :
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 2 Whene'er on my poor burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me.
- 3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
To shake my faith in thee :
O give me strength, Lord as my day,
For good remember me.
- 4 When in desertion's dismal night,
Thy face I cannot see,

Then, Lord, arise with glorious light,
And still remember me.

- 5 The hour is near, consign'd to death,
I own thy just decree :
Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, "remember me."

CCCCLVI. (C. M.)

The Sorrow of Parting mitigated.

- 1 **L**ORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heav'nly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to leave the place.
- 2 But Father, since it is thy will,
That we must part again,
Yet let thy special presence still
With ev'ry one remain.
- 3 And let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we before the glorious throne
Shall joyful meet above.
- 4 There, void of all distracting pains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire,
But in seraphic, endless strains,
Redeeming love admire.
- 5 All sin and sorrow from each heart,
Shall then forever fly ;
Nor shall a thought that we must part
Once interrupt our joy.
- 6 And thus to all eternity
Upon the heavenly shore,
The great mysterious One in Three,
Jehovah, we'll adore.

CCCCLVII. (L. M.)

The Sun of Righteousness Invoked.

- 1 **G**REAT Sun of Righteousness, arise,
And chase the darkness from mine
Now let thy beams of glory shine, [eyes ;
And fill my soul with light divine.

- 2 While in this world of sin I dwell,
 Defend me from the pow'rs of hell ;
 Be thou a sun and shield to me,
 Till I shall dwell, my God, with thee.

CCCCLVIII. (S. M.)

A Prayer for the Spirit.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, come,
 Let thy bright beams arise ;
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
 The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin ;
 Then lead to Jesus' blood ;
 And to our wond'ring view reveal
 The secret love of God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith ;
 Our doubts and fears remove,
 And kindle in our breasts the flame
 Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,
 To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,
 And new create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts ;
 Our minds from bondage free ;
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love
 The Father, Son, and Three.

CCCCLIX. (L. M.)

The Stony Heart Lamented.

- 1 **O** FOR a glance of heav'nly day,
 To melt this stubborn stone away ;
 And thaw, with beams of love divine,
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
 The seas can roar, the mountains shake,
 Of feelings all things show some sign
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
 What but an adamant would melt ?

But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

- 4 Eternal Spirit, mighty God,
Apply within the Saviour's blood ;
'Tis his rich blood, and his alone,
Can move and melt this heart of stone.

CCCCLX. (L. M.)

The same.

- 1 **L**ORD, hear a burden'd sinner mourn,
Who gladly would to thee return ;
Thy tender mercies, O impart,
And take away this stony heart.
- 2 'Tis this hard heart which sinks me down,
Nor asks thy smile, nor fears thy frown ;
This causes all my woe and smart :
Lord, take away this stony heart.
- 3 'Tis this hard heart, my gracious Lord,
Which scorns thy love, and slights thy word ;
Which tempts me from thee to depart ;
Lord, take away this stony heart.
- 4 'Tis this hard heart which day by day
Would shut my mouth, nor let me pray ;
Yea, would from ev'ry duty start ;
Lord, take away this stony heart.
- 5 Sure the blest day will shortly come,
When this hard heart shall know its doom,
When I no more shall sin retain,
Nor of a stony heart complain.
-

THE FOLLOWING SHORT HYMNS TO BE
SUNG AT THE CLOSE OF MEETING.

CCCCLXI. (8, 7, 4.)

- 1 **L**ORD, before we leave thy temple,
Comfort ev'ry fainting heart ;

Assure us we shall reign in glory,

One with thee no more to part.

Reign in glory, &c.

Praising God with all the heart.

2 There, in sweet, triumphant splendour,

We shall all thy love explore,

And through one eternal sabbath

Shout thy name for evermore.

All in raptures, &c.

We shall wonder and adore.

CCCCLXII. (6, 8.) Delight.

Thee our wants are known,

From thee are all our pow'rs ;

Accept what is thine own,

And pardon what is ours :

Our praises, Lord, and pray'rs receive,

And to thy word a blessing give.

CCCCLXIII. (8, 7.)

1 **M**AY the grace of Christ, our Saviour

And the Father's boundless love,

With the holy Spirit's favour,

Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union,

With each other and the Lord ;

And possess, in sweet communion,

Joys which earth cannot afford.

CCCCLXIV. (L. M.)

Praise to the Trinity.

HAIL, Father ! hail, eternal Son !

Hail, sacred Spirit, Three in One !

Blessing and thanks, and pow'r divine,

Thrice holy Lord, be ever thine !

CCCCLXV. (8, 7.)

1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,

Bid us all depart in peace ;

Still on gospel manna feeding,

Pure, seraphic joys increase.

- 2 Fill each breast with consolation,
Up to thee our voices raise ;
When we reach thy blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

Chorus.

And sing hallelujah
To God and the Lamb,
Forever and ever—
Hallelujah, Amen.

CCCCLXVI. (8, 7, 4.)

- 1 **L**ORD vouchsafe to us thy blessing.
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us now, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
O refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration
For the Gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.
- 3 So whene'er the signal 's given,
Us from earth to call away ;
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey ;
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

CCCCLXVII. (S. M.) Double.

Serious Inquiries as to a Future State.

- 1 **A**ND am I born to die,
To lay this body down ?
And must this trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown ?
A world of darkest shade,
Unpierc'd by human thought,
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot ?

- 2 Soon as from earth I go,
 What will become of me?
 Eternal happiness or woe
 Must then my portion be.
 Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,
 I from my grave shall rise,
 To see the Judge in glory crown'd,
 And view the flaming skies.
- 3 How shall I leave the tomb?
 With triumph or regret?
 A fearful or a joyful doom,
 A curse or blessing meet?
 Shall angel-bands convey
 Their brother to the bar?
 Or devils drag my soul away,
 To meet its sentence there?
- 4 O thou who wouldst not have
 One mourning sinner die,
 Who died thyself that soul to save
 From endless misery!
 Shew me some way to shun
 Thy dreadful wrath severe—
 That when thou comest on thy throne,
 I may with joy appear.
- 5 Thou art thyself the way,
 Thyself in me reveal;
 So shall I spend my life's short day
 Obedient to thy will;
 So shall I love my God,
 Because he first lov'd me,
 And praise him in his bright abode,
 To all eternity.

CCCCLXVIII. (L. M.)

Self-abbhorrence, Fear, and Hope.

- 1 **I** AM a stranger here below,
 And what I am 'tis hard to know;
 I am so vile, so prone to sin,
 I fear that I'm not born again.
- 2 When I experience call to mind,
 My understanding is so blind—

- All feeling sense seems to be gone,
Which makes me think that I am wrong.
- 3 I find myself out of the way,
My thoughts are often gone astray ;
Like one alone I seem to be—
O ! is there any one like me ?
- 4 'Tis seldom I can ever see
Myself as I would wish to be :
What I desire I can't attain,
And what I hate I can't refrain.
- 5 So far from God I seem to lie—
Which makes me often weep and cry ;
I fear at last that I shall fall :
For if a saint, the least of all.
- 6 I seldom find a heart to pray,
So many things step in my way ;
Thus fill'd with doubts I ask to know,
Come, tell me, is it thus with you.
- 7 So by experience I do know,
There 's nothing good that I can do ;
I cannot satisfy the law,
Nor hope, nor comfort from it draw.
- 8 My nature is so prone to sin,
Which makes my duty so unclean,
That when I count up all the cost,
If not free grace, then I am lost.

CCCCLXIX. (7's.)

The important Point

- 1 **'T**IS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought ;
Do I love the Lord, or no ?
Am I his, or am I not ?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus ?
Why this dull and lifeless frame ?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name !
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove,

- Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love ?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within
All is dark, and vain, and wild :
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child ?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do ;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you ?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall ;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord ?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case !
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

CCCCLXX. (8's.)

Remaining Sin, and Reigning Grace.

- 1 **S**TRANGE and mysterious is my life,
What opposites I feel within !
A stable peace, a constant strife,
The rule of grace, the pow'r of sin .
Too often I am captive led,
Yet daily triumph in my Head.
- 2 I prize the privilege of pray'r,
But, oh ! what backwardness to pray !
Tho' on the Lord I cast my care,
I feel its burden ev'ry day ;

- I seek *his* will in all I do,
Yet find my own is working too.
- 3 I call the promises my own,
And prize them more than mines of gold;
Yet tho' their sweetness I have known,
They leave me unimpress'd and cold:
One hour upon the truth I feed,
The next I know not what I read.
- 4 I love the holy day of rest,
When Jesus meets his gathered saints;
Sweet day, of all the week the best!
For its return my spirit pants:
Yet often thro' my unbelief,
It proves a day of guilt and grief.
- 5 While on my Saviour I rely,
I know my foes shall lose their aim;
And therefore dare their pow'r defy,
Assur'd of conquest thro' his name:
But soon my confidence is slain,
And all my fears return again.
- 6 Thus diff'rent pow'rs within me strive,
And grace and sin by turns prevail;
I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive,
And vict'ry hangs in doubtful scale:
But Jesus has his promise past,
That grace shall overcome at last.

CCCCLXXI. (L. M.)

Assurance Sought under great Misgivings.

- 1 **(O)** HOW shall I myself assure,
That I am safe in Christ secure,
Or that I do in him believe,
And from him grace for grace receive?
- 2 When I with christians do compare
My daily exercise and prayer,
I seem to fall so far behind,
That gloomy fears o'erwhelm my mind.
- 3 I read the precious word of God,
Which Jesus ratify'd with blood;

- But while I read my fears arise,
And hide the promise from my eyes.
- 4 I go to meeting as the rest,
To hear and learn, and to be bless'd ;
But while they're comforted in bliss,
My heart's just like a rock of ice.
- 5 Or if I'm ever made to weep,
And weeping, rank with Jesus' sheep ;
Those comforts are but transient guests.
My blessings make but partial feasts.
- 6 Sometimes I seek some lonely place,
To muse, and pray for greater grace,
But there can only groan and sigh :
O what a wretched soul am I !
- 7 Others I hear say they have found
The Saviour precious all around ;
But I am mostly cold and dead,
Which often makes me sore afraid.
- 8 Some christians when they come to die,
Seem full of joy and long to fly ;
But I have oft a tortur'd mind,
Lest I shall then be left behind.
- 9 Come christians dear, of ev'ry tongue,
Whose hearts and lips agree in one,
Unfold the truth and let me know
If it indeed be so with you.
- 10 Are these the trials which you know ?
Is this the gloomy way you go ?
Come tell me quick for Jesus' sake,
Or my poor heart must surely break.

CCCCLXXII. (8's.)

Faith Triumphant over Unbelief.

- 1 **A** WAY, my unbelieving fear,
Fear shall in me no more have place,
My Saviour does not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face :
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield !

- No—in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.
- 2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleeting race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.
- 3 Barren although my soul remain,
And not one bud of grace appear;
No fruit of all my toil or pain,
But sin, and only sin is here;
Although my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off I see,
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he dy'd for me.
- 4 In hope believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim,
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jesus' name:
To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
My soul shall then outstrip the wind;
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

CCCCCLXXIII. (8's, 11.)

In Distress Longing for Deliverance.

- 1 **W**HILE sorrows encompass me round,
And endless distresses I see,
Astonish'd I cried, can a mortal be found,
Surrounded with troubles like me.
- 2 Few minutes in praise I enjoy,
And they're all succeeded by pain;
If a moment in praising of God I employ
I have hours again to complain.
- 3 O when shall my sorrows subside,
O when shall my sufferings cease!

- O when to the bosom of Christ be convey'd,
To the regions of glory and peace?
- 4 O may I, prepar'd for that day,
When Christ shall descend from above!
Be fill'd with his presence, go shouting away,
To the arms of my heavenly love.
- 5 The Spirit to glory convey'd,
My body laid low in the ground—
I wish not a tear on my grave to be shed,
But all join in praising around.
- 6 No sorrow be vented that day,
When Jesus has called me home,
But, singing and shouting, let each brother
say,
“*He's gone from the evil to come.*”

CCCCCLXXIV. (8, 7, 4.)

Sanctified Afflictions are Sweet

- 1 **I**N the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my fainting soul.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.
- 2 Thus, the lion yields me honey,
From the eater food is given,
Strengthen'd thus I still press forward,
Singing as I wade to heaven—
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
And my sins are all forgiv'n.
- 3 'Mid the gloom the vivid light'nings
With increasing brightness play,
'Mid the thorn-brake beauteous flowrets
Look more beautiful and gay:
Hallelujah, &c.
- 4 So, in darkest dispensations,
Doth my faithful Lord appear
With his richest consolations,
To reanimate and cheer;

Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Saviour near.

- 5 Floods of tribulation heighten,
Billows still around me roar,
Those that know not Christ—ye frighten;
But *my soul* defies your power.
Hallelujah, &c.
- 6 In the sacred page recorded
Thus the word securely stands,
“Fear not, I’m in trouble near thee,
“Nought shall pluck you from my hands.”
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Every word my love demands.
- 7 All I meet I find assists me
In my path to heavenly joy,
Where, though trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy.
Hallelujah, &c.
- 8 Wearing there a weight of glory
Still the path I’ll ne’er forget;
But, exulting, cry, it led me
To my blessed Saviour’s seat—
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Which has brought to Jesus’ feet.

CCCCLXXV. (8’s.)

Faith Cast Down, but not Destroyed.

- 1 **E**NCOMPASS’D with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine:
Dishearten’d with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load,
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease,
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The Rock that is higher than I;

Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice ;
 Thy presence is fair to behold ;
 Attend to my sorrows and cries,
 My groaning that cannot be told.

- 3 If sometimes I strive as I mourn,
 My hold of thy promise to keep,
 The billows more fiercely return,
 And plunge me again in the deep :
 While harass'd and cast from thy sight
 The tempter suggests with a roar,
 "The Lord has forsaken thee quite ;
 Thy God will be gracious no more."
- 4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd
 No covenant blessing for me,
 Ah, tell me, how is it I find
 Some pleasure in waiting for thee !
 Almighty to rescue thou art ;
 Thy grace is my shield and my tow'r ;
 Come succour and gladden my heart,
 Let this be the day of thy power

CCCCLXXVI. (8, 7, 4.)

Sad, yet Hoping.

- 1 **O** MY soul, what means this sadness ?
 Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?
 Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
 Bid thy restless fears be gone ;
 Look to Jesus,
 And rejoice in his dear name.
- 2 What though Satan's strong temptations
 Vex and grieve thee day by day ?
 And thy sinful inclinations
 Often fill thee with dismay !
 Thou shalt conquer,
 Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.
- 3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee ;
 From without and from within,
 Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
 But will save from hell and sin :
 He is faithful
 To perform his gracious word.

- 4 Though distresses now attend thee,
 And thou tread'st the thorny road,
 His right hand shall still defend thee ;
 Soon he'll bring thee home to God !
 Therefore praise him—
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.
- 5 O that I could now adore him
 Like the heav'nly host above,
 Who forever bow before him,
 And, unceasing, sing his love !
 Happy songsters !
 When shall I your chorus join !

CCCCLXXVII. (7's.)

Welcoming the Cross.

- 1 **T**IS my happiness below
 Not to live without the cross,
 But the Saviour's pow'r to know.
 Sanctifying ev'ry loss :
 Trials must and will befall ; -
 But—with humble faith to see
 Love inscrib'd upon them all—
 This is happiness to me.
- 2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
 Of affliction, pain, and toil ;
 These spring up and choke the weeds
 Which would else o'erspread the soil :
 Trials make the promise sweet ;
 Trials give new life to pray'r ;
 Trials bring me to his feet,—
 Lay me low, and keep me there.
- 3 Did I meet no trials here—
 No chastisement by the way—
 Might I not, with reason, fear
 I should prove a cast away ?
 Bastards may escape the rod,
 Sunk in earthly vain delight ;
 But the true-born child of God
 Must not—would not, if he might.

CCCCLXXVIII. (L. M.)

Christ's Presence Banishes Fear.

- 1 **I**N darkest hours and greatest grief,
A view of Christ gives joy and light ;
Among ten thousand he 's the chief,
He turns to day the darkest night.
- 2 When past offences me assail,
And Sinai's thunders loudest roar,
Then Jesus shows himself my bail,
And justice says, "I ask no more."
- 3 When sins again to mountains rise,
And fears like raging billows swell ;
Then Christ appears my sacrifice,
And sweetly whispers "all is well."
- 4 Then let me trust, nor yield to fear,
Though I in thickest darkness dwell ;
Since he, my Lord, is ever near,
The pow'rs of hell and sin to quell.

CCCCLXXIX. (L. M.)

The Days of Trouble are long and many.

- 1 **H**OW long and tedious are the days,
In which my Jesus does not show,
His smiling face, his cheering rays,
Nor give my soul his love to know.
- 2 In vain do all things here below,
Without my God attempt to give
That happiness I long to know ;
Without my God I cannot live.
- 3 Each day 's a year, each year 's an age,
When my Redeemer is withdrawn :
Then darkness and temptations rage,
And happiness ! a guest unknown.
- 4 But while my soul thus mourning lies,
And longs to see her Saviour's face ;
He speaks ; and at his voice I rise,
And in his strength pursue my race.

CCCCLXXX. (S. M.)

The Evils of the Heart Lamented.

- 1 **A**STONISH'D and distress'd
I turn mine eyes within ;
My heart with loads of guilt opprest,
The seat of every sin.
- 2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there !
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear.
- 3 Almighty King of saints,
These tyrant lusts subdue ;
Expel the darkness of my mind,
And all my pow'rs renew.
- 4 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise ;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise.

CCCCLXXXI. (C. M.)

The Path to Heaven lies through a Maze.

- 1 **L**ORD ! what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply ;
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
No streams of living joy.
- 2 Yet the dear path to thine abode,
Lies through this horrid land ;
Lord, we would keep the heavenly road,
And run at thy command.
- 3 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still ;
Forget the troubles of the way,
And reach at Sion's hill.
- 4 See the kind angels, at the gates,
Inviting us to come !
There Jesus the Forerunner waits
To welcome trav'lers home.

CCCCLXXXII. (C. M.)

Who are these ? and whence are they ?

- 1 **W**HAT poor despised company
Of travellers are these,
That 's walking yonder narrow way,
Along that rugged maze ?
- 2 *They all are of a royal line,
They're children of a king,
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And loud for joy they sing.*
- 3 Why do they then appear so mean ;
And why so much despis'd ?
*Because of their rich robes unseen,
The world are not aspiriz'd.*
- 4 Why some of them seem poor, distress'd,
And lacking daily bread ?
*Heirs of immortal wealth possess'd,
With hidden manna fed.*
- 5 Why do they shun that pleasant path,
Which worldlings love so well ?
*Because it is the road to death—
The certain way to hell.*
- 6 Why do they walk the narrow road,
Along that rugged maze ?
*Because this way their leader trod ;
They love and keep his ways.*
- 7 What is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground ?
*Christ is the only way to God—
No other can be found.*

CCCCLXXXIII. (C. M.)

A Christian's Changes.

- 1 **S**TRANGE that so much of heaven and
hell
Should in one bosom meet !
Lord, can thy Spirit ever dwell
Where Satan has a seat ?

- 2 Now I am all transform'd to love,
And could expire in praise ;
Anon, not all the joys above
One cheerful note can raise.
- 3 By faithless hopes and golden dreams,
I'm tortur'd or betray'd ;
Still toss'd between the two extremes,
Too vain, or two dismay'd.
- 4 Decide the dubious, awful case
By some assuring sign ;
And O, may thy all conqu'ring grace
Demonstrate I am thine.

CCCCLXXXIV. (7, 6.)

The same.

- 1 **M**IXTURES of joy and sorrow
I daily do pass through,
Sometimes I'm in a valley,
And sinking down with woe :
Sometimes I am exalted,
On eagles' wings I fly,
I rise above my troubles,
And hope to reach the sky.
- 2 Sometimes I'm full of doubting,
And think I have no grace,
Sometimes I'm full of praising,
When Christ reveals his face :
Sometimes my hope 's so little,
I think I'll throw it by,
Sometimes it seems sufficient,
If I were call'd to die.
- 3 Sometimes I shun the christian,
Lest he should talk to me,
Sometimes he is the neighbour
I long the most to see :
Sometimes we meet together,
The season 's dry and dull,
Sometimes we find a blessing,
With joy it fills my soul

- 4 Sometimes I am oppressed,
By Pharaoh's cruel hand ;
Sometimes I look o'er Jordan,
And view the promis'd land :
Sometimes I am in darkness,
Sometimes I'm in the light,
And then my soul is winged,
And upwards speeds its flight.
- 5 Sometimes I travel mourning,
Down Babel's ancient stream,
Sometimes my Lord's religion
Appears my only theme :
Sometimes when I am praying
It seems almost a task,
Sometimes I find a blessing,
The greatest I can ask.
- 6 Sometimes I read my Bible,
And 'tis a sealed book,
Sometimes I find a blessing,
Whene'er therein I look :
Sometimes I go to meeting,
And wish myself at home,
Sometimes I find my Saviour,
And then I'm glad I come.
- 7 Lord, why am I thus tossed,
Thus tossed to and fro ?
Why are my hopes thus crossed,
Where e'er I'm call'd to go ?
O Lord, thou never changest,
And 'tis because I stray ;
O grant me thine assistance,
And keep me in thy way.
- 8 O may thy counsels guide me,
And keep me while I live ;
In death be thou my portion,
And then my soul receive,
To praise my blessed Saviour,
And magnify his grace,
Bestow'd on such a sinner,
The chief of all the race.

- 9 There with the holy angels
 That stand around the throne,
 And saints of every nation,
 Our voices join'd in one,
 We'll sound aloud the praises
 Of our Redeemer, God,
 Who sav'd us by his sorrows,
 And wash'd us in his blood.

CCCCLXXXV. (L. M.)

Flesh and spirit in Struggle.

- 1 **H**OW sad and awful is my state !
 The very thing I do, I hate :
 When I to God draw near in pray'r,
 I feel the conflict even there !
- 2 I mourn, because I cannot mourn,
 I hate my sin yet cannot turn ;
 I grieve, because I cannot grieve,
 I hear the truth, but can't believe.
- 3 Yet Lord the blood which thou hast spilt
 Can make this rocky heart to melt ;
 Thy blood can make me clean within—
 Thy blood can pardon all my sin.
- 4 On this rich blood my faith is found,
 And on this hope I fix my ground ;
 Soon shall I reach th' eternal shore,
 Where doubts and fears prevail no more.

CCCCLXXXVI. (C. M.)

A Struggle between Sin and Holiness.

- 1 **W**HEN heaven does grant at certain
 times,
 Amidst a pow'rful gale,
 Sweet liberty to moan my crimes,
 And wand'rings to bewail—
- 2 Then do I dream my sinful brood
 Is drown'd in the wide main
 Of chrystal tears and crimson blood,
 And ne'er will live again.
- 3 I get my foes beneath my feet,
 I bruise the serpent's head ;

- I hope the vict'ry is complete,
And all my lusts are dead.
- 4 But ah, alas ! th' ensuing hour
My passions rise and swell :
They rage and reinforce their pow'r
With new recruits from hell.
- 5 Thus my whole life is nothing else
But heav'n and hell by turns :
My soul that now in Goshen dwells,
Anon in Egypt mourns.

CCCCLXXXVII. (L. M.)

Inconstancy Lamented.

- 1 **D**EAR Jesus, when, when shall it be
That I no more shall break with thee,
When will this war of passion cease,
And I enjoy a lasting peace ?
- 2 Here I repent, and sin again,
Sometimes revive, sometimes am slain ;
Slain with the same unhappy dart,
Which O, two often wounds my heart.
- 3 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee—
The fulness of thy promise prove,
And feast on thine eternal love ?

CCCCLXXXVIII. (S. M.)

I would, if I could.

- 1 **I** WOULD, but cannot sing,
I would, but cannot pray ;
For Satan meets me when I try
And frights my soul away.
- 2 I would, but can't repent,
Tho' I endeavour oft :
This stony heart can ne'er relent,
Till Jesus makes it soft.
- 3 I would, but cannot love,
Tho' woo'd by love divine ;
No arguments have pow'r to move
A soul so base as mine.

- 4 I would, but cannot rest,
 In God's most holy will ;
 I know what he appoints is best,
 Yet murmur at it still.

PAUSE.

- 5 O could I but believe !
 Then all would easy be ;
 I would, but cannot—(Lord relieve ;)
 My help must come from thee !
- 6 But if indeed I would,
 Tho' I can nothing do ;
 Yet the desire is something good,
 For which my praise is due.
- 7 By nature prone to ill,
 Till thine appointed hour ;
 I was as destitute of will,
 As now I am of pow'r.
- 8 Wilt thou not crown at length,
 The work thou hast begun ?
 And with a will afford me strength
 In all thy ways to run ?

CCCCLXXXIX. (C. M.)

The Exercises of Saints various.

- 1 **H**OW hard and rugged is the way
 To some poor pilgrim's feet !
 In all they do, or think, or say,
 They opposition meet.
- 2 Others again more smoothly go
 Secur'd from hurts and harms ;
 The Saviour leads them gently through,
 Or bears them in his arms.
- 3 *Faith* and *repentance* all must find :
 But yet we daily see,
 They differ in their time, and kind,
 Duration and degree.
- 4 Some long repent, and late believe—
 But when their sin's forgiv'n,

- A clearer passport they receive,
And walk with joy to heav'n.
- 5 Their pardon some receive at first ;
And then, compell'd to fight,
They feel their latter stages worst,
And travel much by night.
- 6 But be our conflicts short or long,
'This commonly is true,
'That wheresoever *faith* is strong,
Repentance is so too.

CCCCXC. (L. M.) Russia.

No Trust in Creatures.

- 1 **M**Y spirit looks to God alone ;
My rock and refuge is his throne ;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.
- 2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face ;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all sufficient aid.
- 3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity ;
Laid in the balance both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.
- 4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust ;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke ?
- 5 Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
" All pow'r is his eternal due ;
" He must be fear'd, and trusted too."
- 6 For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne ;
'Thy grace and justice, Mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

CCCCXCI. (7, 6.)

Longing for, and encouraging others in the Way to Heaven.

- 1 **O** WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And drink the flowing fountain
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in?
- 2 But now I am a soldier,
My captain's gone before,
Has given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear;
For since he's gain'd the vict'ry,
It to his own he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternally shall live.
- 3 Thro' grace I feel determin'd
To conquer tho' I die,
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly;
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them both adieu,
And you my friends prove faithful
And on your way pursue.
- 4 O do not be discourag'd,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll guide you to the end:
Neither will he upbraid you,
Tho' often you request,
But give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.
- 5 And if you meet with trials
And troubles by the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray:
Gird on the blessed armour,
Of faith, and truth, and love,

And when your race is ended,
He'll take you home above.

6 O then press on with courage,
To meet your dearest Lord,
He has a place prepared,
He tells us in his word,
For all who live uprightly,
And 'bedient to his will ;
Bright angels shall convey them
To the New Jerusalem.

7 And when my race is ended,
I'll go away to God,
And there I'll see my Jesus,
Who bought me with his blood :
I'll sit, and sing, and praise him,
For a crown he'll give to me,
And sing the song of free-grace,
To all eternity.

CCCCXCII. (6, 8.) Lenox.

The Beggar's Plea made before the Lord.

- 1 **E**NCOURAG'D by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door !
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.
- 2 The beggar's usual plea,
Relief from men to gain, —
If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou would'st disdain :
And pleas which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.
- 3 I have no right to say,
That though I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I possessed more :
Thou know'st that from my very birth,
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

- 4 Nor can I dare profess,
 As beggars often do,
 Tho' great is my distress,
 My wants have been but few :
 If thou should'st leave my soul to starve,
 It would be what I well deserve.
- 5 'Twere folly to pretend
 I never begg'd before ;
 Or if thou now befriend,
 I'll trouble thee no more :
 Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
 And often I must come again.
- 6 Tho' crumbs are much too good
 For such a dog as I,
 No less than children's food
 My soul can satisfy ;
 O do not frown and bid me go,
 I must have all thou canst bestow.
- 7 Nor can I willing be
 Thy bounty to conceal
 From others who, like me,
 Their wants and hunger feel :
 I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
 And try to send a thousand more.
- 8 Thy thoughts, thou only wise !
 Our thoughts and ways transcend,
 Far as the arched skies
 Above the earth extend ;
 Such pleas as mine, men would not hear,
 But God receives a beggar's pray'r.

CCCCXCIII. (8's.).

Christian Fortitude and Resignation.

- 1 **L**ONG have I view'd, long have I tho't,
 And trembling held this bitter draught,
 When only to my lips applied,
 Nature shrank in, my courage died ;
 But now resolv'd, and firm I'll be,
 Since, Lord, 'tis mixt and given by thee.

- 2 I'll trust my great physician's skill,
 What he prescribes can ne'er be ill ;
 For each disease he knows what's fit,
 He's wise and good, and I submit :
 No longer will I grieve or pine ;
 Thy pleasure 'tis, it shall be mine.
- 3 Thy med'cine puts me to great smart,
 Thou wound'st me in the tend'rest part,
 But 'tis with a design to cure,
 I must and will thy touch endure ;
 All that I priz'd below is gone,
 Yet Father, still thy will be done.
- 4 Since 'tis thy sentence I should part,
 With what was nearest to my heart,
 I freely that and more resign,
 Behold, my heart itself is thine :
 My little all I give to thee,
 Thou hast bestow'd thy Son on me.
- 5 He left true bliss and joy above,
 Empty'd himself of all but love ;
 For me he freely did forsake
 More than from me he e'er can take :
 A mortal life for a divine,
 He took, and did e'en that resign.
- 6 Take all, great God, I will not grieve,
 But still wish I had more to give ;
 I hear thy voice, thou bid'st me quit
 My paradise, and I submit ;
 I will not murmur at thy word,
 Nor beg thee to sheath up thy sword.

CCCCXCIV. (C. M.) Double.

Courage taken from the Approach of Death.

- 1 **M**Y span of life will soon be done,
 The passing moments say ;
 As length'ning shadows o'er the mead
 Proclaim the close of day.
 "O that my heart might dwell aloof
 "From all created things,"
 And learn that wisdom from above,
 Whence true contentment springs

- 2 Courage, my soul ! thy bitter cross,
 In ev'ry trial here,
 Shall bear thee to thy heav'n above,
 But shall not enter there.
 The sighing-ones, that humbly seek
 In sorrowing paths below,
 Shall in eternity rejoice,
 Where endless comforts flow.
- 3 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
 Of sublunary care,
 And life's dull vanities no more
 'This anxious breast ensnare.
 Courage, my soul ! on God rely;
 Deliv'rance soon will come !
 A thousand ways has providence,
 To bring believer's home.
- 4 Ere first I drew this vital breath,
 From nature's prison free,
 Crosses in number, measure, weight,
 Were written, Lord, for me.
 But thou my Shepherd, Friend, and Guide
 Hast kindly led me on,—
 Taught me to rest my fainting head
 On Christ the "corner stone."
- 5 So comforted and so sustain'd,
 With dark events I strove,
 And found them, rightly understood,
 All messengers of love :
 With silent and submissive awe,
 Ador'd a chastening God,—
 Rever'd the terrors of his law,
 And humbly kiss'd the rod.

CCCCXCV. (7, 6.)

The Lord is our Refuge and Strength.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is my Protector,
 To him I fly for aid ;
 My Refuge and Director ;
 Why is my heart afraid ?

I' though amid threat'ning danger,
 Oppress'd by many a care,
 My heart, be thou a stranger
 To unbelieving fear.

- 2 Thy God with love unceasing,
 His people will secure ;
 Their fainting strength increasing,
 He proves his promise sure.
 Oft at this baneful hour,
 'That teems with ev'ry ill,
 Faith manifests his pow'r,
 And bids the heart be still.
- 3 Though like a roaring lion
 The prince of darkness roam,
 The souls that dwell in Sion
 Have there a peaceful home.
 In vain the force of legions,
 All impotent their might ;
 Peace from the heavenly regions,
 Breaks through the gloom of night.
- 4 Some guardian spirit near me,
 Whose office is of love,
 Methinks is sent to cheer me
 With comfort from above :
 Or what 's this blest sensation,
 This gleam of cordial hope ?
 Kind tokens of salvation,
 That bear my spirits up ?
- 5 Yes—from their heav'nly places
 Commission'd angels fly,
 To cheer the Christian's graces,
 And raise his courage high.
 Oh pleasure past expressing !
 What rapture must be theirs,
 Who bring the cup of blessing
 That God himself prepares !

CCCCXCVI. (7's.) Double.

Mutual Encouragement.

- 1 **B**RETHREN, while we sojourn here ;
 Fight we must, but should not fear ;

Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
 One that loves us to the end.
 Forward then with courage go,
 Long we shall not dwell below ;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 " Child, your Father calls—come home."

2 In the way a thousand snares
 Lie, to take us unawares ;
 Satan with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded part ;
 But from Satan's malice free,
 Saints shall soon victorious be ;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 " Child, your Father calls—come home."

3 But, of all the foes we meet,
 None so oft mislead our feet ;
 None betray us into sin,
 Like the foes that dwell within.
 Yet, let nothing spoil your peace,
 Christ will also conquer these ;
 Then the joyful news will come,
 " Child, your Father calls—come home"

CCCCXCVII. (7, 6.)

The Christian and his Soul.

1 COME, my soul, and let us try,
 For a little season,
 Ev'ry burden to lay by—
 Come and let us reason.
 What is this that casts thee down ?
 Who are those that grieve thee ?
 Speak, and let the worst be known,
 Speaking may relieve thee.

SOUL.

2 Oh ! I sink beneath the load
 Of my nature's evil—
 Full of enmity to God ;
 Captiv'd by the devil ;
 Restless as the troubled seas,
 Feeble, faint, and fearful ;

Plagu'd with ev'ry sore disease—
How can I be cheerful?

CHRISTIAN.

- 3 Think on what thy Saviour bore
In the gloomy garden,
Sweating blood at ev'ry pore,
To procure thy pardon.
See him stretch'd upon the wood,
Bleeding, grieving, crying;
Suff'ring all the wrath of God
Groaning, gasping, dying.

SOUL.

- 4 This by faith I sometimes view,
And those views relieve me
But my sins return anew—
These are they that grieve me.
Oh! I'm lep'rous, stinking, foul,
Quite throughout infected;
Have not I, if any soul,
Cause to be dejected?

CHRISTIAN.

- 5 Think how loud thy dying Lord
Cried out, "*It is finish'd*;"
Treasure up that sacred word
Whole and undiminish'd.
Doubt not—he will carry on,
To its full perfection,
That good work he has begun:
Why then this dejection?

SOUL.

- 6 Faith, when void of works is dead •
This the Scriptures witness;
And what works have I to plead,
Who am all unfitness?
All my powers are deprav'd,
Blind, perverse, and filthy;
If from death I'm fully sav'd,
Why am I not healthy?

CHRISTIAN.

- 7 Pore not on thyself too long,
 Lest it sink thee lower ;
 Look to Jesus kind as strong,
 Mercy join'd with pow'r.
 Ev'ry work that thou must do,
 Will thy gracious Saviour
 For thee work, and *in* thee too,
 Of his special favour.

SOUL.

- 8 Jesus' precious blood once spilt,
 I depend on solely,
 To release and clear my guilt—
 But I would be holy.

CHRIS. He that bought thee on the cross
 Can control thy nature ;
 Fully purge away thy dross—
 Make thee a new creature.

SOUL.

- 9 That he can I nothing doubt,
 Be it but his pleasure.—

CHRIS. Though it be not done throughout,
 May it not in measure ?

SOUL. When that measure, far from great,
 Still shall seem decreasing ?

CHRIS. Faint not then—but pray, and wait,
 Never, never ceasing.

SOUL.

- 10 What when pray'r meets no regard ?

CHRIS. Still repeat it often.

SOUL. But I feel myself so hard—

CHRIS. Jesus will thee soften.

SOUL. But my enemies make head—

CHRIS. Let them closer drive thee ;

SOUL. But I'm cold, I'm dark, I'm dead—

CHRIS. Jesus will revive thee.

CCCCXCVIII. (C. M.)

Sanctified afflictions our best Mercies.

- 1 **T**HY people, Lord, have ever found
 'Tis good to bear thy rod ;
 Afflictions make us learn thy will,
 And live upon our God.
- 2 'This is the comfort we enjoy,
 When new distress begins :
 We read thy word, we run thy way,
 And hate our former sins.
- 3 Thy judgments, Lord, are always right,
 Though they may seem severe ;
 The sharpest suff'rings we endure,
 Flow from thy faithful care.
- 4 Before we knew thy chast'ning rod,
 Our feet were apt to stray ;
 But now we learn to keep thy word,
 Nor wander from thy way.

CCCCXCIX. (C. M.)

Ye believe in God, believe also in me.

- 1 **L**ET not your hearts within you grieve,
 My dear beloved friends,
 Ye trust in God—in me believe,
 For I have borne your pains.
- 2 Home to my Father's house I go,
 Where many mansions are ;
 I go before, and in your name,
 Your seats of bliss prepare.
- 3 When I your mansions have prepar'd,
 I'll come to you again,
 And take you to my blissful arms,
 For ever to remain.
- 4 Where I am bound is endless day,
 And I'm th' appointed road ;
 I am the truth and living way,
 By which you come to God.

D. (L. M.)

Despair prevented by Faith.

- 1 **L**ORD, didst thou die, but not for me ?
Am I forbid to trust thy blood ?
Is not thy mercy rich and free,
Seal'd in the kind atoning flood ?
- 2 Who then shall drive my trembling soul
From thee, to regions of despair ?
Who has survey'd the sacred roll,
And found my name not written there ?
- 3 Presumptuous thought ! to fix the bound—
To limit mercy's sov'reign reign :
What other happy souls have found,
I'll seek ; nor shall I seek in vain.
- 4 Lord, at thy feet I'll cast me down,
To thee reveal my guilt and fear ;
And if thou spurn me from thy throne
I'll be the first who perish'd there.

DI. (P. M.)

The final Farewell.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, dear Friends, I must be
gone,
I have no home nor stay with you,
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world can view :
Farewell, farewell, farewell,
My loving friends, farewell.
- 2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal's care or bliss ;
I leave you here and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is :
Farewell, &c.
- 3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love ;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above :
Farewell, &c.
- 4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heav'n,

You've counted all things here out dross—
 Fight on, the crown shall soon be giv'n !
 Fight on, fight on, fight on,
 The crown shall soon be giv'n.

5 Farewell, ye younger saints of God,
 Sore conflicts yet may wait for you ;
 Yet dauntless keep the heav'nly road,
 Till Canaan's happy land you view :
 Farewell, &c.

6 Farewell, poor careless sinners, too,
 It grieves my heart to leave you here ;
 Eternal vengeance waits for you—
 O turn and seek salvation here ;
 O turn, O turn, O turn,
 And seek salvation here.

DII. (L. M.)

Faith in Darkness gives Consolation.

- 1 **A** MID the dark, the dismal scene,
 If I can say the Lord is mine,
 The joy shall triumph o'er the pain,
 And glory dawn, though life decline.
- 2 The God of my salvation lives ;
 My nobler life he will sustain ;
 His word immortal vigour gives,
 Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.
- 3 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart
 Though ev'ry earthly comfort die ;
 Thy smile can bid my pain depart,
 And raise my sacred pleasures high.
- 4 O let me hear thy blissful voice,
 Inspiring life and joys divine !
 The barren desert shall rejoice.
 'Tis Paradise if thou art mine !

DIII. (C. M.)

Hope encourages.

- 1 **A** THOUSAND promises are wrote
 In characters of blood ;
 And those emphatic lines denote
 The ever faithful God.

- 2 Thro' these sweet promises I range,
And (blessed be his name !)
'Tho' I, a fickle mortal, change,
His love is still the same.
- 3 Grace, like a fountain ever flows,
Fresh succours to renew :
The Lord my wants and weakness knows,
My sins and sorrows too.
- 4 'Tis he directs my doubtful ways,
When dangers line the road ;
Here I mine Ebenezer raise,
And trust a gracious God.

DIV. (C. M.)

Good Hope through Grace.

- 1 COME humble souls, ye mourners, come,
And wipe away your tears :
Adieu to all your sad complaints,
Your sorrows and your fears.
- 2 Come shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love :
Soon shall you join the glorious theme
In loftier strains above.
- 3 God th' eternal, mighty God,
To dearer name descends :
Calls you his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.

DV. (6, 8.) Lenox.

Who can tell?

- 1 GREAT God ! to thee I make
My wants and sorrows known ;
And with an humble hope
Approach thine awful throne ;
Though by my sins deserving hell,
I'll not despair, for who can tell ?
- 2 To thee who by a word
My drooping soul canst cheer
And by thy Spirit form
Thy glorious image there !

My foes subdue, my fears dispel,
I'll daily seek, for who can tell?

- 3 In danger or distress,
To thee alone I fly;
Implore thy pow'rful help,
And at thy footstool lie:
My case bemoan, my wants reveal,
And patient wait, for who can tell?
- 4 My heart misgives me oft,
And conscience storms within;
One gracious look from thee,
Will make it all serene:
Satan suggests that I shall dwell
In endless flames; but who can tell?
- 5 Curst unbelief, begone,
Ye doubts, fly swift away:
God hath an ear to hear,
While I've a heart to pray:
If he be mine, all will be well,
For ever so, and who can tell?

DVI. (L. M.)

Resolving to look again.

- 1 **S**EE a poor sinner, dearest Lord,
Whose soul encourag'd by thy word,
At mercy's footstool would remain,
And there would look, and look again.
- 2 How oft deceiv'd by self and pride,
Has my poor heart been turn'd aside,
And Jonah-like, has fled from thee,
'Till thou hast look'd again on me.
- 3 Take courage then my trembling soul;
One look from Christ will make thee whole;
Trust thou in him, 'tis not in vain,
But wait, and look, and look again.
- 4 That wish'd for period soon will come,
When I shall reach my blissful home!
And when to glory I attain,
(O then I'll look, and look again.

DVII. (6, 4.) Delight. Bethesda.

God, our Guardian, never sleeps.

- 1 **U**PWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made.
God is the tow'r
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.
- 2 My feet shall never slide,
Nor fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep,
Shall Isr'el keep,
When dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heat by day,
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there.
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.
- 4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath.
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
'Till from on high
Thou call me home.

DVIII. (8's.) Greenfield.

God is our Refuge in Trouble.

- 1 **G**OD is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press;
In him undaunted we'll confide:

- Though earth were from her centre tost,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.
- 2 A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high :
God dwells in Sion, whose fair tow'rs
Shall mock th' assaults of earthy pow'rs,
While his Almighty aid is nigh.
- 3 In tumults when the heathen rag'd,
And kingdom's war against us wag'd,
He thunder'd and dispers'd their pow'rs !
The Lord of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
Our Father's Guardian-God and ours.
- 4 Come see the wonders he hath wrought,
On earth what desolation brought,
How he has calm'd the jarring world :
He broke the warlike spear and bow ;
With them the thundering chariots too
Into devouring flames were hurl'd.
- 5 Submit to God's Almighty sway ;
For him the heathen shall obey,
And earth her sov'reign Lord confess :
The God of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress.

DIX. (C. M.) Ps. 34.

Trust in God at all times.

- 1 **T**HRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy ;
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all, who are distress,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just :

Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

- 4 Oh, make but trial of his love!—
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints! and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,—
Your wants shall be his care.
- 6 While hungry lions lack their prey,
The Lord will food provide
For such as put their trust in him,
And see their needs supply'd.

DX. (L. M.)

Past Mercies acknowledged, and future ones sought.

- 1 **T**HIS morning let my praise arise,
To Him that all my wants supplies,
He has preserv'd me all the night,
To see once more this morning light.
- 2 May I this day, by grace pursue
The work design'd for me to do;
And when my work on earth is done,
May angels bear my spirit home;—
- 3 There to behold my Saviour's face,
And praise his rich, redeeming grace;
And through a long eternity,
Give praise to the eternal THREE.

DXI. (S. M.)

The Sun in its Course a Christian Mentor.

- 1 **S**EE how the mountain sun
Pursues his shining way,
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every brightening ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly parent sing.
And to its great original
The humble tribute bring.

- 3 Serene I laid me down
 Beneath his guardian care ;
 I slept, and I awoke, and found
 My kind preserver near !
- 4 O how shall I repay
 'The bounties of my God ?
 'This feeble spirit pants beneath
 'The pleasing painful load.
- 5 Dear Saviour, to thy cross
 I bring my sacrifice ;
 'Ting'd with thy blood, it shall ascend
 With fragrance to the skies.
- 6 My life I would anew
 Devote, O Lord, to thee ;
 And in thy service I would spend ;
 A long eternity.

DXII. (L. M.)

The same.

- 1 **G**OD of the morning at whose voice
 The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
 And like a giant doth rejoice
 'To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east
 The circuit of his race begins,
 And without weariness or rest,
 Round the whole earth he flies and shines
- 3 O like the sun may I fulfil
 'Th' appointed duties of the day,
 With ready mind, and active will,
 March on, and keep my heavenly way.
- 4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
 And then receive me to thy bliss ;
 All my desires and hopes beside,
 Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

DXIII. (S. M.)

Desiring to emulate Nature in Praise.

- 1 **A**Lmighty Maker, God !
 How wond'rous is thy name !

Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Through the creation's frame.

- 2 Nature in ev'ry dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thy undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too,
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.
- 4 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God, my soul ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

DXIV. (L. M.)

Morning Praise.

- 1 **B**EGIN, my soul, thy morning song,
Let thankfulness inspire thy tongue !
The kindness of thy God proclaim,
And tell the wonders of his name.
- 2 Sing how his hand thy life defends,
And for thy guard his angel sends:
In grateful praise his name adore,
Till fleeting days shall be no more.
- 3 Yes, O my God, thy glorious name,
My soul shall through the day proclaim ;
I'll bear thy kindness on my heart,
While ev'ry pow'r performs its part.

DXV. (C. M.)

It is good to praise God early in the Morning.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, my morning song
To thee I cheerful raise ;
Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.
- 2 When sleep, death's image o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.

- 3 O let the same almighty care
 Through all this day attend :
 From ev'ry danger, ev'ry snare,
 My heedless steps defend.
- 4 Smile on my minutes as they roll
 And guide my future days ;
 And let thy goodness fill my soul
 With gratitude and praise.

DXVI. (L. M.)

The Being of God bespoke every Morning.

- 1 **T**HERE is a God, all nature speaks,
 Through earth, and air, and seas, and
 skies ;
 See from the clouds his glory breaks,
 When the first beams of morning rise.
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
 O'er the wide world's extended frame,
 Inscribes in characters of light,
 His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 The flow'ry tribes all blooming rise,
 Above the weak attempts of art ;
 The smallest worms, the meanest flies,
 Speak sweet conviction to the heart.
- 4 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
 And trace creation's wonders o'er,
 Confess the footsteps of the God—
 Bow down, before him, and adore.

DXVII. (L. M.)

The Sabbath Morning.

- 1 **C**OME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
 Come bear our thoughts from earth
 away :
 Now let our noblest passions rise
 With ardour to their native skies.
- 2 Come Holy Spirit, all divine,
 With rays of light upon us shine ;
 And let our waiting souls be blest
 On this sweet day of sacred rest.

- 5 Then when our sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransom'd we shall spend
A sabbath which shall never end.

DXVIII. (C. M.)

Another.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join in sweet accord
In hymns around the throne ;
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and call'd his own.
- 2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the sev'n ;
Type of that everlasting rest,
The saints enjoy in heaven.

DXIX. (C. M.)

Another.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of sabbaths let us praise,
In concert with the blest ;
And in most sweet harmonious lays,
Employ this day of rest.
- 2 O may we still remember thee,
And more in knowledge grow ;
And may we more of glory see,
While waiting here below.
- 3 On this sweet day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd
By God th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.
- 4 He rises, who our souls had bought
With blood, and grief, and pain ;
'Twas great to speak the world from nought—
'Twas greater to redeem.

DXX. (C. M.) Montgomery.

Another.

- 1 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face,

- My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath the burning sky.
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink, or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r,
Through all thy temple shine ;
My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,
That vision so divine.
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast,
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

DXXI. (L. M.) Bridgewater.

Another.

- 1 **S**WEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and
sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

DXXII. (C. M.) Walsall.

Morning Prayer.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear,
My voice ascending high

- To thee will I direct my pray'r,
 To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
 To plead for all his saints,
 Presenting at his Father's throne
 Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness !
 Make ev'ry path of duty straight
 And plain before my face.

DXXIII. (C. M.)

Morning and Evening Prayer and Praise.

- 1 **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day
 Salutes thy waking eyes :
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
 To him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats ;
 The day renews the sound,
 Wide as the heav'n on which he sits,
 To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame ;
 My tongue shall speak his praise ;
 My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
 And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
 Whilst I enjoy the light ;
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a pleasant night.

DXXIV. (L. M.)

Another.

- 1 **M**Y God, accept my early vows,
 Like morning incense in thine house,
 And let my nightly worship rise
 Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice.
- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord
 From ev'ry rash and heedless word ;
 Nor let my feet incline to tread
 The guilty path where sinners lead.

- 3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way !
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
- 4 When I behold them press'd with grief,
I'll cry to heav'n for their relief ;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

DXXV. (L. M.)

Another.

- 1 **M**Y God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new ;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.
- 3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

DXXVI. (S. M.) Florida.

Another.

- 1 **L**ET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death ,
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light,
I seek his blessings ev'ry noon,
And pay my vows at night.
- 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.
- 4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,

They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

DXXVII. (7's.)

Mercies incessant.

- 1 **T**HRO' the wisdom of the skies,
We receive enlighten'd eyes,
To discern the sacred way,
And enjoy celestial day.
- 2 Heav'nly peace revives our hearts,
And its influence still imparts;
Oft reviving pleasures felt,
Cause our flinty hearts to melt.
- 3 Thus we go from strength to strength,
Travel all the road at length,
Till we reach fair Zion's hill,
Swallow'd up in Jesus' will!
- 4 Then around the throne we'll sit,
And embrace our Jesus' feet,
Celebrate the praise of God,
Who redeem'd us by his blood.

DXXVIII. (C. M.)

Morning Praise.

- 1 **W**ITH morning light let us rejoice,
And lift our voices high,
And sing to God with heart and voice,
Till it ascends the sky.
- 2 Praise to the God that rules the night,
And guards us while we sleep,
Praise to the God that brings the light,
And guides our wandering feet.

DXXIX. (7's.)

Morning Prayer.

- 1 **I**N the morning let us pray,
For the grace that helps all day,
Lest we should by evils press'd,
Leave the path-way of 'he bless'd.

- 2 That we may in ev'ry ill,
Know and do his sov'reign will,
And thro' all our various care,
Feel his Spirit's constant cheer.
- 3 'Then when gloomy night comes on,
And we all our work have done,
We will lay us down to rest,
As on Jesus' loving breast.

DXXX. (7's.)

Hourly dependence.

- 1 **I**N the morning of the day,
Let us haste to sing and pray ;
For our God deserves the first,
Of our service, and the best.
- 2 We are bound in love to him ;
Let us flee from ev'ry sin,
'Through the whole of ev'ry day
For his graces, praise and pray.
- 3 On the resurrection day,
So may we our God survey,
And to all eternity
Join to praise the sacred Three.

DXXXI. (C. M.)

Praise God in the morning.

- 1 **C**OME let us lift our voices high
And form a sacred song,
To him who rules the earth and sky,
And does our days prolong.
- 2 Who through the night gave us to rest ;
This morning cheer'd our eyes,
And with the thousands of the bless'd
In health made us to rise.
- 3 Early to God we'll send our prayer—
Make haste to pray and praise !
That he may make our good his care,
And guide us all our days.
- 4 And when the night of death comes on,
And we shall end our days !

May his rich grace the theme prolong,
Of his eternal praise.

DXXXII. (P. M.)

The Christian's Nightly Song.

- 1 **I**'LL sing my Saviour's grace,
And his sweet name I'll praise,
While in this land of sorrow I remain
My sorrow soon shall end,
And then my soul ascend, [pain.
Where freed from trouble, sorrow, sin, and
- 2 A pilgrim here below,
While in this vale of woe,
An exile banish'd, wandering I rove :
My days in sorrow roll,
And then my weary soul,
In earnest longings pants to mount above.
- 3 Though few my days have been,
Much sorrow I have seen,
And deep afflictions I have waded thro' :
But thorny is the way
Unto eternal day—
Then forward will I press and onward go.
- 4 Another day is gone,
And yon declining sun
Hath veil'd its radiant beams in sable shades
And gloomy darkness reigns,
O'er the extensive plains,
And silence, awful silence, clothes the main.
- 5 Thus swiftly flies away
Ev'ry succeeding day,
And life's declining light draws to a close ;
And long life's setting sun,
Will soon in death go down,
And lay my weary dust in calm repose.
- 6 Then happy, sweet surprise—
And what new wonders rise, [clay .
When freed from this dull, crazy, cumbrous
On eagles' wings of love,
I then shall mount above,
And find a passage to eternal day.

- 7 Then, O the glorious sight !
 What sweet, supreme delight,
 Will strike my ravish'd soul when I behold !
 When Salem's gates I see,
 Wide open fly to me, [gold!
 With streets of glitt'ring, pure, transparent
- 8 But O ! and shall I then,
 Behold the friend of men, [me ?
 The man who suffer'd, groan'd, and died for
 Who bore my load of sin,
 Of sorrow, grief and pain,
 To make me happy and to set me free.
- 9 To living fountains then,
 And to rich pastures green,
 And trees of Paradise he'll lead his lambs :
 While millions fall around,
 Prostrated on the ground,
 And at his footstool cast their starry crowns.
- 10 Ye heav'nly arches ring,
 Sing, hallelujah, sing !
 Hail holy, holy, holy, bleeding Lamb !
 Once we were dead in sin,
 But now we live again—
 Sing glory, glory, glory to the Lamb.

DXXXIII. (S. M.)

The Night an Emblem of Death.

- 1 **T**HE day is past and gone ;
 The evening shades appear ;
 Oh ! may we all remember well
 The night of death is near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
 Upon our beds to rest,
 So death will soon disrobe us all
 Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord keep us safe this night,
 Secure from all our fears,
 Beneath the pinions of thy love,
 'Till morning light appears.

- 4 And when we early rise,
 And view th' unclouded sun,
 May we set out to win the prize,
 And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,
 And we from time remove,
 O ! may we in thy bosom rest—
 The bosom of thy love.

DXXXIV. (L. M.)

Mercies are new every Evening.

- 1 **T**HUS far the Lord hath led me on,
 Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
 And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
 But he forgives my follies past,
 He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 In vain the sons of earth or hell
 Tell me a thousand frightful things ;
 My God in safety makes me dwell,
 Beneath the shadow of his wings

DXXXV. (L. M.)

An Evening Song.

- 1 **G**REAT God, to thee my ev'ning song
 With humble gratitude I raise ;
 O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
 And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days unclouded as they pass,
 And ev'ry gentle rolling hour,
 Are monuments of wond'rous grace,
 And witness to thy love and pow'r.
- 3 Let this best hope my eyelids close,
 With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
 Safe in thy care may I repose,
 And wake with praises to thy name.

DXXXVI. (L. M.)

Another.

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 O may my soul on thee repose ,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

DXXXVII. (C. M.)

Evening Prayer and Praise.

- 1 **D**READ Sov'reign, let my ev'ning song
Like holy incense rise ;
Assist the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around ;
But O, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found !
- 3 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.
- 4 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest ;
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

DXXXVIII. (C. M.)

An Evening Psalm.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray ,
I am forever thine ;
I fear before thee all the day ;
Nor would I dare to sin.

- 2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and bus'ness free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee
- 3 I pay this ev'ning sacrifice ;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace
I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

DXXXIX. (C. M.)

Another.

- 1 **L**ORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise ;
Not all the sands that spread the shore,
'To equal numbers rise.
- 2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill ;
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.
- 3 These on my heart by night I keep :
How kind, how dear to me !
Oh ! may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee.

DXL. (L. M.)

Evening of the Lord's Day.

- 1 **L**ORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee ;
At once they sing, at once they pray—
They hear of heaven and learn the way
- 2 I have been there, and still would go :
'Tis like a little heav'n below :
Not all that hell or sin can say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O write upon my mem'ry Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word :

That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

- 4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

DXLI. (C. M.)

Another.

- 1 **F**REQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quick'ning beams ;
And yet how slow devotion burns—
How languid are its flames.
- 2 Accept my faint attempts to love,
My frailties, Lord, forgive ;
I would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while I live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, my faith and hope.
And fit me to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
And Sabbaths never end.

DXLII. (7's.)

The Planets Praise God by Night.

- 1 **N**IGHTLY to the list'ning ear
All the planets in their sphere,
Sing aloud their Maker's praise,
In their solemn silent lays.
- 2 Now may we rejoin their song,
And the sacred theme prolong ;
Praising God with tuneful voice.
While we make a joyful noise.
- 3 We his goodness sure have seen,
He with us this day has been ;
And we now must give him praise
For his goodness all our days.
- 4 May we praise him while we live,
And in death him praises give ;
And may our eternal days
Be his high eternal praise.

DXLIII. (7's.)

Another.

- 1 **N**OW the gloomy night comes on,
 Let us still repeat our song :
 Gratitude requires a lay,
 For the blessings of the day.
- 2 We have much this day enjoy'd,
 While our hands have been employ'd,
 Or, we should not, as we be,
 Bless'd with life and liberty.
- 3 O may he, who thus has bless'd,
 And who nightly gives us rest,
 On the resurrection morn,
 Let his glories on us dawn !

DXLIV. (C. M.) Double.

Perplexed, but not in Despair.

- **O**H ! once I had a glorious view
 Of my redeeming Lord !
 He said, "I'll be a God to you"—
 And I believ'd his word :
 But now I have a deeper stroke,
 Than all my groanings are :
 My God has me of late forsook—
 He's gone, I know not where.

Chorus.

- O that I knew the sacred place,
 Where I might find my God !
 I'd bow before his gracious face,
 And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 O what immortal joys I felt,
 On that celestial day,
 When my hard heart began to melt,
 By love dissolv'd away .
 But my complaint is bitter now,
 For all my joys are gone ;
 I've stray'd !—I'm left !—I know not how
 The light's from me withdrawn.

- 3 Once I could joy the saints to meet,
 To me they were most dear ;
 I then could stoop to wash their feet,
 And shed a joyful tear :
 But now I meet them as the rest,
 And with them joyless stay ;
 My conversation 's spiritless ;
 Or else I've nought to say.
- 4 I once could mourn o'er dying men,
 And long'd their souls to win ;
 I travail'd for their poor children,
 And warn'd them of their sin :
 But now my heart 's so carelsss grown
 Although they're drown'd in vice,
 My bowels o'er them cease to yearn—
 My tears have left mine eyes.
- 5 I forward go in duty's way,
 But can't perceive him there ;
 Then backwards on the road I stray,
 But cannot find him there :
 On the left hand, where he doth work,
 Among the wicked crew,
 And on the right, I find him not,
 Among the favour'd few.
- 6 What shall I do?—shall I lie down,
 And sink in deep despair?
 Will he forever wear a frown,
 Nor hear my feeble pray'r?
 No ! he will put his strength in me,
 He knows the way I've stroll'd ;
 And when I'm tried sufficiently,
 I shall come forth as gold.

DLXV. (8, 7.)

Decline Lamented, and a Revival Sought.

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation ;
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again :
 Lord, revive us,
 All our help must come from thee !

- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest for want of thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant should'droop and die :
Lord, &c.
- 3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green ;
Then thy words our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen !
Lord, &c.
- 4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see ;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee :
Lord, &c.
- 5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth ?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth ?
Lord, &c.
- 6 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below ;
Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show :
Lord, &c.
- 7 Yonder plants—the sight how pleasant !—
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood ;
But they cause us grief at present ;
Frosts have nipt them in the bud.
Lord, &c.
- 8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again ;
O ! permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain :
Lord, &c.
- 9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in pray'rs :

Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares :
 Lord, &c

- 10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
 And begin from this good hour
 To revive thy work afresh :
 Lord revive us,
 All our help must come from thee !

DXLVI. (9, 8.)

The Backslider Humbled.

- 1 **M**Y soul with Zion claims salvation,
 By the dear passion of my Lord
 May a backslider *on thee* venture,
 Although *from thee* he hears no word !
 King Jesus, Master, may a sinner
 Be partaker of a crumb,
 Though long an alien from his brethren,
 While they in pleasure feast at home !
- 2 Lord Jesus answer, kind Redeemer !
 I have no other friend to greet :
 Lord, don't conceal a moving bowel—
 Here lies a rebel at thy feet.
 Ye rocks, which shade me in the valley,
 Ye hills, which hide me in the grove,
 Witness my weeping soul's in mourning.
 It feels the ills of absent love.
- 3 I mourn in sackcloth, like a widow,
 A lonesome sparrow—woe is me !
 I call on Jesus my Beloved,
 But like a stranger—where is he ?
 I'll turn my asking into seeking,
 And then I'll knock at heaven's gate ;
 Is my Beloved here concealed ?
 Give ear, kind pow'rs, where is my mat.
- 4 I seek a refuge from the deluge
 Of a huge tempestuous main ;
 Temptations *fiery* daily tear me,
 No *inn* to cheer me on the plain ;

Lord Jesus hasten, quickly save me—
 O Christ have pity, come away !
 Thou alone canst make me happy ;
 Thy kingdom come, make no delay

- 5 Since I am thine, both soul and body
 And all that doth to me belong,
 Then drive from me both sin and Satan,
 The flesh and world with all their throng
 Lord, since I am thy son and servant,
 Let not these monsters me annoy,
 But send the Spirit of adoption,
 That I may *Abba Father cry*.

DXLVII. (L. M.)

The Penitential Cries of a Backslider.

- 1 **O** GREAT Jehovah, God of love,
 Look down in pity from above,
 On me whose heart is careless grown,
 Who walks in darkness all forlorn ;
Show pity, Lord, and draw me home,
Without thy grace I cannot come.
- 2 O that thy quick'ning grace may raise
 My falt'ring tongue to sing thy praise !
 O that thy smiles once more may cheer
 My fainting soul, just in despair !
Show pity, &c.
- 3 Oh ! once my God was my delight,
 I sang his praises day and night :
 But now, O now, this is my grief,
 My soul is full of unbelief.
Show pity, &c.
- 4 Oh ! once I thought I had a view
 Of Jesus, and his sufferings too,
 Applied to pardon all my sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean.
Show pity, &c.
- 5 But now my soul is in the dark—
 Of light I scarcely have a spark :

Which makes me fear I'm void of grace,
And to condole my helpless case.

Show pity, &c.

- 6 The earnest of thy Spirit give ;
Lord, make me in thy precepts live :
Among thy saints I'd spend my days,
And to thy name give lasting praise.
*Show pity, Lord, and make me blest,
Without thy grace I cannot rest.*

DXLVIII. (P. M.)

The Backslider's Prayer.

- 1 **J**ESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep ;
False to thee, *like Peter*, I
Would fain like Peter weep ;
Let me be by grace restor'd,
On me be all its freeness shown :
*Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.*
- 2 Saviour, Prince enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart ;
Give what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy love unknown :
Turn, &c
- 3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die ;
Life, and happiness and love
Smile in thy gracious eye.
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down :
Turn, &c.
- 4 For thy own compassion's sake,
Thy gracious wonder show ;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow ;

By thy Spirit and thy Word,
May I, O Christ, myself bemoan :

Turn, &c.

- 5 Look, as when thy eye pursu'd
The first apostate man ;
Saw him welt'ring in his blood,
And bade him live again ;
Speak my paradise restor'd,
And save me by thy grace alone

Turn, &c.

- 6 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was clos'd, that we might live ;
" Father, (at the point to die
My Saviour gasp'd) forgive !" [done !]"
Surely with that dying word,
He turns and looks, and cries, " 'Tis
O, my loving, bleeding Lord,
This breaks my heart of stone.

DXLIX. (11's.)

An Apostate Minister's Lamentation.

- 1 **M**Y thoughts are inditing of some solemn
theme,
My pen sets to writing of the doleful scene ;
It is of poor Zion in her deep distress,
'Thro' her disobedience, and mine I confess.
- 2 I now with reluctance, see what I have been,
When I stood in public, loud crying down
sin ;
Had zeal for God's glory, and sounded his
law,
While thousands attended with rev'rence
and awe.
- 3 The way of salvation, I then did proclaim,
Invited to Jesus the blind and the lame ;
The hungry and thirsty received his grace,
And came into Zion all running apace.
- 4 I now am dejected, by men set at naught,
And in deep affliction acknowledge my
fault ;

I've been disobedient, I humbly must own,
Now blaspheming sinners throw at me a
stone.

- 5 The clouds of desertion before me arise,
And hide the bless'd fountain from my weep-
ing eyes ;
I would it were with me as in ancient days,
When the candle of heaven shone on me a
blaze.
- 6 O had I the wings of a dove, I would fly
To some foreign desert, and there peaceably
Take some secure shelter, till the stormy
blast,
Of reproach and slander is over and past.
- 7 The proud and self-righteous hold me in dis-
dain,
While many are crying, religion is vain ;
But mistaken notions will Jesus dispel,
And drive all the wicked from judgment to
hell.
- 8 They'll feed on the failings of Christians no
more, [will pour ;
When a flood of vengeance God on them
They'll cry out eternity differs from time,
And wish they'd repented of every crime.
- 9 Then hasten to Jesus, fall down at his feet,
He waits to be gracious on a mercy-seat ;
Receive all your pardon of sin through his
blood,
Take him for your portion, *he is the best
good.*

DL. (L. M.)

Imploring the Return of God's Spirit.

- 1 **F**OR ever shall my fainting soul,
O God, thy just displeasure mourn ;
Thy grieved Spirit, long withdrawn,
Will he no more to me return ?
- 2 Once I enjoy'd, O happy time !
The heart-felt visits of his grace ;

- Nor can a thousand varying scenes
 'The sweet remembrance quite efface !
- 3 Important Guest ! thrice happy soul,
 While honour'd with his blest abode ;
 But, ah ! my sins, accursed things,
 Ye griev'd, ye chas'd away my God.
- 4 Great Source of light and peace, return,
 Nor let me mourn and sigh in vain ;
 Come, repossess this longing heart,
 With all the graces of thy train.
- 5 This temple, hallow'd by thine hand,
 Once more be with thy presence blest ;
 Here be thy grace anew display'd,
 And this thy everlasting rest.

DLI. (L. M.)

A Barren State Lamented.

- 1 **L**ORD, must thy gospel fly away !
 And all thy mercies be remov'd ?
 Are we to sin become a prey ?
 And all our talents misimprov'd ?
- 2 O must we bid our God adieu ?
 And must the gospel take its flight ?
 O, shall our children never view
 The beamings of that heavenly light ?
- 3 Forbid it, Lord ; with arms of faith
 We'll hold thee fast, and thou shalt stay ;
 We'll cry, while we have life or breath,
 Our God, do not depart away !]
- 4 If broken hearts and weeping eyes
 Can find acceptance at thy throne ;
 Lo, here they are ; this sacrifice
 'Thou wilt accept thro' Christ thy Son.

DLII. (L. M.)

Inconstancy Lamented.

- 1 **A**H ! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
 That can from Jesus thus depart ;
 Thus fond of trifles vainly rove,
 Forgetful of a Saviour's love.

- 2 In vain I charge my thoughts to stay,
And chide each vanity away ;
In vain, alas, resolve to bind
This rebel heart, this wand'ring mind.
- 3 Through all resolves how soon it flies,
And mocks the weak, the slender ties ;
There's nought beneath a pow'r divine,
That can this roving heart confine.
- 4 O let thy love, with sweet control,
Bind all the passions of my soul ;
Bid every vanity depart,
And dwell forever in my heart.

DLIII. (C. M.)

Humble Backsliders Addressed.

- 1 **B**ACKSLIDERS who your mis'ry feel
Attend your Saviour's call ;
Return, he'll your backslidings heal ;
O, crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Tho' crimson sin increase your guilt,
And painful is your thrall ;
For broken hearts his blood was spilt,
O, crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Take with you words, approach his throne
And low before him fall ;
He understands the Spirit's groan,
O, crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Whoever comes, he'll not cast out,
Although your faith be small :
His faithfulness you cannot doubt ;
Then crown him Lord of all.

DLIV. (C. M.) Mere.

The Church Mourning and Pleading under Desertion.

- 1 **W**ILL God forever cast us off ?
His wrath forever smoke
Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock ?
- 2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought
With the Redeemer's blood ;

- Nor let thy Zion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.
- 3 Where once thy churches pray'd and sang
Thy foes profanely rage ;
Amid thy gates their ensigns hang,
And there their hosts engage.
- 4 And, still to heighten our distress,
Thy presence is withdrawn ;
Thy wonted signs of pow'r and grace,
Thy pow'r and grace are gone.
- 5 No prophets speak to calm our grief,
But all in silence mourn ;
Nor know the times of our relief,
The hour of thy return.
-

CHRISTIANS ENCOURAGED.

DLV. (11's.)

Zion Comforted in Affliction.

- 1 **O** ZION afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no
man can save ; [may'd,
With darkness surrounded, by terror dis-
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.
- 2 Loud roaring the billows now nigh over
whelm,
But skilful's the pilot who sits at the helm ;
His wisdom conducts thee, his pow'r thee de-
fends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.
- 3 "O fearful ! O faithless !" in mercy he cries,
"My promise, my truth, are the light in
thine eyes : [stand ;
Still, still, I am with thee, my promise shall
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee
to land.

- 4 Forget thee I will not, I cannot thy name,
Engrav'd on my heart doth for ever remain;
The palms of my hands whilst I look on, I
see [thee.
The wounds I received when suffering for
5 I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy
groans, [bones;
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my
In all thy distresses my head feels the pain,
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.
- 6 Then trust me, and fear not; thy life is se-
cure;
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my pow'r;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to
shine.
- 7 The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my
care, [pray'r;
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad
From all their afflictions my glory shall
spring, [they'll sing."
And the deeper their sorrows the louder

DLVI. (P. M.)

Stand fast in the Liberty, &c.

- 1 COME Christian, be wise,
Learn your liberty to prize,
Each moment in virtue excel :
Since God has made you free,
Stand for your liberty,
And in Jesus you ever shall dwell.
- 2 Like strangers you rove,
While you seek a world above—
O let love to each other abound !
While surrounded with foes,
Who your liberty oppose,
Your succour in Jesus is found.
- 3 If faith you have possess'd,
You have enter'd into rest,
But perfection you have not obtain'd :

Salvation's before,
And the Lord hath made it sure,
So your labour shall not be in vain.

- 4 For God is your friend,
And his love shall never end,
To protect you although you are few ;
So you need not despair,
All your breaches he'll repair,
And fresh vigour and strength he'll renew.
- 5 He's bless'd you with peace,
And his love shall never cease,
He's bless'd you with his smiling charms ;
So look home and rejoice,
Wait for that inviting voice,
And ere long you shall be in his arms.
- 6 'Twill be a happy day,
When he calls us all away,
And advances us into his throne ;
Where in pleasure we'll reign,
And our freedom shall remain,
When our Jesus and we are both one.
- 7 Our souls will be pleas'd,
With those rivers and seas,
While we bathe in this fountain of love ;
No affliction comes there,
No, nor grief shall interfere,
And none can our freedom remove.

DLVII. (11's.)

Awake thou that sleepest, &c.

- 1 **Y**E soldiers of Jesus, awake from your
sleep !
Ye trav'lers to Zion, how slowly you creep !
The wicked out-run you in their sinful way,
Who serve the worst master, and hell is
their pay.
- 2 Our Jesus invites us with mercy's sweet
voice :
So charming the music, we all should rejoice,

To leave all behind us, and fly to his arms;—
Let sinners reject him for stores and for
farms.

- 3 Remember you're passing from life unto
death— [breath;
A few scenes remaining will finish your
Your friends will desert you in your dusty
bed, [dread.
And pass by your dwelling with a solemn
- 4 How happy the spirits whom angels convey
To regions of glory, where always 'tis day,
To dwell with sweet Jesus, bright angels,
and saints,
Where all are so happy they have no com-
plaints.
- 5 With gladness we'll leave all these trifles
below, [know;
For heavenly glory, which then we shall
Our bodies they'll moulder, and crumble to
dust,
Till the resurrection of just and unjust,
- 6 And when the dread trumpet the wicked
alarms,
And calls all the righteous to Jesus's arms,
With shouts all triumphant our bodies shall
rise,
And fly to meet Jesus the Lord, in the skies.

DLVIII. (8's.)

Take heed lest ye be deceived.

- 1 **N**O prophet, no dreamer of dreams,
No master of plausible speech,
Who looks like an angel, or seems
Like to an apostle to preach :
No tempter, without or within,
No spirit, though ever so bright,
Who comes crying out against sin,
And looks like an angel of light—
- 2 Though reason, though scripture he urge,
And plead with the words of a friend,

And wonderful arguments forge,
 And deep revelations pretend,
 Should meet with a moment's regard,
 But rather be boldly withstood,
 If any thing, easy or hard,
 He preach, save the Lamb and his blood

3 Remember, O Christians, indeed,
 When sunk under sentence of death,
 When you from your bondage were freed—
 Say, was it by works or by faith?
 On Christ your affections were fix'd,
 Through faith in his conjugal vow;
 Was there any thing then with him mix'd?
 And what will you mix with him now?

4 If close to your Lord you would live,
 Depend on his promise alone:
 His righteousness would you receive,
 Then learn to renounce all your own;
 The faith of a Christian indeed,
 Is more than a notion or whim:
 United to Jesus his head,
 He draws life and comfort from him.

5 Deceiv'd by the father of lies,
 Blind guides cry, lo here! and, lo there!
 By these the Redeemer was try'd,
 And bids us of such to beware;
 Poor comfort to mourners they give,
 But set them to labour in vain,
 And strive with a *Do this and live*,
 To drive them to Egypt again.

6 But what says the Shepherd divine?
 For his blessed words we must keep—
 "The flock which the Father's made mine
 "I lay down my life for the sheep;
 "'Tis life everlasting I give,
 "My blood is the price which it cost;
 "Not one, who in me doth believe,
 "Shall ever be finally lost."

7 This God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful unchangeable friend;

His love is as great as his pow'r,
 And neither knows measure nor end ;
 'Tis Jesus the first and the last—
 His Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come.

DLIX. (L. M.)

Christians animated to Courage.

- 1 **C**OME ye who know the Lord indeed,
 Who are from sin and bondage freed,
 Submit to all the ways of God,
 And walk the narrow, happy road.
- 2 Great tribulation you shall meet,
 But soon shall walk the golden street ;
 Though hell may rage and vent her spite,
 Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.
- 3 That awful day will soon appear,
 When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear
 Sound through the earth, yea down to hell,
 To call the nations great and small.
- 4 To see the earth in burning flames,
 The trumpet louder here proclaims,
 "The world shall hear and know her doom
 "The separation now is come."
- 5 Behold the righteous marching home,
 And all the angels bid them come ;
 While Christ, the judge, with joy proclaims,
 "Here come my saints, I'll own their names
- 6 "Ye everlasting doors fly wide,
 "Make ready to receive my bride ;
 "Ye trumps of heav'n proclaim abroad,
 "Here comes the purchase of my blood."
- 7 In grandeur see the royal line
 In glitt'ring robes the sun outshine ;
 See saints and angels join in one
 And march in splendour to the throne.
- 8 They stand and wonder, and look on—
 They join in one eternal song,

'Their great Redeemer to admire,
While raptures set their souls on fire.

DLX. (7, 6.)

An Exhortation to Bravery.

- 1 **C**OME all ye Christian soldiers,
Who follow love and peace,
Who walk the way of 'Zion,
Though foes and fears increase :
Our Captain stood the fiery test,
And gain'd the vict'ry too,
Then let us boldly follow him—
He'll safely bring us through.
- 2 The sin which doth beset us,
O let us lay aside,
That cursed sin of unbelief,
And spiritual pride :
The race that 's set before us,
With patience let us run,
And stand fast in the liberty
Of God's eternal Son.
- 3 Gird on the heav'nly armour,
And keep it clean and bright,
The buckler, shield, and helmet,
And venture on the fight :
Still on the Captain calling,
And keep the prize in view—
We shall be conqu'rors all ere long,
And more than conqu'rors too.
- 4 For when the last loud trumpet
Shall rend the earth and sky—
Shall summon all the quick and dead,
And bid the world draw nigh ;
With shouting all victorious,
Our bodies then shall rise,
Put on a form most glorious,
And fly above the skies.
- 5 Adieu world, flesh, and devil,
And sin forever cease

Your rage you'll no more level
 Against the sons of peace :
 Our Saviour now doth call us,
 Most lovingly to come—
 Adieu to you for evermore,
 For we are going home.—

- 6 Where saints with admiration,
 Their Saviour will behold ;
 They'll drink in full salvation,
 And shine in robes of gold :
 They'll join the heav'nly choirs above,
 Their Saviour's praise to sing,
 Redeeming grace, and dying love,
 For evermore to ring.

DLXI. (10's.)

Jehovah Jiram, or, the Lord will help.

- 1 **T**HOUGH troubles assail, and dangers
 affright, [unite—
 Though friends should all fail, and foes all
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The scripture assures us, the LORD will pro-
 vide.
- 2 The birds without barn or storehouse, are
 fed : [bread :
 From them let us learn to trust for our
 His saints, what are fitting shall ne'er be
 denied, [vide.
 So long as 'tis written, the LORD will pro-
- 3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be
 toss'd
 On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost :
 Though Satan enrages the wind and the
 tide, [vide.
 The promise engages the LORD will pro-
- 4 His call we obey, like Abra'm of old,
 Not knowing our way, but faith makes us
 bold : [good guide,
 For though we are strangers, we have a
 And trust, in all dangers the LORD will pro-
 vide.

- 5 When Satan appears, to stop up our path,
 And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith,
 He cannot take from us, though oft he has
 tried, [provide.
 This heart-cheering promise the LORD will
- 6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain :
 The good that we seek we ne'er shall ob-
 tain ; [plied,
 But when such suggestions our spirits have
 This answers all questions, the LORD will
 provide.
- 7 No strength of our own, or goodness we
 claim ; [great name,
 Yet since we have known the Saviour's
 In this our strong tow'r for safety we hide :
 The Lord is our pow'r, the LORD will pro-
 vide.
- 8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
 This word of his grace shall comfort us
 through : [our side,
 No fearing or doubting, with CHRIST on
 We hope to die shouting, the LORD will pro-
 vide.

DLXII. (8, 7.)

*Exhortations to rejoice in Christ, and have no Confidence in
 the Flesh.*

- 1 COME, ye Christians, sing the praises
 Of your condescending God ;
 Come, and hymn the holy Jesus,
 Who hath wash'd us in his blood.
 We are poor, and weak, and silly,
 And to ev'ry evil prone :
 Yet our Jesus loves us freely,
 And receives us for his own.
- 2 Though we're mean in man's opinion,
 He hath made us priests and kings ;
 Pow'r, and glory, and dominion
 To the Lamb, the sinner sings.
 Leprous souls, unsound and filthy,
 Come before him as you are :

- 'Tis the sick man, not the healthy,
Needs the good Physician's care.
- 3 Hear the terms that never vary :—
"To repent and to believe ;"
Both of these are necessary :
Both from Jesus we receive.
Would-be Christian, duly ponder
These in thine impartial mind ;
And let no man put asunder
What the Lord has wisely join'd.
- 4 Oh ! beware of fondly thinking
God accepts thee for thy tears :
Are the shipwreck'd sav'd by sinking ?
Can the ruin'd rise by fears ?
Oh ! beware of trust ill grounded :
'Tis but fancied faith at most—
To be cur'd and not be wounded,
To be sav'd before you're lost.
- 5 No big words of ready talkers,
No dry doctrines will suffice ;
Broken-hearts, and humble walkers,
These are dear in Jesus' eyes.
Tinkling sound of disputation,
Naked knowledge, all are vain ;
Ev'ry soul that gains salvation,
Must and shall be born again.

DLXIII. (8, 7.)

Christians encouraged against their Weaknesses.

- 1 **W**AND'RING pilgrims, mourning Chris-
tians,
Weak and tempted lambs of Christ,
Who endure great tribulation,
And with sins are much distress'd :
Christ has sent me to invite you
To a rich and costly feast ;
Let not shame nor pride prevent you,
Come the rich provision taste.
- 2 If you have a heart repenting,
And bemoan your wretched case,

Come to Jesus Christ lamenting,
He will give you gospel grace :
If you want a heart to fear him,
Love and serve him all your days—
Only come to Christ and ask him,
He will guide your feet always.

3 If like poor BARTIMEUS blinded,
You bewail the want of sight,
Cry to Jesus, son of David,
He will give you gospel light.
If like MARY, you've been keeping
Sev'n devils in your embrace,
Fly, like her, to Jesus, weeping,
He will bid you go in peace.

4 If your heart is unbelieving,
Doubting Jesus' pard'ning love,
Lie hard by Bethesda, waiting
Till the troubled waters move.
If no one appear to help you,
All their efforts prove but talk—
Jesus, Jesus, he will cleanse you ;
Rise, take up your bed, and walk.

5 If, like PETER, you are sinking
In the sea of unbelief,
Wait with patience constant praying,
Christ will grant you sweet relief :
He will give you grace and glory,
All your wants shall be supplied ;
Canaan, Canaan lies before you,
Rise and cross the swelling tide.

6 Death shall not destroy your comfort,
Christ shall guide you through the gloom :
Down he'll send a heav'nly concert,
To convey you to his home :
There you'll spend your days in pleasure,
Free from every want and care ;
Come, O come, my blessed Saviour !
Fain my spirit would be there.

DLXIV. (P. M.)

The Gospel animates to Hope.

- 1 **H**ARK how the gospel-trumpet sounds !
Thro' all the world the echo bounds ;
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners home to God,
And guides them safely by his word,
To endless day.
- 2 Hail ! all-victorious, conqu'ring Lord !
By all the heav'nly host ador'd,
Who undertook for fallen man,
And brought salvation through thy name,
That we with thee might live and reign
In endless day.
- 3 Fight on, ye conquering saints, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of vict'ry you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory you shall wear,
In endless day.
- 4 Thy blood, dear Jesus, once was spilt,
To save our souls from sin and guilt;
And sinners now may come to God,
And find salvation through thy blood,
And sail by faith upon that flood,
To endless day.
- 5 Thro' storms and calms by faith we steer,
By feeble hope and gloomy fear,
Till we arrive at Canaan's shore,
Where sin and sorrow are no more,
We'll shout, our trials all are o'er
To endless day.
- 6 There we shall in sweet chorus join,
With saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move ;
And this shall be our theme above,
In endless day.
- 7 Here we are kept by sov'reign grace,
Till we have run the heav'nly race :

But soon we shall in glory dwell,
 To praise our dear Immanuel,
 And bid our troubles then farewell,
 To endless day.

- 8 We are but pilgrims here below,
 And all our lives are full of woe ;
 Lord, give us courage on our way,
 That we may never go astray,
 But live thy glory to display
 In endless day.

DLXV. (8, 7.)

The Christian Soldier encouraged.

- 1 **G**IRD thy loins up, Christian soldier,
 Lo, thy captain calls thee out :
 Let the danger make thee bolder ;
 War in weakness ; dare in doubt.
 Buckle on thy heav'nly armour :
 Patch up no inglorious peace :
 Let thy courage wax the warmer,
 As thy foes and fears increase.
- 2 Bind thy golden girdle round thee ;
 Truth to keep thee firm and tight .
 Never shall the foe confound thee,
 While the truth maintains thy fight.
 Righteousness within thee rooted
 May appear to take thy part :
 But let righteousness imputed
 Be the breast-plate of thy heart.
- 3 Shod with Gospel preparation
 In the paths of promise tread
 Let the hope of free salvation,
 As a helmet guard thy head.
 When beset with various evils,
 Wield the Spirit's two-edg'd sword
 Cut thy way through hosts of devils ;
 While they fall before the word.
- 4 But when dangers closer threaten,
 And thy soul draws near to death ;

When assaulted sore by Satan,
 Then object the shield of faith.
 Fiery darts of fierce temptations,
 Intercepted by thy God,
 There shall lose their force in patience,
 Sheath'd in love, and quench'd in blood

- 5 Though to speak thou be not able,
 Always pray and never rest,
 Pray'r's a weapon for the feeble :
 Weakest souls can wield it best.
 Ever on thy captain calling,
 Make thy whole condition known ;
 He shall hold thee up when falling ;
 Or shall lift thee up when down.

DLXVI. (6, 5.)

Exceeding great and precious Promises.

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation,
 Ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith
 In his excellent word !
 What more can he say
 Than to you he hath said ?
 You, who unto JESUS
 For refuge have fled.
- 2 In every condition,
 In sickness, in health,
 In poverty's vale,
 Or abounding in wealth ;
 At home and abroad,
 On the land, on the sea,
 " As thy days may demand,
 " Shall thy strength ever be.
- 3 " Fear not, I am with thee,
 " O be not dismay'd,
 " I, I am thy God,
 " And will still give thee aid ;
 " I'll strengthen thee, help thee,
 " And cause thee to stand,
 " Upheld by my righteous
 " Omnipotent hand.

- 4 " When through the deep waters
 " I call thee to go,
 " The rivers of woe
 " Shall not thee o'erflow ;
 " For I will be with thee,
 " Thy troubles to bless,
 " And sanctify to thee,
 " Thy deepest distress.
- 5 " When through fiery trials
 " Thy pathway shall lie,
 " My grace all-sufficient
 " Shall be thy supply ;
 " The flames shall not hurt thee,
 " I only design
 " Thy dross to consume,
 " And thy gold to refine.
- 6 " Ev'n down to old age,
 " All my people shall prove
 " My sovereign, eternal,
 " Unchangeable love ;
 " And when hoary hairs
 " Shall their temples adorn,
 " Like lambs they shall still
 " In my bosom be borne.
- 7 " The soul that on JESUS
 " Hath lean'd for repose,
 " *I will not, I will not,*
 " Desert to his foes ;
 " That soul, though all hell
 " Should endeavour to shake,
 " *I'll never, no never,*
 " No, *never forsake,*

DLXVII. (6, 5.)

Victory Sure, and the War not long.

- 1 **Y**E brethren and sisters,
 Who're called by grace,
 Through plainness of preaching,
 To seek the Lord's face,

And came up from Egypt
The land to possess,
That flows with salvation,
And rivers of peace.

Though great is the warfare,
Yet just is the war—
We fight for that land
Whereof Abra'm was heir ;
Though great was his offspring,
And num'rous as stars,
For each there 's a blessing
A portion and shares.

What though we are few,
And the enemy strong ;
Our Captain is great,
And the wars are not long :
He faints not, like Moses,
But holds up his hand,
Till safely his seed
Are brought home to their land.

Let all our minds be
As the mind of one man,
United in love,
And determin'd to gain ;
When hearts and when hands
Are all joined in one,
Then tremble ye nations,
And Israel press on.

Remember to sprinkle
Each conscience with blood—
This saves from destruction,
And maketh all good :
The myst'ry of godliness
Lieth within :
'Tis blood, and blood only,
That cleanseth from sin.

Beware of that wisdom
That reigns among men :
This darkens the Gospel,
'Tis cheating and vain :

- Like fine painted glass,
 While it dazzles the eye,
 Obstructeth that light
 Which should come from the sky
- 7 Regard not the great,
 Nor their favours esteem,
 Unless of the cross
 They will subjects become ;
 When riches among us
 Can purchase a name,
 The plague it is ent'ring,
 And spreading again.
- 8 Stand fast in the Gospel,
 And its liberty ;
 Close joined to Jesus
 Let ev'ry heart be ;
 The point's for a happy
 Eternity now,
 We reap that at last
 Which in time we do sow.
- 9 All those of the general
 Assembly above,
 Who now with the seraphs
 Are flaming in love,
 Where once in distresses
 In this vale of tears,
 And came to their bliss
 Through abundance of fears.
- 10 Through patience and faith
 After them let us press,
 And trace from their footsteps
 The highway of grace ;
 'Tis now called day,
 But the night will soon come,
 When labour shall cease,
 And the lab'ers go home.

DLXVIII. (6, 8.) Lenox.

This is the Victory, even our Faith.

- 1 **S**UPPORTED by thy word,
 Though in himself a worm,

- 'Tne servant of the Lord
 Can wond'rous acts perform :
 Without dismay he boldly treads
 Where'er the path of duty leads.
- 2 The haughty king in vain,
 With fury on his brow,
 Believers would constrain
 To golden gods to bow :
 The furnace could not make them fear,
 Because they knew the Lord was near.
- 3 As vain was the decree,
 Which charg'd them not to pray ;
 Daniel still bow'd the knee,
 And worship'd thrice a-day ;
 Trusting in God, he fear'd not men,
 Though threaten'd with the lion's den.
- 4 Secure they might refuse
 Compliance with such laws ;
 For what had they to lose,
 When God espous'd their cause ?
 He made the hungry lions crouch ;
 Nor durst the fire *his* children touch.
- 5 The Lord is still the same,
 A mighty shield and tow'r,
 And they who trust his name,
 Are guarded by his pow'r ;
 He can the rage of lions tame,
 And bear them harmless through the flame.
- 6 Yet we too often shrink
 When trials are in view,
 Expecting we must sink,
 And never can get through ;
 But could we once believe indeed,
 From all these fears we should be freed.

DLXIX. (7's.)

Young Christians encouraged against sudden and unexpected changes.

- 1 **T**HOUGH the morn may be serene,
 Not a threat'ning cloud be seen,

- Who can undertake to say,
'Twill be pleasant all the day ?
Tempests suddenly may rise,
Darkness overspread the skies,
Lightnings flash, and thunders roar,
Ere a short-liv'd day be o'er.
- 2 Often thus the child of grace
Enters on his Christian race :
Guilt and fear are overborne—
'Tis with him a summer's morn ;
While his new-felt joys abound,
All things seem to smile around,
And he hopes it will be fair
All the day, and all the year.
- 3 Should we warn him of a change,
He would think the caution strange
He no change or trouble fears,
Till the gath'ring storm appears :
Till dark clouds his soul conceal,
Till temptation's pow'r he feel ;
Then he trembles and looks pale—
All his hopes and courage fail.
- 4 But the wonder-working Lord
Soothes the tempest by his word ;
Stills the thunder, stops the rain,
And his sun breaks forth again ;
Soon the cloud again returns—
Now he joys, and now he mourns,
Oft his sky is overcast,
Ere the day of life be past.
- 5 Tried believers too can say
In the course of one short day,
Though the morning has been fair,
Prov'd a golden hour of pray'r,
Sin and Satan, long ere night,
Have their comforts put to flight :
Ah ! what heart-felt peace and joy
Unexpected storms destroy.
- 6 Dearest Saviour, call us soon
To thine high eternal noon ;

Never there shall tempest rise;
 To conceal thee from our eyes.
 Satan shall no more deceive,
 We no more thy Spirit grieve,
 But through cloudless, endless days
 Sound, to golden harps, thy praise.

DLXX. (8, 7.)

Examine yourselves whether ye be in the Faith.

- 1 **L**ET us ask th' important question,
 (Brethren be not too secure)
 What is it to be a Christian—
 How we may our hearts assure?
 Vain is all our best devotion,
 If on false foundation built;
 True religion's more than notion—
 Something must be known and felt.
- 2 'Tis to trust, our Well-beloved
 In his blood has wash'd us clean;
 'Tis to hope our guilt's removed;
 Though we feel it rise within;
 To believe that all is finish'd,
 Though so much remains t' endure—
 Find the dangers undiminish'd,
 Yet to hold deliv'rance sure.
- 3 'Tis to credit contradictions,
 Talk with him one never sees—
 Cry and groan beneath afflictions,
 Yet to dread the thoughts of ease;
 'Tis to feel the fight against us,
 Yet the vict'ry hope to gain—
 To believe that Christ has cleans'd us,
 Though the leprosy remain.
- 4 'Tis to hear the Holy Spirit
 Prompting us to secret pray'r;
 To rejoice in Jesus' merit,
 Yet continual sorrow bear;
 To receive a full remission
 Of our sins for evermore,
 Yet to sigh with sore contrition—
 Begging mercy ev'ry hour.

- 1 To be stedfast in believing,
Yet to tremble, fear and quake ;
Ev'ry moment be receiving
Strength, and yet be always weak.—
To be fighting, fleeing, turning,
Ever sinking, yet to swim ;
To converse with Jesus, mourning
For ourselves or else for him.

DLXXI. (S. M.) Double.

They that trust in the Lord shall not be confounded

- 1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heav'n commands ;
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey—
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
- 2 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on ;
Fix on his work thy stedfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care—
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest pray'r.
- 3 Thine everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove ;
And whatsoe'er thou will'st,
Thou dost, O King of kings ;
What thine unerring wisdom chose,
Thy pow'r to being brings.
- 4 Thou ev'ry where hast sway,
And all things serve thy might ;
Thy ev'ry act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light :
When thou arisest Lord,
What shall thy word withstand ?

What all thy children want thou giv'st—
Who, who shall stay thine hand ?

DLXXII. (S. M.) Double.

The same.

- 1 **G**IVE to the wind thy fears,
Hope, and be undismay'd :
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head ;
Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears the way ;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 2 Still heavy is thy heart,
Still sink thy spirits down :
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And ev'ry care be gone :
What though thou rulest not,
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.
- 3 Leave to his sov'reign sway
To choose and to command,
So shalt thou, wond'ring, own his way—
How wise, how strong his hand !
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caus'd thy needless fear.
- 4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee :
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee ;
Let us in life, in death,
Thy stedfast truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

DLXXIII. (S. M.)

Pride the worst of sins.

- 1 **I**NNUMERABLE foes
Attack the child of God,

- He feels, within the weight of sin,
A grievous, galling load.
- 2 Temptations too without,
Of various kinds assault,
Sly snares beset his trav'ling feet,
And often make him halt.
- 3 From sinner and from saint,
He meets with many a blow ;
His own bad heart creates him smart,
Which only God can know.
- 4 But though the hosts of hell,
Be neither weak nor small,
One mighty foe deals dang'rous woe,
And hurts beyond them all.
- 5 'Tis *pride*, accursed *pride*,
That sin by God abhorr'd ;
Do what we will, it haunts us still,
And keeps us from the Lord.
- 6 It blows its pois'nous breath,
And bloats the soul with air ;
The heart uplifts with God's own gifts,
And makes e'en grace a snare.
- 7 Awake—nay, while asleep,
In all we think or speak ;
It puffs us glad, torments us sad—
Its hold we cannot break.
- 8 In other ills we find
The hand of heav'n not slack,
Pride only knows to interpose,
And keep our comforts back.
- 9 'Tis hurtful when perceiv'd,
When unperceiv'd 'tis worse ;
Unseen or seen, it dwells within,
And works by fraud or force.
- 10 Against its influence pray,
It mingles with the pray'r ;
Against it preach, it prompts the speech,
Be silent, still 'tis there.

- 11 This moment while I sing,
I feel its pow'r within ;
My heart it draws to seek applause,
And mixes all with sin.
- 12 Thou meek, thou loving Lamb,
This haughty tyrant kill,
That wounded thee, tho' thou wast free,
And grieves thy Spirit still.
- 13 Our condescending God,
(To whom else can we go)
Remove our pride, whate'er betide,
And make and keep us low.
- 14 The garden is the place
Where pride cannot intrude—
For should it dare to enter there,
'Twould soon be drown'd in blood

DLXXIV. (10's.)

'Tis all for the best.

- 1 **M**Y soul now arise, my passions take
wing ;
Look up to the skies and cheerfully sing ;
Let God be the object, and praises address,
And this be my subject, "'tis all for the
best."
- 2 Search all the world through, examine and
see, [thee,
And what canst thou view more suited to
Than this declaration, in Scripture exprest,
That God thy salvation "does all for the
best."
- 3 Though here day by day his love shall see
good,
Upon thee to lay his fatherly rod :
Yet be not dejected, however opprest ;
Though sorely afflicted, "'tis all for the
best."
- 4 On creatures below I'll not set my heart,
For surely I know we shortly must part ;

For though when God gives them, his name's
to be bless'd, [best.]
Yet when he removes them "'tis all for the
5 But O the bless'd day ! (and soon 'twill arise)
When freed from my clay, I'll mount to the
skies ;
And when I do enter my heavenly rest,
I'll there sing forever, "'tis all for the best."

DLXXV. (6, 5.)

The Lord is my Shepherd.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is my shepherd,
My guard and my guide,
Whatsoever I want
He will kindly provide ;
E'er since I was born,
It is he who has crown'd
The life which he gave me,
With blessings all round.
- 2 While yet on the breast,
A poor infant I hung,
E'er time had unloosed
The strings of my tongue ;
He gave me the help,
Which I then could not ask,
Now therefore to praise him,
Shall be my tongue's task.
- 3 Through my tenderest years,
With as tender a care,
My soul, like a lamb,
In his bosom he bare ;
To the brook he would lead me
Whene'er I had need,
And point out the pastures,
Where best I might feed.
- 4 No harm could approach me
For he was my shield,
From the fowls of the air,
And the beasts of the field ;

The wolf to devour me
Did oftentimes prowl,
But the Lord was my Shepherd
And guarded my soul.

5 How oft in my youth,
Have I wander'd astray ;
But still he has brought me
Back to the right way ;
When lost in dark errors
No path I could meet,
His word like a lantern
Still guided my feet.

6 What wond'rous escapes
To his kindness I owe,
When rash and unguarded,
I sought my own woe !
My soul long e'er now,
Would have been in the deep,
If the Lord had not watched
When I was asleep.

7 Whene'er at a distance,
He sees me afraid,
He skips o'er the mountains,
And comes to my aid ;
Then leads me back gently,
And bids me abide,
In the midst of his flock,
And keep close to his side.

8 How safe in his keeping,
How happy and free,
Could I always abide
Where he bids me to be !
Yea, bless'd are the people,
And happy thrice told,
Who hear the Lord's voice,
And abide in his fold.

9 The fountain is full,
And the pasture is green,
All is friendship and love,
And no poison therein ;

The Lord dwells among them,
Upon his own hill,
And the flock all around him,
Awaiting his will :

10 Himself in the midst
With a provident eye,
Regarding their wants,
And providing supply ;
Abundance springs up
Of most nourishing food,
And the flocks are all fill'd
With *the fulness of God*.

11 At his voice, or example,
They move or they stay,
For the Lord is himself
Both their leader and way ;
Whate'er the condition,
He places them in,
They're assur'd 'tis the best,
And they're happy therein.

12 If they hunger or thirst,
And are ready to faint,
A relief in due season
Prevents the complaint ;
The rain of his word
Brings them food from the sky,
And the rocks become rivers
When they are a dry.

13 From the fruitfulest hills
To the barrenest rock,
The Lord has made all
For the good of his flock ;
And the flock in return
The Lord doth confess,
In plenty their joy,
And their hope in distress.

14 He beholds in their welfare
His glory display'd,
And they find their bliss,
In obedience repay'd,

With a cheerful regard,
 They attend to his ways,
 Their attention is pray'r,
 And their cheerfulness praise

15 The Lord is my Shepherd ;
 What then shall I fear ;
 No danger shall fright me
 While he is so near ;
 For I know that his judgments
 When me they have try'd,
 Will bring me and seat me
 Down close by his side.

16 The Lord he is good,
 And his mercy is sure,
 He only afflicts me,
 In order to cure.
 The Lord will I praise,
 As long as I've breath,
 Be content all my days,
 And resign'd at my death.

DLXXVI. (8's.)

The same.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

- * Though in a bare and rugged way,
 'Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
 'The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

DLXXVII. (8's.)

The same.

- 1 **T**HOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
 The joy and desire of my heart,
 For closer communion I pine,
 I long to reside where thou art ;
 The pasture I languish to find,
 Where all who their Shepherd obey,
 Are fed on thy bosom reclin'd,
 Are screen'd from the heat of the day
- 2 Ah ! show me that happiest place,
 The place of thy people's abode,
 Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
 And hang on a crucify'd God :
 Thy love for a sinner declare,
 Thy passion and death on the tree :
 My spirit to Calvary bear,
 To suffer and triumph with thee.
- 3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
 There only I covet to rest,
 To lie at the foot of the rock,
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast ;
 'Tis there I would always abide,
 And never a moment depart ;
 Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
 Eternally held in thy heart.

DLXXVIII. (8's.)

The same.

- 1 **W**HEN my Saviour, my Shepherd, is
 near,
 How quickly my sorrows depart !
 New beauties around me appear,
 New spirits enliven my heart :

His presence gives peace to my soul,
And Satan assaults me in vain ;
While my Shepherd his pow'r controls,
I think I no more shall complain.

2 But alas ! what a change do I find,
When my Shepherd withdraws from my sight !
My fears all return to my mind,
My day is soon chang'd into night :
Then Satan his efforts renews
To vex and ensnare me again :
All my pleasing enjoyments I lose,
And can only lament and complain.

3 By these changes I often pass through,
I am taught my own weakness to know ;
I am taught what my Shepherd can do,
And how much to his mercy I owe :
It is he that supports me through all ;
When I faint he revives me again ;
He attends to my pray'r when I call,
And bids me no longer complain.

4 Wherefore then should I murmur and grieve ?
Since my Shepherd is always the same,
And has promis'd he never will leave
The soul that confides in his name :
To relieve me from all that I fear,
He was buffeted, tempted, and slain ;
And at length he will surely appear,
Tho' he leaves me awhile to complain.

5 While I dwell in an enemy's land,
Can I hope to be always in peace ?
'Tis enough that my Shepherd's at hand,
And that shortly this warfare will cease ;
For ere long he will bid me remove
From this region of sorrow and pain,
To abide in his presence above,
And then I no more shall complain.

DLXXIX. (L. M.)

Feed my Lambs.

- 1 **W**HEN Christ the Lord was here below
About the work he came to do ;
Before he left his little band,
He gave to them his great command.
- 2 To fishing, *Peter* led the way,
But nothing caught till break of day ;
Their folly check'd, Jesus reclaims,
And says to *Peter*, feed my lambs.
- 3 Though *Thomas* was of doubtful mind,
Yet Jesus leaves him not behind :
Thomas, he saith, behold my hands,
And *Simon Peter*, feed my lambs.
- 4 Though *Simon* once deny'd the Lord,
Departing from his former word ;
Yet Christ, with all engaging charms,
Bids *Peter* still to feed his lambs.
- 5 Though men and devils all unite,
And earthly comforts fail us quite,
The holy promise still proclaims,
That Christ will guard and feed his lambs.
- 6 Then little children do not fear,
For Jesus lives to answer pray'r,
And doubting souls are in his hands,
And precious food for all the lambs.
- 7 But the best feast is kept above,
And there's the fulness of his love ;
So run to Christ with all your might ;
And I will try to keep in sight.

DLXXX. (C. M.)

The Danger of worldly Attachments.

- 1 **S**CARCE in this cold declining day,
Can one for God be found ;
Christians have lost their zeal to pray,
And yielded up the ground.
- 2 Scarce can the sons of God be known,
From Satan's captives led ;

- They've David's sling, but not his stone,
That slew Goliath dead.
- 3 Lull'd in Delilah's sofa arms,
Her courtship proves a snare,
Deluded by her flattering charms,
They've lost their Samson-hair.
- 4 But shall the Lord his cause forsake,
And leave his sons forlorn,
Shall Dagon down his purpose break,
And set upon his throne?
- 5 Their Samson-hair again shall grow,
Their strength again renew,
Down they shall Dagon's temple throw,
With all the mocking crew.
- 6 Help us this once we humbly pray,
Jehovah-Jirah, Lord,
To plant our footsteps in the way,
That leads to thee our God.
- 7 Again from thee no more to stray,
No more to leave thy fold,
But in thy presence ever stay,
Thy glories to behold.
- 8 "O may thy beauties ever be
Our souls' eternal food,
And grace command our souls away
From all created good."

DLXXXI. (L. M.)

Christ is our Peace.

- 1 **P**EACE, by his cross, hath Jesus made,
The church's everlasting head,
O'er hell and sin hath vict'ry won,
And with a shout to glory gone.
- 2 Then why, dejected saint, dost thou,
Thy sorrows nurse, thy head thus bow?
Eternal truth declares to thee
This glorious Man thy peace shall be.
- 3 When o'er thy head the billows roll,
And shades of sin obscure thy soul;

When thou canst no deliv'rance see,
Yet still this Man thy peace shall be.

- 4 In tribulation's thorny maze,
Or on the mount of sov'reign grace,
Or in the fire, or thro' the sea,
This glorious Man thy peace shall be.

DLXXXII. (L. M.)

The Rainbow, sign of Peace.

- 1 **W**HEN in the cloud, with colours fair,
I see the cov'nant bow appear,
Its beauteous form and lovely rays,
Awake my soul to love and praise.
- 2 It shows to me how firm the base,
The oath, the promise, and the grace,
Which God of old, ere time begun,
To Zion sware in Christ his Son.
- 3 Dejected saint, dismiss thy fears,
Still round the throne this bow appears,
Proclaiming peace and mercy free,
And full salvation now to thee.
- 4 It points thy soul to Jesus now ;
Vindictive wrath once smote his brow ;
That on thy guilty soul and mine,
No storms shall beat of wrath divine.

DLXXXIII. (C. M.)

Duties and Privileges.

- 1 **W**HILE sinners, who presume to bear
The Christian's sacred name,
Throw up the reins to ev'ry lust,
And glory in their shame.
- 2 May ye, redeemed heirs of grace,
Detest their impious ways ;
And on the basis of your faith,
An heavenly temple raise.
- 3 Upon the Spirit's promis'd aid
Depend from day to day ;
And while he breathes his quick'ning gale,
Adore, and praise, and pray.

DLXXXIV. (S. M.)

Weak Believers encouraged.

- 1 **Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take,
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid ev'ry string awake.
- 2 'Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our house above,
We ev'ry moment come.
- 3 His grace shall to the end
Stronger and brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 Wait till the shadows flee ;
Wait the appointed hour ;
Wait till the Bridegroom of thy soul
Reveals his love with pow'r.
- 5 The time of love will come,
When we shall clearly see,
Not only that he shed his blood,
But each shall say, "for me."

DLXXXV. (C. M.)

Let Brotherly Love continue.

- 1 **H**OW sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word !
- 2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part ;
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through ev'ry bosom flow ;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In ev'ry action glow.
- 4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above ;

And he's an heir of heaven that finds,
His bosom glow with love.

DLXXXVI. (C. M.)

The Love of Christ is constant.

- 1 **T**HE intercession of our Lord
His people's safety prove,
And to the end he loves the souls
Who first he deign'd to love!
- 2 "Father," he cries, in his last hours,
"My brethren I commend
"To thy protection: from the snares
"Of death and hell defend.
- 3 "Father, 'tis my desire that all
"Whom thou to me hast giv'n,
"Behold my glory, and enjoy
"With me, an endless heaven."
- 4 Thus Jesus pray'd, nor shall his pray'rs
Be blown away, and lost;
Christians, rejoice, your landing's sure
On the celestial coast.

DLXXXVII. (L. M.)

Trust and not be afraid.

- 1 **I**S any thing too hard for God?
What won't he for his children do?
Dear in his sight is Jesus' blood,
And dear the purchase of it too.
- 2 Believe and ask whate'er thou wilt,
Believing ask, thou shalt obtain,
For, lo! Immanuel's blood was spilt,
Because thou should'st not ask in vain.

DLXXXVIII. (C. M.)

Trust in dark Providences.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Arc big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS

DLXXXIX. (C. M.)

The Gospel Uniform.

- 1 **D**RESS'D uniform the soldiers are,
When duty calls abroad ;
Not purchas'd by their cost or care,
But by their prince bestow'd.
- 2 Christ's soldiers too, *if Christ-like bred*,
Have a regimental dress :
'Tis lining white, and fac'd with red,
'Tis Christ's own righteousness.
- 3 A rich and costly robe it is,
And to the soldier dear :
No rose can learn to blush like this,
No lilly look so fair.
- 4 'Tis wrought by Jesus' skilful hand,
And ting'd in his own blood,
It makes the christian gazing stand,
To view this robe of God.
- 5 No art of man can weave this robe,
'Tis of such texture fine ;

- 3 Your sins did pierce his bleeding heart,
Till death had done its dreadful part.
Yet his dear love still burns to thee;
Come, trembling sinner, come and see.
- 4 His blood will cleanse the foulest stain,
And make the filthy leper clean;
His fountain open stands for thee;
Come, guilty sinner, come and see.
- 5 The garments of his shining grace,
His glorious robe of righteousness;
In this array thou bright shalt be;
Come, naked sinner, come and see.
- 6 No tongue can tell what glories shine
In our Immanuel, all divine;
O that in sweetest melody
Each heart may sing, "He dy'd for me."

DXCIII. (L. M.)

Justification by Faith.

- 1 **S**INNERS, away from Sinai fly;
To Calv'ry's bloody scene repair;
Behold the King of glory die,
And read your peace and pardon there!
- 2 Search into ev'ry open wound, [spear
Trace the sharp scourge, the nails, the
And full salvation will be found,
In golden letters written there.
- 3 No works of man to raise the sum,
Or pay the ransom, must be brought;
Helpless and poor to Jesus come,
Nor strive to bring a perfect thought.
- 4 Your faith, your hope and righteousness,
Are treasur'd up in him alone;
Your rich supplies of grace and peace
Spring from the works your Lord has done.

DXCIV. (C. M.) Bray.

The Robe of Righteousness.

- 1 **A**WAKE my heart, arise my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice:.

- In God the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine :
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.
- 3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.
- 4 How far the heav'nly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear !
These ornaments, how bright they shine !
How white these garments are !
- 5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and ev'ry grace :
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.
- 6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three !
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy pow'rs agree.
-

PERSEVERANCE IN GRACE.

DXCV. (8's.)

Salvation certain to the Redeemed.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour comes to set you free,
All you for whom he groan'd and died,
The travail of his soul to see,
And to be fully satisfy'd.
God has engag'd they all shall come,
And Christ to bring them safely home.
- 2 Though earth and hell combine to keep,
From bliss the weakest child that's given,

- Yet Christ's own arm shall guard his sheep
 And bring his chosen safe to heaven:
 He is their life, they cannot die,
 They all shall live eternally.
- 3 Some men do think, and sometimes say,
 That God's elect to hell may fall,
 But if one saint should fall away,
 Then what will keep or hinder all
 If it were so, all may be slain,
 And Christ have shed his blood in vain.
- 4 But we have trusted in that God,
 Whose promises are ever sure ;
 And though we know and feel his rod,
 His truth most firmly shall endure :
 We shall receive the kingdom giv'n,
 And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.
- 5 While Jesus lives how can we die !
 Our life is hid with him in God ;
 He is our life, he reigns on high,
 His dwelling is our sure abode :
 Glory to God there's mansions giv'n,
 And he will bring us all to heav'n.
- 6 Let others say just what they please,
 And boast the power of their own might,
 Our souls shall sing infinite grace,
 This is our glory and delight :
 Our feet are lame, we cannot come,
 But God will bring us safely home.
- 7 Eternal love shall be our song,
 And sov'reign free electing grace,
 When we shall join the ransom'd throng,
 And see our Jesus face to face :
 We'll praise his name eternally,
 Who gave his Son for us to die.

DXCVI. (7's.)

" Lovest thou me,"

- 1 **H**ARK, my soul ! It is the Lord,
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word .

- Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee ;
 " Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?"
- 2 I deliver'd thee when bound,
 And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound ;
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
 Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 Can a woman's tender care
 Cease towards the child she bare ?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above ;
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done :
 Partner of my throne shalt be,
 " Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint ;
 Yet I love thee and adore,
 Oh for grace to love thee more !

DXCVII. (7, 6.)

The Fears of finally falling unreasonable.

- 1 **I**F to Jesus for relief
I My soul has fled by pray'r,
 Why should I give way to grief,
 Or heart-consuming care ?
 Are not all things in his hand ?
 Has he not his promise past ?
 Will he then regardless stand,
 And let me sink at last ?
- 2 While I know his providence
 Disposes each event,
 Shall I judge by feeble sense,
 And yield to discontent ?
 If he worms and sparrows feed,
 Clothe the grass in rich array,

- Can he see a child in need,
And turn his eye away ?
- 3 When his name was quite unknown,
And sin my life employ'd ;
Then he watch'd me as his own,
Or I had been destroy'd :
Now his mercy-seat I know,
Now by grace am reconcil'd ;
Would he spare me while a foe,
To leave me when a child ?
- 4 If he all my wants supply'd,
When I disdain'd to pray,
Now his Spirit is my guide,
How can he say me nay ?
If he would not give me up,
When my soul against him fought,
Will he disappoint the hope,
Which he himself has wrought ?
- 5 If he shed his precious blood
To bring me to his fold,
Can I think that meaner good
He ever will withhold ?
Satan vain is thy device !
Here my hopes rest well assur'd,
In that great redemption price,
I see the whole secur'd.

DXCVIII. (10's.)

Unbelief Conquered.

- 1 **B**EGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear ;
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will per-
form ; [storm.
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the
- 2 Though dark be my way, since he is my
guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide ;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures
all fail, [vail.
'The word he has spoken shall surely pre-

- 3 His love in time past, forbids me to think,
He'll leave me at last in troubles to sink ;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite
through.
- 4 Determin'd to save he watch'd o'er my
path, [death ;
When Satan's blind slave, I sported with
And can he have taught me to trust in his
name, [shame ?
And thus far have brought me to put me to
- 5 Why should I complain of want or distress,
'Temptation or pain ? he told me no less :
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
'Thro' much tribulation, must follow their
Lord.
- 6 How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up, that sinners
might live ! [mine ;
His way was much rougher and darker than
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I re-
pine ?
- 7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
'The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food ;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease be-
fore long, [song !
And then O how pleasant the conqueror's

DXCIX. (8's.)

If final apostacy was probable, it would be inevitable.

- 1 **I**F ever it should come to pass,
That sheep of Christ might fall away ;
My fickle feeble soul, alas !
Would fall a thousand times a day.
Were not thy love as firm as free,
'Thou soon would'st take it, Lord, from me.
- 2 I on thy promises depend,
(At least I to depend desire)
'That thou wilt love me to the end ;
Be with me in temptation's fire ;

- Wilt *for* me work, and *in* me too ;
 And guide me right and bring me through.
- 2 No other stay have I beside ;
 If these can alter, I must fall :
 I look to thee to be supply'd
 With life, with will, with pow'r, with all.
 Rich souls may glory in their store ;
 But Jesus will relieve the poor.

DC. (8's.)

The Believer safe, while Christ stands.

- 1 **T**HE sinner that truly believes,
 And trusts in his crucify'd God,
 His justification receives,
 Redemption in full through his blood :
 Though thousands, and thousands of foes
 Against him in malice unite,
 Their rage he through Christ will oppose,
 Led forth by the Spirit to fight.
- 2 Not all the delusions of sin
 Shall ever seduce him to death ;
 He now has the witness within,
 United to Jesus by faith.
 This faith shall eternally fail
 When Jesus shall fall from his throne :
 For hell against *both* must prevail ;
 Since Jesus and he are but *one*.
- 3 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
 And brings such salvation as this,
 Is more than mere notion or name ;
 The work of God's Spirit it is :
 A principle active and young,
 That lives under pressure and load ;
 That makes out of weakness more strong,
 And draws the soul upward to God.
- 4 It treads on the world, and on hell,
 It vanquishes death and despair :
 And (what still is stranger to tell)
 It overcomes heaven by pray'r ;

Permits a vile worm of the dust
 With God to commune as a friend ;
 To hope his forgiveness as just ;
 And look for his love to the end.

- 5 It says to the mountains depart,
 That stand betwixt God and the soul ;
 It binds up the broken in heart,
 And makes their sore consciences whole ,
 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye,
 Be spotless as snow, and as white ;
 And makes such a sinner as I
 As pure as an angel of light.

DCI. (6, 8.) Lenox.

Distrust overcome by Faith.

- 1 **O** MY distrustful heart,
 How small thy faith appears !
 But greater, Lord, thou art,
 Than all my doubts and fears :
 Did Jesus once upon me shine ?
 Then Jesus is forever mine.
- 2 Unchangeable his will,
 Though dark may be my frame ;
 His loving heart is still
 Eternally the same :
 My soul through many changes goes ;
 His love no variation knows.
- 3 Thou Lord, wilt carry on,
 And perfectly perform
 The work thou hast begun
 In me a sinful worm :
 Midst all my fears, and sin, and woe,
 Thy Spirit will not let me go.
- 4 The bowels of thy grace
 At first did freely move ;
 I still shall see thy face,
 And feel that God is love !
 Myself into thy arms I cast ;
 Lord, save, O save my soul at last.

DCII. (8, 7.)

Election the source of perseverance.

- 1 **S**ONS we are, through God's election,
Who in Jesus Christ believe :
By eternal destination,
Sovereign grace we here receive :
Lord, thy mercy
Does both grace and glory give.
- 2 Every fallen soul by sinning,
Merits everlasting pain ;
But thy love without beginning,
Has restor'd thy sons again :
Countless millions
Shall in life, through Jesus reign.
- 3 Pause, my soul ! adore and wonder !
Ask, "O why such love to me ?"
Grace has put me in the number
Of the Saviour's family :
Hallelujah !
Thanks, eternal thanks to thee !
- 4 Since that love had no beginning,
And shall never, never cease ;
Keep, O keep me, Lord, from sinning ;
Guide me in the way of peace !
Make me walk in
All the paths of holiness.
- 5 When I quit this feeble mansion,
And my soul returns to thee ;
Let the power of thy ascension
Manifest itself in me :
Through thy Spirit,
Give the final victory !
- 6 When the angel sounds the trumpet ;
When my soul and body join ;
When my Saviour comes to judgment,
Bright in majesty divine ;
Let me triumph
In thy righteousness as mine.

- 7 When in that bless'd habitation,
Which my God has fore-ordain'd ;
When in glory's full possession,
I with saints and angels stand ;
Free Grace only
Shall resound through Canaan's land.

DCIII. (8's.)

Heirs of God and joint Heirs with Christ.

- 1 **L**ET others boast their ancient line,
In long succession great :
In the proud list let heroes shine,
And monarchs swell the state :
Descended from the King of kings,
Each saint a nobler title sings.
- 2 Pronounce me, gracious God, thy son,
Own me an heir divine :
I'll pity princes on the throne,
When I can call thee mine :
Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise,
And lose their lustre in mine eyes.
- 3 Content, obscure I pass my days,
To all I meet unknown,
And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
And seat me near thy throne ;
No name, no honours here I crave,
Well pleas'd with those beyond the grave.
- 4 Jesus, my elder brother lives,
With him I too shall reign :
Nor sin, nor death, while he survives,
Shall make the promise vain :
In him my title stands secure,
And shall, while endless years endure.
- 5 When he, in robes divinely bright,
Shall once again appear,
Thou too, my soul, shalt shine in light,
And his full image bear :
Enough ! I wait th' appointed day,
Bless'd Saviour, haste, and come away.

DCIV. (7's.)

The Blessedness of the Sons of God.

- 1 **B**LESSED are the sons of God,
 They are bought with *Jesus*' blood,
 They are ransom'd from the grave,
 Life eternal they shall have ;
 With them number'd may we be,
 Now and through eternity.
- 2 God did love them in his Son,
 Long before the world begun ;
 They the seal of this receive
 When on *Jesus* they believe ;
 With them, &c.
- 3 They are justify'd by grace,
 They enjoy a solid peace,
 All their sins are wash'd away,
 They shall stand in God's great day ;
 With them, &c.
- 4 They produce the fruits of grace,
 In the works of righteousness ;
 Born of *God*, they hate all sin,
God's pure seed remains within ;
 With them, &c.
- 5 They have fellowship with *God*
 Through the Mediator's blood ;
 One with *God*, through *Jesus* one,
 Glory is with them begun ;
 With them, &c.
- 6 Though they suffer much on earth,
 Strangers to the worldlings mirth,
 Yet they have an inward joy,
 Pleasures which can never cloy ;
 With them, &c.
- 7 They alone are truly blest,
 Heirs of *God*, joint heirs with *Christ* ;
 They with love and peace are fill'd,
 They are by his Spirit seal'd :
 With them number'd may we be,
 Now and through eternity.

DCV. (8, 7.)

Salvation complete in Christ.

- 1 **J**ESUS is our great salvation,
Worthy of our best esteem ;
He has sav'd his fav'rite nation ;
Join to sing aloud to him :
He has sav'd us,
Christ alone could us redeem.
- 2 When involv'd in sin and ruin,
And no helper there was found,
Jesus our distress was viewing,
Grace did more than sin abound .
He has call'd us,
With salvation in the sound.
- 3 Save us from a mere profession,
Save us from hypocrisy :
Give us, *Lord*, the sweet possession
(Of thy righteousness and thee :
Best of favours,
None compar'd with this can be.
- 4 Let us never, *Lord*, forget thee,
Make us walk as pilgrims here ;
We will give thee all the glory
(Of the love that brought us near :
Bid us praise thee,
And rejoice with holy fear.
- 5 Free election, known by calling,
Is a privilege divine ;
Saints are kept from final falling :
All the glory, *Lord*, be thine :
All the glory,
All the glory, *Lord*, is thine.

DCVI. (10's.)

The Fulness of Grace.

- 1 **F**ULNESS resides in *Jesus* our head,
And ever abides to answer our need :
The Father's good pleasure has laid up in
store,
A plentiful treasure to give to the poor.

- 2 Whate'er be our wants we need not to fear :
 Our num'rous complaints his mercy will
 hear ;
 His fulness shall yield us abundant supplies,
 His power shall shield us when dangers
 arise.
- 3 The fountain o'erflows, our woes to redress ;
 Still more he bestows, and grace upon grace ;
 His gifts in abundance we daily receive—
 He has a redundance for all that believe.
- 4 Whatever distress awaits us below,
 Such plentiful grace will *Jesus* bestow ;
 And still shall support us, and silence our
 fear :
 For nothing can hurt us while *Jesus* is near.
- 5 When troubles attend, or danger, or strife,
 His love will defend, and guard us through
 life :
 And when we are fainting, and ready to die,
 Whatever is wanting his hand will supply.

DCVII. (L. M.)

The Reason of Perseverance.

- 1 **T**HE reason Christians persevere,
 Is not because they are sincere,
 Disposed well in ev'ry thing,
 Nor with deceit read, pray or sing.
- 2 'Tis not that they themselves have join'd,
 With some religious band combin'd,
 To walk in piety and love,
 And seek for blessings from above.
- 3 'Tis not because they faithful prove,
 And in obedience freely move,
 Nor that by suff'rings here they're tried,
 Or that in heav'nly joys they glide.
- 4 'Tis not that they are justified,
 Nor yet because they're sanctified,
 And in Christ's glorious righteousness
 Feel humble joy and constant peace.

- 5 'Tis not their zeal nor courage rare,
Their holy fortitude and fear,
Their resolution's highest flame,
That can insure immortal fame.
- 6 But 'tis, that to the light of grace
They oft receive increasing rays,
That in temptation's darkest hour
Of grace they feel the saving pow'r.
- 7 Jehovah Jesus is their friend,
And loves and saves them to the end ;
To justifying righteousness
He adds renewed sense of peace.
- 8 It is that God has given them
In the remission of their sin,
Himself to be their God ; in whom
They do enjoy eternal noon.
- 9 These are the reasons that they rise
To mansions in the higher skies ;
If these should fail, in vain we prove
The virtues of all other love.

DCVIII. (11, 8.)

Rejoicing in Hope.

- 1 **H**OW bright is the prospect the saint has
in view,
Let present things be as they may ;
Omnipotent mercy shall bring him quite
through,
And guide him to regions of day.
- 2 Alas ! sin and sorrow attend him while here,
And frequently injure his peace ;
But faith beholds now the sweet period near
That brings him a final release.
- 3 With rapture he'll mount his celestial abode,
His spirit find pleasure and rest ;
With ecstasy bask in the smiles of his God,
Partaking the joys of the blest.
- 4 With patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and
those
Who sealed the truth with their blood ;

Whose unsubdu'd courage astonish'd their
foes,

And forc'd them to glorify God.

- 5 United with these, he shall hear them relate
The tale of their suff'rings below,
The conflicts and toils of their militant state,
How grace had supported them through.

- 6 When this having heard, he responses to
them

The mazes through which he has trod,
From great tribulation by grace how he
came,

And reach'd the fair city of God.

- 7 Now all strike their harps, and one chorus
they raise :

“Salvation by grace” is their theme ;

“Thanksgiving, and honour, and blessing
and praise,

“And glory to God and the LAMB.”

DCIX. (C. M.)

Perseverance Desired.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast made me know thy
Conduct me in thy fear ; [ways
And grant me such supplies of grace,
That I may persevere.

- 2 Let but thy own Almighty arm
Sustain a feeble worm,
I shall escape, secure from harm,
Amid the dreadful storm.

- 3 Be thou my all-sufficient friend,
Till all my toils shall cease,
Guard me through life, and let my end
Be everlasting peace.

DCX. (L. M.)

The Righteous shall not be utterly cast down.

- 1 **A**LTHO' the righteous man may fall,
In deep distress his soul enthrall ;
God in his precious word has shown
He can't be utterly cast down.

- 2 For Christ the Lord with his own hand
Engages he shall ever stand ;
He's given his word to hold him up,
Nor can he want a better prop.
- 3 All worlds are his—the sun and moon
May be dissolv'd and fall as soon,
As those may fail to see his face,
Whom he's renew'd and sav'd by grace.
- 4 Come saints let's join and hymn his praise,
For such display of glorious grace ;
He will our names delight to own
Before his heav'nly Father's throne.

DCXI. (L. M.)

As thy days, thy strength shall be.

- 1 **A**FFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear ;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,
How shall I stand the trying day ?
He has engag'd, by firm decree,
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong ;
And, if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee ;
For, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Of sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Of deep distress, or poverty,—
Still, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue :
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

DCXII. (C. M.)

My God, &c.

- 1 **M**Y God !—how cheerful is the sound !
How pleasant to repeat !
Well may that heart with pleasures sound
Where God hath fix'd his seat.
- 2 What want shall not our God supply
From his redundant stores ?
What streams of mercy from on high
An arm almighty pours !
- 3 From Christ the ever-living spring,
These ample blessings flow :
Prepare my lips his name to sing,
Whose heart has lov'd us so.
- 4 Now, to our Father and our God
Be endless glory giv'n,
Through all the realms of man's abode,
And through the highest heav'n.

DCXIII. (C. M.)

Hope in Christ secures enjoyment.

- 1 **I**F, Lord, in thy fair book of life
My worthless name doth stand,
And in my heart the law is writ
By thine unerring hand :
- 2 I am secure by grace divine,
(Of crowns above the skies ;
And on the road from thy rich stores,
Shall meet with fresh suppliés.
- 3 To thee in sweet melodious strains
My grateful voice I'll raise ;
But life's too short, my pow'rs too weak,
To show forth half thy praise.
- [4 Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be ;
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I'd give them all to thee.]

DCXIV. (C. M.)

Fear not, the Kingdom is yours.

- 1 **Y**E little flock, whom Jesus feeds,
Dismiss your anxious cares ;
Look to the Shepherd of your souls,
And smile away your fears.
- 2 Though wolves and lions prowl around,
His staff is your defence : [voice
'Midst sands and rocks your Shepherd's
Calls streams and pastures thence.
- 3 Your Father will a kingdom give,
And give it with delight ;
His feeblest child his love shall call
To triumph in his sight.

DCXV. (C. M.)

The Ark of Safety, or, Sure Salvation in Christ.

- 1 **W**HEN Noah, with his favour'd few,
Was order'd to embark,
Eight human souls, a little crew,
Enter'd on board his ark.
- 2 Though ev'ry part he might secure,
With bar, or bolt, or pin :
To make the preservation sure,
Jehovah shut him in.
- 3 The waters then might swell their tides,
The billows rage and roar ;
They could not stave the assaulted sides,
Nor burst the batter'd door.
- 4 So souls, that do in Christ believe,
Quicken'd by vital faith,
Eternal life at once receive,
And never shall see death.
- 5 In Christ their ark they safely ride,
Nor wreck'd by death or sin :—
How is it they so safe abide ?
The Lord has shut them in.

DEATH.

DCXVI. (8's.)

Death Awful yet Delightful.

- 1 **A**H ! lovely appearance of death,
What sight upon earth is so fair ?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare :
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse when the spirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.
- 2 How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind ;
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind !
(Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.
- 3 This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain :
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again :
No anger henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden this innocent clay ;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.
- 4 This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
This quiet immovable breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more :
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain ;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

- 5 The lids he so seldom could close,
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in eternal repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep :
 The fountains can yield no supplies ;
 These hollows from water are free ;
 The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
 And evil they never shall see.
- 6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in a prison I breathe,
 And still for deliverance pine,
 And press to the issues of death :
 What now with my tears I bedew,
 O might I this moment become !
 My spirit created anew,
 My flesh be consign'd to the tomb !

DCXVII. (10's.)

On the Death of a Christian.

- 1 **'T**IS finish'd ! 'tis done ! the spirit is fled,
 Our brother is gone, the Christian is
 dead :
 The Christian is living in Jesus's love,
 And gladly receiving a kingdom above.
- 2 All honour and praise are Jesus's due :
 Supported by grace he fought his way
 through :
 Triumphantly glorious, through Jesus's zeal,
 And more than victorious o'er sin, death,
 and hell.
- 3 Then let us record the conquering name :
 Our captain and Lord, with shouting pro-
 claim : [head,
 Who trust in his passion and follow their
 To certain salvation shall surely be led.
- 4 O Jesus, lead on, thy militant care,
 And give us the crown of righteousness
 there ; [gaze,
 Where dazzling with glory the seraphim
 Or prostrate adore thee in silence of praise.

- 5 Within us display thy love when we die,
 And bear us away to mansions on high.
 The kingdom be given of glory divine,
 And crown us in heaven eternally thine.

DCXVIII. (11, 8.)

The Dying Christian.

- 1 **Y**E objects of sense, and enjoyments of
 time,
 Which oft have delighted my heart,
 I soon shall exchange you for views more
 sublime,
 For joys that thall never depart.
- 2 Thou Lord of the day, and thou Queen of
 the night,
 To me ye no longer are known,
 I soon shall behold, with increasing delight,
 A sun that shall never go down.
- 3 Ye wonderful orbs that astonish my eyes,
 Your glories recede from my sight,
 I soon shall contemplate more beautiful
 skies,
 And stars more resplendently bright.
- 4 Ye mountains and vallies, groves, rivers, and
 plains,
 Thou earth and thou ocean adieu,
 More permanent regions where righteous-
 ness reigns,
 Present their bright hills to my view.
- 5 My lov'd habitation and gardens adieu,
 No longer my footsteps ye greet,
 A mansion celestial stands full in my view,
 And paradise welcomes my feet.
- 6 My weeping relations, my brethren and
 friends,
 Whose souls are entwin'd with my own,
 Adieu for the present, my spirit ascends
 Where pleasure immortal is known.

- 7 My cares and my labours, my sickness and
pain,
And sorrow are now at an end ;
The summit of bliss I shall speedily gain,
The height of perfection ascend.
- 8 Thou vale of affliction my footsteps have
trod, [tears,
With trembling, with grief, and with
I joyfully quit for the mansion of God,
There, there, its bright summit appears.
- 9 No lurking temptation, defilement or fear,
Again shall disquiet my breast,
In Jesus' fair image I soon shall appear,
Forever ineffably bless'd.
- 10 My sabbaths below that have been my de
light,
And thou the bless'd volume divine,
Ye guided my footsteps like stars during
night :
Adieu, my conductors benign.
- 11 The sun, that illumines the regions of light,
Now shines on my eyes from above,
But O how transcendently glorious the sight,
My soul is all wonder and love !
- 12 Thou tottering seat of disease and of pain,
Adieu my dissolving abode ;
But I shall behold and possess thee again,
A beautiful building of God.
- 13 Come death with cold hands and my eye-
lids now close,
And lay my cold corpse in the tomb ;
My soul shall enjoy an eternal repose,
Above in my heavenly home.
- 14 But O what a life ! what a rest ! what a
joy !
Shall I know when I've mounted above,
Praise ! praise ! shall my pow'rs triumphant
employ ;
My God I shall dwell in thy love !
- U

15 Come, come, my Redeemer, this moment
release

The soul thou hast bought with thy blood,
And bid me ascend the bright regions of
peace,
To feast on the smiles of my God.

DCXIX. (P. M.)

The Approaches of Death in Sickness.

1 **W**HAT solemn signal's that which daunts
my courage,
And chills my spirits with a freezing power ?
Presage of ruin ! and commands attention
From the reluctant.

2 'Tis the approach of death in wild career,
Gigantic, striding, and with hell attended,
Comes on the pale horse, to the bar com-
manding
Guilty immortals.

3 The feeble spirit trembles at the monster,
Who, in full triumph, passes and repasses,
Through the adjacents, 'till at length, he
foaming
Leaps o'er the pailings.

4 He, thus position'd furious, and ghastly,
Spreads wild confusion through the lonely
mansion,
Passing he smites one of the stately pillars,
Threat'ning destruction.

5 The smitten fabric trembles to the centre,
And from the basis to the summit totters :
While death spreads trophies through the
ruin'd dwelling,
Doleful to mention.

6 Hope's blooming prospect now reclines its
head, and
To disappointment yields its pride and glory,
While joy 's fading, like untimely flowers,
Nipp'd by the black frost.

- 7 The wife or daughters, now indulge their
weakness,
And like their nature shriek in wild disorder;
While the more manly sobs of son or father,
Give air to mourning.
- 8 Like to proud Jordan, swelling o'er its banks,
^{so}
Swells grief the passions, and drowns all the
spirits :
Terrific visions haunt the timid soul in
Fearful succession.
- 9 Have we no refuge where we may retreat,
and
Secure from death, live in this vale of hor-
rors?
Or, is there no one mighty to deliver
Bearing salvation?
- 10 There's Juda's lion travelling in strength,
who
Met the pale monster in his rage and fury,
Wounding his head, he from his tail did
wrench sin,
Sad cause of death-woes.
- 11 Here, dying mortals may, secure from ruin,
High in salvation ride, and triumph ever :
While deathless pleasures, and bright scenes
of glory,
Endear duration.

DCXX. (Bunker's Hill.)

Submission to Death in any shape.

- 1 **W**HY should vain mortals tremble at the
sight of
Death and destruction in the field of battle,
Where blood and carnage clothe the ground
in crimson,
Sounding in death-groans?
- 2 Death will invade us by the means appointed,
And we must all bow to the king of terrors,

And read the mighty sorrow in my eyes—
Lovely Sophronia sleeps in death.

3 I was all love, and she was all delight :—
O, let me run to seasons past !

Ah ! flow'ry days, when first she charm'd
my sight—
But roses will not always last.

4 Grace is a sacred plant of heav'nly birth ;
The seed descending from above,
Roots in a soil prepar'd, grows high on earth,
And blooms with life, and joy, and love.

5 Not the gay splendours of a flatt'ring court,
Could tempt her to appear and shine ;
Her solemn airs forbid the world's resort :
But I was blest, and she was mine.

6 She was my guide, my friend, my earthly
all ;
Love grew with ev'ry waning moon ;
Had heav'n a length of years delay'd its
call,
I still had thought it call'd too soon.

7 But peace my sorrows ! nor with murm'ring
voice
Dare to accuse heav'n's high decree ;
She was first ripe for everlasting joys—
Sophronia waits in heav'n for me.

DCXXII. (L. M.)

There the Wicked cease from troubling.

1 **D**EATH and the grave are doleful themes
For sinful mortal worms to sing,
Except a Saviour's sweeter beams
Dispel the gloom, and touch the string.

2 But, dearest Lord, when view'd in thee,
The monster loses all his dread ;
There all his frightful horrors flee,
And joy surrounds a dying bed.

3 This makes the grave a favour'd spot ;
To saints its deepest gloom is bless'd ;

- For there the wicked trouble not,
 And there the weary are at rest.
- 4 At rest in Jesus' faithful arms,
 At rest, as in a peaceful bed ;
 Secure from all the dreadful storms,
 Which round this sinful world are spread.

DCXXIII. (L. M.)

The same.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the mighty Saviour, lives,
 And holds the keys of death and hell :
 This truth substantial comfort gives,
 And dying saints can sing, " 'Tis well."
- 2 Saints in their graves lie down in peace,
 No more by sin nor hell oppress'd ,
 The wicked there from troubling cease,
 And there the weary are at rest.
- 3 Then let our mournful tears be dry
 Or in a gentle measure flow ,
 We hail them happy in the sky,
 And joyful wait our call to go.
- 4 There shall we join the blissful throng,
 And meet our pious friends again ,
 And all eternity along,
 To Jesus sing, and with him reign.

DCXXIV. (C. M.)

The Death of a Child rather joyous.

- 1 **A**ND is thy lovely shadow fled ?
 Yet stop those fruitless tears ;
 He from a thousand pangs is freed,
 You from ten thousand fears.
- 2 Though lost he's lost to earth alone,
 Above he will be found ;
 Amidst the stars, and near the throne,
 Which babes like him surround.
- 3 Look upward, and your child you'll see,
 Fix'd in his blest abode ;
 What parent would not childless be,
 To give a child to God ?

DCXXV. (C. M.)

The safe and happy Exit.

- 1 **L**ORD, must I die? O let me die
 Trusting in thee alone!
 My *living* testimony giv'n,
 Then leave my *dying* one!
- 2 If I must die—O let me die
 In peace with all mankind;
 And change these fleeting joys below,
 For pleasures all refin'd.
- 3 If I must die—as die I must—
 Let some kind seraph come,
 And bear me on his friendly wing
 To my celestial home!
- 4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
 May I but have a view!
 Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
 I'll boldly venture through.

DCXXVI. (C. M.)

The time is short—"Be sober."

- 1 **T**HE time is short! the season near,
 When death will us remove;
 To leave our friends, however dear,
 And all we fondly love.
- 2 The time is short! sinners beware,
 Nor trifle time away;
 The word of great salvation hear,
 While it is call'd to-day.
- 3 The time is short! ye saints rejoice—
 The Lord will quickly come:
 Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice,
 To call you to your home.
- 4 The time is short! it swiftly flies—
 The hour is just at hand,
 When we shall mount above the skies,
 And reach the wish'd-for land.
- 5 The time is short!—when brethren dear,
 Shall meet and dwell above:

For there the wicked trouble not,
And there the weary are at rest.

- 4 At rest in Jesus' faithful arms,
At rest, as in a peaceful bed ;
Secure from all the dreadful storms,
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 To call you to your home.
- 4 The time is short! it swiftly flies—
 'The hour is just at hand,
 When we shall mount above the skies,
 And reach the wish'd-for land.
- 5 'The time is short!—when brethren dear,
 Shall meet and dwell above:

And be for ever happy there,
With Jesus whom they love.

DCXXVII. (P. M.)

The dying Saint's Address to his Soul.

- 1 **V**ITAL spark of heav'nly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame !
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark ! they whisper—angels say
“Sister spirit, come away ;”
What is this absorbs me quite ?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight ?
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
- 3 The world recedes, it disappears !
Heav'n opens on my eyes—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring !
Lend, lend your wings—I mount ! I fly !
O grave, where is thy victory ?
O death, where is thy sting ?

DCXXVIII. (C. M.)

Resignation in the Death of a child.

- 1 **G**OD hath bereav'd me of my child ;
His hands in this I've view'd ;
It is the Lord, shall I complain ?
“He doth what seems him good !”
- 2 'Twas God who gave my child to me,
'Th' appointed time *he* stood ;
It is the Lord, I plainly see,
He doth what seems him good !
- 3 Yet nature feels—but ah, *he's* gone—
For *him* my tears have flow'd :
It is the Lord, his hand I own,
He doth what seems him good.
- 4 It is on thee my hope is stay'd,
I know thou art my God ;

It is the Lord, his hand I'll bless
He doth what seems him good.

- 5 Uphold me, Lord, by grace divine
And cleanse me with thy blood ;
I now resign my all to thee,
Since all things work for good.

DCXXIX. (C. M.)

Death approaching fast.

- 1 **C**OME, O my soul, look up and see
How swift the moments run !
Swift as the wheel of time whirls round
My closing day brings on.
- 2 Few clocks, for aught I know, may strike
Before my funeral knell ;
Which, by its doleful sounding tongue,
Shall my departure tell.
- 3 ' When the grim king of terrors calls,
May I triumphant stand ;
And find my Saviour then my friend,
To guide me with his hand.
- 4 Then shall my spirit soar away
To heaven, and see his face ;
And sing, with all the ransom'd throng,
The wonders of his grace.'

DCXXX. (C. M.)

The prospect of Death joyful.

- 1 **Y**E fleeting charms of earth farewell !
Your springs of joy are dry ;
My soul now seeks another home—
A brighter world on high.
- 2 Farewell, ye friends, whose tender care
Has long engag'd my love ;
Your fond embrace I now exchange
For better friends above.
- 3 Cheerful I leave this vale of tears,
Where pains and sorrows grow ;
Welcome the day that ends my toil,
And ev'ry scene of woe.

- 4 No more shall sin disturb my breast—
 My God shall frown no more ;
 The streams of love divine shall yield
 Transports unknown before.

DCXXXI. (C. M.)

The Happiness of departed Saints.

- 1 **H**OW happy are the souls above,
 From sin and sorrow free !
 With Jesus they are now at rest,
 And all his glory see !
- 2 “ Worthy the Lamb,” aloud they cry,
 “ That brought us here to God :”
 In ceaseless hymns of praise they shout
 The virtue of his blood.
- 3 Sweet gratitude inspires their songs,
 Ambitious to proclaim,
 Before the Father’s awful throne,
 The honours of the Lamb.
- 4 With wond’ring joy they recollect
 Their fears and dangers past ;
 And bless the wisdom, pow’r, and love,
 Which brought them safe at last.

DCXXXII. (C. M.)

Victory over Death by Faith.

- 1 **W**HEN death appears before my sight,
 In all his dire array,
 Unequal to the dreadful fight,
 My courage dies away.
- 2 But see my glorious leader nigh !
 My Lord, my Saviour lives :
 Before him death’s pale terrors fly,
 And my faint heart revives.
- 3 He left his dazzling throne above,
 To meet the tyrant’s dart ;
 And O, amazing pow’r of love !
 Receiv’d it in his heart !
- 4 O for the eye of faith divine
 To pierce beyond the grave !

To see that Friend and call him mine,
Whose arm is strong to save.

DCXXXIII. (C. M.)

Lord Jesus receive my Spirit.

- 1 **L**ORD I commit my soul to thee—
Accept the sacred trust :
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust :
- 2 Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And cloth'd in full, immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies.
- 3 When thy triumphant armies sing
The honours of thy name ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With glory to the Lamb :
- 4 O let me join the raptur'd lays,
And with the blissful throng,
Resound salvation, pow'r, and praise,
In everlasting song !

DCXXXIV. (S. M.)

Support in Death.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the gloomy vale,
Which thou, my soul, must tread,
Beset with terrors fierce and pale,
That leads thee to the dead.
- 2 Ye pleasing scenes adieu,
Which I so long have known ;
My friends, a long farewell to you,
For I must pass alone.
- 3 Where death and darkness reigns,
Jehovah is my stay ;
His rod my trembling feet sustains—
His staff defends my way.
- 4 Dear Shepherd, lead me on ;
My soul disdains to fear ;
Death's gloomy phantoms all are flown,
Now life's great Lord is near.

DCXXXV. (L. M.)

The Death of a Christian.

- 1 **T**HE busy scene of life is clos'd,
And active usefulness is o'er;
The body's laid in calm repose,
And sin shall ne'er distress it more.
- 2 The happy soul has gone to rest,
Where cares no more shall spoil its peace;
Reclining on its Saviour's breast,
It shall enjoy eternal bliss.
- 3 With what unspeakable delight,
It mounts unto the throne above;
With kindred spirits to unite,
In rapturous songs of dying love.
- 4 There o'er the paradisiac plains
Of heavenly bliss it peaceful roves;
With pleasure recollects its pains,
Ascends and sings, adores and loves.
- 5 Then, O my soul, expand thy wings,
And borne by gales of gospel-grace,
Soar far above these earthly things,
And ardent seek thy Saviour's face.

DCXXXVI. (C. M.)

Victory over Death.

- 1 **O** FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster, Death,
And all his frightful pow'rs!
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted vict'ry grave?
And where the monster's sting?"
- 3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure;
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning pow'r;
But Christ, my ransom, died.
- 4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid.

Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Through Christ, our living head.

DCXXXVII. (C. M.)

The Dead in the Lord are Blessed.

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heav'n pro-
claims
For all the pious dead !
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From suff'ring and from sins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

DCXXXVIII. (C. M.)

Death of Moses.

- 1 **D**EATH cannot make our souls afraid
If God be with us there ;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.
- 2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid ;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.
- 3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.
- 4 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

DCXXXIX. (L. M.)

Christ's Presence makes death easy.

- 1 **W**HY should we start, and fear to die ?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are :
Death is the gate of endless joy ;
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away ;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 Oh ! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

DCXL. (C. M.)

The Burial of a Saint.

- 1 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends ?
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 3 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd ev'ry bed :
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head ?
- 4 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way :
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

DCXLI. (L. M.)

Mortality and Hope.

- 1 **R**EMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
How frail our life, how short the date,
Where is the man that draws his breath,
Safe from disease, secure from death?
- 2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and strength repine and cry,
“Must death forever rage and reign!
“Or hast thou made mankind in vain?”
- 3 “Where is thy promise to the just!
“Are not thy servants turn’d to dust!”
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.
- 4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honour of thy word:
Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

DCXLII. (C. M.) Martyrs.

The fast approach of Death.

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame!
What dying worms are we!
- 2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate’er we do, where’er we be,
We’re trav’ling to the grave.
- 3 Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th’ eternal states of all the dead
Upon life’s feeble strings.
- 4 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on ev’ry breath;
And yet how unconcern’d we go
Upon the brink of death!
- 5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang’rous road;

And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

DCXLIII. (C. M.) New Durham.

A Funeral Thought.

- 1 **H**ARK ! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry ;
“Ye living men, come view the ground,
“Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 “Princes, this clay must be your bed,
“In spite of all your tow’rs :
“The tall, the wise, the rev’rend head,
“Must lie as low as ours.”
- 3 Great God ! is this our certain doom ?
And are we still secure ?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more !
- 4 Grant us the pow’r of quick’ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly ;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We’ll rise above the sky.

DCXLIV. (C. M.) Mortality.

Death and Eternity.

- 1 **S**TOOP down my thoughts, that us’d to
rise,
Converse awhile with death :
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.
- 2 His quiv’ring lip hangs feebly down,
His pulse is faint and few ;
Then speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.
- 3 But, O, the soul that never dies !
At once it leaves the clay !
Ye thoughts pursue it where it flies,
And track its wond’rous way.
- 4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts, triumphing, there :

Or angels plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

5 And must my body faint and die ?
And must this soul remove ?

Oh, for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above !

6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust ;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into my dust.

DCXLV. (C. M.)

The bereaved Mother's Condolence under the loss of an only Child.

1 **M**Y brethren, and my sisters dear,
I wish to let you know
Some of the trials I've had here,
Which keep my spirits low.

2 I had a tender plant which grew,
And promising appear'd ;
It water'd was with heav'nly dew,
And nourish'd by the Lord.

3 It *seem'd* to promise good for me,
But ah ! alas ! how soon
It caus'd me grief and woe to see,—
It wither'd ere 'twas noon !

4 Oft times I fondly thought to see,
'The opening, blooming rose ;
But this high joy was not for me,
The bud did ne'er uncloze !

5 A worm unseen, lay at the root,
And smote the lovely stem :
Before I got the promis'd fruit,
'The precious plant was slain !

6 And then, like Jonah, I complain'd,
And said 'twas best to die ;—
The Lord my sinking soul sustain'd,
And pass'd my weakness by.

7 Well, since he has so gracious prov'd,
In ev'ry trying hour,

- I think I'll never doubt his love,
Nor fear to trust his pow'r.
- 8 If Jesus calm'd the raging sea,
When Paul was on its wave,
Is not his *love* as great to-day,
His *power* as strong to save ?
- 9 Yes ! and I'll venture on his cause,
Though on the stormy flood ;
With patience bear the heavy cross,
And trust a faithful God.
- 10 My sisters, whom I love so dear,
To leave you gives me pain ;
But, if I see you no more here,
I hope we'll meet again.
- 11 Away beyond the rolling flood,
Of Jordan's swelling stream ;
Where we shall praise our conquering God,
And tell how good he's been.

DCXLVI. (C. M.)

A Mother bereaved of a lovely Daughter and dear Husband in quick succession, venting her sorrows to her sisters and Christ.

- 1 **M**Y sisters, hear, and I'll relate
The trouble I have seen ;
What sorrows I have seen of late,
Which are the fruit of sin.
- 2 My Father laid his chast'ning rod,
The strokes have not been light :
But sure he is a faithful God,
A Judge that will do right.
- 3 I had a loving daughter dear,
Most precious in my sight :
Alas ! that stroke it was severe,
Which took my heart's delight.
- 4 Only twelve months and fourteen days,
Had quickly pass'd along,
Before my *all* was took away,
And left me quite undone !

- 5 I had a husband, good and kind,
The partner of my cares .
He's gone and left me here behind,
Expos'd to many snares.
- 6 A mortal bad disease came on,
And laid his body low ;
But still his faith in Christ was strong,
He seem'd inclin'd to go.
- 7 The king of terrors did appear—
His soul had peace within ;
The monster death he did not fear,
For he had lost his sting !
- 8 He call'd his children to his bed,
And bid them to prepare ;
Then turn'd his eyes to me, and said,
“ I hope I'll meet you there.”
- 9 Yet for two days he was confin'd,
In pain and anguish still :
Yet patiently he seem'd resign'd,
To wait his Father's will.
- 10 But dreadful was the tedious strife,
Toiling for mortal breath ;
Till he could end his dying life,
And triumph over Death.
- 11 His friends around his bed did stand,
And long'd to see him go ;
For Jordan all o'erflow'd its banks,
Its waves around did flow.
- 12 At length his spirit got release,
And left its cumbrous clay ;
Up to the realms of endless peace,
It quickly soar'd away.
- 13 There in an ocean all divine,
His weary soul does rest ;
Doth in his Saviour's image shine,
And is completely bless'd.
- 14 There's not a doubt upon my mind,
But victory he obtain'd :—

Although he 's left me here behind,
I hope we'll meet again.

- 15 'Then I shall join and praise with him,
And tell my trials here,
How much I've felt, and heard, and seen,
Since he was landed there.

DCXLVII. (C. M.)

The Widow's Complaint and Consolation.

- 1 **C**OME Christians dear, of ev'ry name,
Who feel your wretched state;
Who mourn for the effect of sin,
Which doth all grief create.
- 2 O brethren, join and pray for me,
The Lord my soul to bless;
The widow's trickling tear to see,
And guide the fatherless !
- 3 I want to act the prudent part
In all I do or say ;
But so deceitful is my heart,
It often leads astray.
- 4 I have so many trials here,
Perplexing cares are mine ;
I have a mother's part to bear,—
A father's too I find.
- 5 Unequal to so great a task,
I almost give it o'er ;
But fain God's help would humbly ask,
His counsel would implore.
- 6 Sometimes I think I feel him near,
To aid in my distress ;
Then Satan's lies I do not fear,
But trust his promises.
- 7 This promise hath been sweet to me,
And hath my soul sustain'd :
"Thy Maker will thy husband be,
The Lord of Hosts his name."

- 8 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
 The transient blessing's gone :
 The golden moments fly apace,
 And leave my soul to mourn.
- 9 Great God, when will the scene be o'er !
 When will my troubles end ?
 When I, with those who've gone before,
 Eternity will spend ?
- 10 O may I meet my husband dear,
 In that bright world above !
 Where freed from every mortal care,
 We'll sing redeeming love.

DCXLVIII. (C. M.)

Death lovely in the Prospect of Heaven.

- 1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint or die,
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high :
 Shall join the disembodied saints,
 And find its long-sought rest :
 The only bliss for which it pants
 In the Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,
 I now the cross sustain ;
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain :
 I suffer on my threescore years,
 Till my Deliv'rer come ;
 And wipe away his servant's tears,
 And take his exile home.
- 3 O what hath Jesus bought for me !
 Before my ravish'd eyes,
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of paradise !
 I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there !
 They all are rob'd in spotless white,
 And conqu'ring pails they bear.

- 4 O what are all my suff'rings here,
 If, Lord, thou count me meet,
 With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
 And worship at thy feet !
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away :
 But let me find them all again,
 In that eternal day.

JUDGMENT.

DCXLIX. (9, 8.)

The Day of Judgment tremendous.

- 1 **T**HE great tremendous day's approaching,
 The awful scene is drawing nigh,
 Which was foretold by sacred prophets,
 Decreed from all eternity :
 Think, O my soul, reflect and wonder,
 That dreadful day is drawing near,
 When Christ will come with awful thunder,
 And on the judgment-seat appear.
- 2 See nature struck all in amazement,
 To hear the last loud trumpet sound,
 " Arise ye dead, and come to judgment,
 Ye slumb'ring tenants of the ground."
 Loud thunder bursting thro' the concave,
 Bright forked lightning parts the skies,
 The heaven's a shaking, the earth's a quaking,
 What awful scenes attract mine eyes !
- 3 The sun and stars *veiled in sackcloth*,
 No more their shining circuits run,

The wheels of time stopp'd in a moment,
 Eternal things are now begun :
 The massy rocks and tow'ring mountains
 Are from their trembling bases hurl'd,
 The raging sea's in great commotion,
 Confusion spreads throughout the world !

- 4 See Jesus on a throne of judgment,
 Comes thund'ring thro' the parting skies,
 With countless armies of bright angels,
 With hallelujahs, shouts and joys :
 Sends his angels with speed like lightning,
 To bring his saints from ev'ry land,
 Those whom from hell his blood has ran-
 som'd,
 Whose names in life's fair volume stand.
- 5 Green turfy grave-yards, and tombs of mar-
 ble,
 Resign their dead, both small and great;
 See the whole world, both saints and sinners,
 Thronging around the judgment-seat :
 Behold each wretch in sad confusion,
 Before his awful bar doth stand,
 While all his saints array'd in glory,
 Shine like the sun at his right hand.
- 6 See how the once *despised* Jesus
 Bright in his Father's glory shines :
 Hear him, enthron'd in heavenly grandeur,
 Address his saints in love divine ;
 " O come, ye blessed of my Father,
 " The purchase of my dying love !
 " Possess the kingdom for you prepared,
 " The crown of joy laid up above !"
- 7 But justice frowns with indignation,
 And calls aloud for sinners' blood !
 Who sinn'd against the Lord of glory,
 And crucify'd the Son of God :
 The sovereign judge, array'd in vengeance,
 In anger draws the flaming sword ;
 The meekly lamb, turn'd roaring lion !
 With thunder speaks the awful word

- 8 “ Depart from me, ye cursed sinners,
 “ Ye never more my face shall see,
 “ Be banish’d from my blissful presence.
 “ To endless pain and misery !”
 Each guilty soul then fill’d with horror,
 Fierce anguish tears his throbbing breast,
 Forever sinks to endless sorrow,
 In ceaseles tears to be distress’d !
- 9 Behold the city New Jerus’lem,
 Just coming downward from our God !
 Prepared for his best beloved,
 The place design’d for her abode.
 The pearly gates then fly wide open—
 The raptur’d saints they enter in,
 To dwell with God and Christ forever,
 For evermore to cease from sin !

DCL. (11’s.)

The Judgment Dream.

- 1 **Y**E Pilgrims who often look up for th.
 train,
 Descending with Jesus a coming again,
 Ye often delight to be talking of him,
 Then don’t be offended, I’ll tell you a dream.
- 2 I dream’d I was out, to the east cast mine
 eye, [sky,
 The atmosphere calm, and serene was the
 So calm, still, and awful, tremendous the
 sight,
 I thought the last judgment was dawning to
 light.
- 3 With awe and with trembling, in the east I
 did spy,
 An opening above, and a voice saying fly ;
 It was to an angel, I saw him come out,
 His call, come to judgment, like thunder did
 shout.

- 4 Receiving the echo, the firmament rung,
The dreadful commanding voice sounded
along,
This awful impression my soul did possess,
Now judgment is come, there's no altering
the case !
- 5 The dead all arose immediately then,
And covered the earth with both women and
men,
All standing together, 'tis hard to indite,
The aspect most shocking, surprising the
sight !
- 6 A pillar of cloud in the east did appear,
A throne in the midst, on which Jesus sat
fair,
A coming along the ethereal bright plain,
A soaring aloft till the midst he did gain.
- 7 I tho't of the prophet's foretelling us how,
We all should see Jesus, it's come to pass
now :
The lovers, the mourners, the children of
spite, [shun the sight.
And they who have pierc'd him shall not
- 8 A pavement of blue from the clouds did go
forth, [north,
Extensively reaching from south to the
On which holy angels stood almost complete,
And glorify'd spirits in harmony sweet.
- 9 The next I heard Jesus say come you up
here,
Then all the bless'd nations up gently did
steer ;
And quitting the globe with sweet pleasure
did sing,
A song that had never before tun'd a string.
- 10 Then in the sweet transport my feet left
the ground,
Without any motion of body or sound ;
My joys were unspeakably full of delight,
So loud was the music it waken'd me quite.

DCLII. (C. M.)

Then shall the Righteous shine out of obscurity.

- 1 **A**RISE, and shine, O Zion fair,
Behold thy light is come ;
Thy glorious, conquering king is near,
T'c take his exiles home.
The trumpet sounding through the land,
To set poor captives free ;
The day of wonder now is come,
The year of Jubilee.
- 2 Enthron'd on clouds behold Christ stands,
And smiling bids you come :
And angels whisper you away,
To your eternal home.
The darling charms of that bright scene,
Invite you quite away,
Your souls will shout redeeming grace,
When all things else decay.
- 3 Ye heralds, blow your thundering trumps,
Sound through the earth and sky ;
Go spread the news from pole to pole,
Behold the judgment 's nigh !
Blow out the sun, burn up the earth,
Consume the rolling flood,
Shake from the darken'd skies the stars,
And turn the moon to blood !
- 4 King Jesus mounts his great white throne,
And angels bow around ;
While Gabriel with his silver trump,
Shakes all the solid ground.
Arise ye nations from your tombs,
Before your Judge appear,
All tongues and languages shall come,
Their final doom to hear.
- 5 The glorious news of gospel grace,
To sinners now is o'er,
The trump in Zion now is still,
And to be heard no more :
The watchmen all have left their walls,
They join their flocks above ;

On Canaan's happy shore they stand,
And sing redeeming love.

DCLII. (7, 6.)

The Midnight Cry.

- 1 **W**HEN, descending from the sky,
The bridegroom shall appear,
And the solemn midnight cry,
Shall call professors near :
How the sound our hearts will damp !
How will shame o'erspread each face !
If we only have a lamp,
Without the oil of grace.

Chorus.

Let us then while time is yet,
Time to seek the Saviour's face,
Haste away, that we may get
The precious oil of grace.

- 2 Foolish virgins then will wake,
And seek for a supply ;
But in vain the pains they take
To borrow or to buy :
Then with those they now despise,
Earnestly they'll wish to share ;
But the best among the wise
Will have no oil to spare.
- 3 Wise are they, and truly blest,
Who then shall ready be !
But despair will seize the rest,
And dreadful misery :
Once, they'll cry, we scorn'd to doubt,
Though in lies our trust we put,
Now our lamp of hope is out,
The door of mercy shut.
- 4 If they then presume to plead,
" Lord open to us now ;
We on earth have heard and pray'd ;
And with thy saints did bow ;"

He will answer from his throne,
 " Though you with my people mix'd,
 Yet to me you ne'er were known ;
 Depart, your doom is fix'd."

- 5 O that none who worship here
 May hear that word depart !
 Lord, impress a godly fear
 On each professor's heart :
 Help us, Lord, to search the camp,
 Let us not ourselves beguile ;
 6 Trusting to a dying lamp,
 Without a stock of oil.

Let us all thy favour share,
 Trim our lamps and ready be,
 When the midnight cry we hear,
 To go and dwell with thee.

DCLIII. (P. M.)

The day of Judgment, to the Unprepared, a day of horrors

- 1 **D**AY of Judgment, day of wonders,
 Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round !
 How the summons will the sinner's heart
 confound.
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Cloth'd in majesty divine !
 You who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, this God is mine !
 Gracious Saviour, own me in that day for
 thine !
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea ;
 All the powers of nature shaken,
 By his looks prepare to flee ;
 Careless sinner, what will then become of
 thee ?
- 4 Horrors past imagination
 Will surprise your trembling heart

When you hear your condemnation,
 "Hence, accursed wretch, depart !
 'Thou with Satan and his angels have thy
 part !"

- 5 Satan, who now tries to please you,
 Lest you timely warning take,
 When that word is past, will seize you,
 Plunge you in the burning lake :
 'Think, poor sinner, thy eternal all's at stake.
- 6 But to those who have confessed,
 Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
 He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
 "See the kingdom I bestow :
 "You for ever shall my love and glory
 know."
- 7 Under sorrows and reproaches,
 May this thought your courage raise !
 Swiftly God's great day approaches,
 Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise :
 We shall triumph when the world is in a
 blaze.

DCLIV. (P. M.)

The Last Judgment.

- 1 **L**O ! he comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain !
 'Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train ;
 Hallelujah,
 Jesus now shall ever reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty :
 Those who set at nought, and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the great Messiah see.
- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
 Heaven and earth shall flee away :

- All who hate him, must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day ;
Come to judgment !
Come to judgment ! come away !
- 4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear :
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air !
Hallelujah,
See the day of God appear !
- 5 Answer thine own bride and spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the general doom !
The new heaven and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles homes ;
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come !
- 6 Yea, Amen ! let all adore thee,
High on thy exalted throne !
Saviour, take thy power and glory :
Claim the kingdoms for thine own !
O come quickly,
Hallelujah ! Come, Lord, come !

DCLV. (8, 8, 6.)

1 Prayer to be deeply affected in view of the last judgment

- 1 **T**HOU God of glorious majesty !
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A sinful worm, I cry :
An half awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.
- 2 Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible !
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or—shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress ;

Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late ;
Wake me to righteousness.

4 Before me place in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar ;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom ?

5 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure !
Thine utmost council to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure !

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live,
And reign with thee above ;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

DCLVI. (8, 8, 6.)

Desiring to be found in peace, at the coming of Christ.

1 **W**HEN thou my righteous Judge shalt
come,
To fetch thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand ?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand !

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all ;
But can I bear the piercing thought !
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call ?

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace ;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day ;

Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear ;
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

- 4 Let me among thy saints be found,
 Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see thy smiling face :
 Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring,
 With shouts of sovereign grace.

DCLVII. (L. M.)

Judgment: (A dream of the Rev. Peter Poyner.)

- 1 **C**OME in this cold declining day,
 Dear friends, attend to what I say,
 And prove yourselves while I relate,
 A dream which I have dream'd of late.
- 2 "I thought that a dear friend and I,
 Were standing, and lo ! we did spy,
 A great and awful sign appear,
 Which somewhat did excite my fear.
- 3 Then sable darkness veil'd the sky,
 Which caus'd me suddenly to cry,
 The day of judgment now is come ;
 I soon shall know my final doom.
- 4 My unbelieving fears arose ;
 Hardness of heart did me oppose,
 Which always had beset me so,
 While passing through this world of woe.
- 5 I thought the darkness then gave way,
 And light more glorious than the day,
 All in a moment did appear,
 Which chas'd my unbelieving fear.
- 6 Then in a rapture I did cry,
 All glory be to God on high,
 I've waited for thee, O my Lord,
 Now thou art come I'm well assur'd !
- 7 I (quickly waking from this scene,
 And finding it was but a dream)

Was for a moment griev'd to know,
I still was in the world below."

- 8 Dear brethren, are you now prepar'd,
To meet your great and glorious Lord!
Were he in judgment now to come,
What would be your eternal doom?
- 9 Dear sinners, too, what will you do,
When justice shall your souls pursue?
When Jesus shall in judgment come,
To fix your everlasting doom?
- 10 O may we be prepar'd by grace,
Dear Lord, to see thy lovely face;
And with thy people hear thee say,
"Come rest with me in endless day."

DCLVIII. (Lenox.)

The Midnight Cry.

- 1 **Y**E virgin souls arise!
With all the dead awake;
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold your heavenly bridegroom nigh.
- 2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all,
Who meet for glory are:
Make ready for your free reward;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord—
- 3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend;
Your head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.
- 4 Ye—that have here receiv'd
The unction from above,
And in his Spirit liv'd,
And thirsted for his love;

Jesus shall claim you for his bride :
Rejoice with all the sanctified.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When you shall be caught up
To stand before his throne ;—
Call'd to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

6 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above those angel pow'rs,
In glorious joy to live ;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

7 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound :
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found,
Enrob'd in righteousness divine,
In which the bride shall ever shine.

DC LIX. (P. M.) or Bunker's Hill.

A Storm at Sea, the Resemblance of the Judgment.

1 **W**HEN the fierce north-wind, with his
airy forces,
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury,
And the red lightning, with a storm of hail,
comes

Rushing amain down.

2 How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and trem-
ble ; [trumpet,
While the hoarse thunder like a bloody
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters
Quick to devour them.

3 Such shall the noise be, and the wild dis-
order,
(If things eternal may be like these earthly)
Such the dire terror when the great arch-
angel

Shakes the creation ;

- 4 Tears the strong pillars of the vault of
heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes ;
See the graves open, and the bones arising,
Flames all around 'em !
- 6 Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty
wretches !
Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,
Stare through their eye-lids, while the living
worm lies
Gnawing within them.
- 6 Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their
heart-strings,
And the smart twinges when the eye beholds
the [geance
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of ven-
Rolling before him.
- 7 Hopeless immortals ! how they scream and
shiver,
While devils push them to the pit, wide
yawning, [long
Hideous and gloomy, to receive them head-
Down to the centre.
- 8 Stop here my fancy : (all away ye horrid
Doleful ideas ;) come arise to JÉSUS ;
How he sits God-like ! and the saints around
him
Thron'd, yet adoring.
- 9 O may I sit there when he comes trium-
phant,
Dooming the nations ! then ascend to glory,
While our hosannas all along the passage
Shout the Redeemer.

DCLX. (L. M.) Chorused.

*The near Approach of the Judgment, or Separation of the
Wheat and Tares.*

- 1 **T**HIS is the field, the world below,
In which the sowers came to sow,

Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares,
For so the word of truth declares.

Chorus.

And soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

- 2 Most awful truth ! and is it so ?
Must all mankind the harvest know ?
Is every one a wheat or tare ?
Me for the harvest, Lord prepare !
For soon the reaping, &c.
- 3 We seem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all are wheat,
But to the Lord's all-seeing eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise ;
And soon the reaping, &c.
- 4 The tares are spar'd for various ends,
Some for the sake of praying friends :
But though they grow so tall and strong
His plan will not require them long ;
For soon the reaping, &c.
- 5 Will it relieve their horrors there
To recollect their stations here,
How much they pray'd, how much they
knew,
How long among the wheat they grew ?
For soon the reaping, &c.
- 6 To love my sins, a saint t' appear,
To grow with wheat and be a tare,
May serve me whilst on earth below,
Where tares and wheat together grow ;
But soon the reaping, &c.
- 7 Then all who truly righteous be,
Shall soon their Father's kingdom see ;
But tares in bundles shall be bound,
And cast n hell—O dreadful sound !
For then the reaping, &c.

DCLXI. (L. M.)

The general Wreck.

- 1 **H**OW great, how terrible that God,
Who shakes creation with his nod !
He frowns, and earth's foundations shake,
And all the wheels of nature break.
- 2 Where now, O where shall sinners seek
For shelter in the gen'ral wreck ?
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown ?
See rocks, like snow, dissolving down !
- 3 In vain for mercy now they cry ;
In lakes of liquid fire they lie ;
There on the flaming billows tost,
For ever, O, forever lost !
- 4 Jesus, the helpless sinner's friend,
To thee my all I dare commend ;
'Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

DCLXII. (L. M.)

The Books opened.

- 1 **M**ETHINKS the last great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth, rends ev'ry tomb,
And wakes the pris'ners under ground.
- 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Aw'd by the Judge's high command ;
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round their dread tribunal stand.
- 3 Behold the awful books display'd,
Big with th' important fates of men !
Each word and deed now public made,
Written by heaven's unerring pen.
- 4 To ev'ry soul the books assign
The joyous or the dread reward :
Sinners in vain lament and pine :
No pleas the Judge will here regard.
- 5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve ;

There may I read my name enroll'd
And triumph in redeeming love.

DCLXIII. (8, 7, 4.)

The awful Judgment.

- 1 **L**O, he comes, array'd in vengeance,
Riding down the heavenly road ;
Floods of fury roll before him—
Who can meet an angry God !
Tremble sinners,
Who can stand before his rod ?
- 2 Lo, he comes, in glory shining :
Saints, arise, and meet your king !
Glorious captain of salvation,
Welcome, welcome, hear them sing !
Shouts of triumph
Make the heavens with echoes ring !
- [3 Now despisers look and wonder !
Hear the dreadful sound depart,
Rattling like a peal of thunder,
Through each guilty rebel's heart !
Lost for ever,
Hope and sinners here must part !
- 4 Still they hear the awful sentence,
Hell resounds the dreadful roar ;
While their heart-strings twine with anguish,
Trembling on the burning shore !
Justice seals it—
Down they sink to rise no more !
- 5 How they shrink with horror viewing
Hell's deep caverns op'ning wide !
Guilty thoughts, like ghosts pursuing,
Plunge them down the rolling tide !
Now consider,
Ye who scorn the Lamb that dy'd !
- [6 Hark ! ten thousand harps resounding !
Form'd in bright and grand array .

See the glorious armies rising,
 While their captain leads the way ;
 Heaven before them
 Opens an eternal day.

DCLXIV. (P. M.)

The final Destination.

- 1 **T**HE day of the Lord—the day of salvation !
 The day of his wrath and dire indignation !
 Is swiftly coming on—
 It surely will appear !
 And you and I must see it,
 With ecstasy or fear !
- 2 He'll come in the clouds—the angels around him !
 [found 'em !
 The saints shall be bold—and nothing con-
 But sinners then will rise—
 Their looks will fully tell
 Their fearful expectation
 Of banishment to Hell !
- 3 The Judge to his bar will summon all nations,
 The living and dead of all generations.
 The good and bad shall then,
 Before his throne appear ;
 And stand in awful terror,
 Their final doom to hear !
- 4 The saints shall be blest, and taken to heaven !
 The wicked accurst—to hell shall be driven !
 Where they shall fully feel
 The vengeance of the Lord,
 And weep and howl to see him,
 With his avenging rod !
- 5 But all the redeem'd in high elevation,
 Will sing a sweet song in sweet exultation !
 O how will God delight
 To hear them while they sing,
 And give him all the glory,
 As their eternal King !

6 O may I be there—Lord count not this rudeness!

O let me be there to tell of thy goodness,
And then I should but be—
Just where I now would be,
Delightfully ascribing
The whole glory to THEE !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

DCLXV. (8's.)

Happy Solitude.

I HAVE no leisure to bestow
Where nought but sin and folly grow,
'The world's society unknown,
My choicest hours are pass'd alone :
Alone indeed I cannot be,
If God vouchsafe to dwell with me.

Think not, my friend, I censure those
Whom providence hath wisely chose
To shine in more conspicuous light,
As stars that gild the darksome night :
Such, whose high worth their deeds proclaim,
And fix them in the ranks of fame :
'Those to the world are blessings given,
'The bounty of all-bounteous heaven.
But I—whom no distinctions charm,
Whose breast no public praise can warm ;
Who, from life's gay scenes retir'd,
Taste pleasures more to be desir'd
'Than wealth, or power, or honours give ;
Must live unknown, or cease to live.
Oh ! happy hours that once I knew,
Ere yet I bade thy shade adieu,
My native haunt!—yet here I find
Content, that sunshine of the mind ;
Her influence my bosom fills,
Soother of life's ten thousand ills.

Come then, retirement, peaceful guest ;
 And love, true harbinger of rest !
 That "love divine all loves excelling ;"
 Illuminate my humble dwelling.
 Every choicest blessing bring
 From Piety's exhaustless spring ;
 For some delightful theme explore
 All contemplation's richest store.
 Let wisdom's heavenly force impart
 Divine instruction to my heart ;
 The salutary use explain
 Of trials, cares, affliction, pain ;
 How needful each to erring man,
 Too ignorant himself to scan,
 Too blind his interest to discern,
 Too proud the ways of heav'n to learn ;
 In self-conceit supremely wise,
 He scorns the wisdom of the skies,
 Doats on the toys of time and sense,
 Nor looks beyond what those dispense.

Tremble, my soul, for men at ease,
 Whose painted bark no ruffling breeze
 Impedes ; but rapidly they glide,
 Unthinking, down the silver tide
 Of gay prosperity ; nor know
 Of other heav'n than that below.

DCLXVI. (10's.)

An Ode on the Judgment, translated from the French.

THE toiling ocean groans, the stars grow
 pale,
 And vengeance bids his fiercest fires prevail ;
 The trumpet sounds, the startled dead arise,
 And the last day the sick'ning sun supplies.
 Jehovah comes, and bids the world draw nigh,
 His saints selecting for the realms on high ;
 Of pure religion now completes the plan,
 And now he vindicates his way to man.
 His angel swears that time shall be no more,
 And strikes eternity's tremendous door ;
 It opens—God, invisible so long,
 Appears the great, the terrible, the strong ;

On meadows dress'd in green,
There he 's seen.

2 See springs of water rise,
Fountains flow, rivers run ;
The mist below the skies
Hides the sun ;
Then down the rain doth pour,
The ocean it doth roar,
And dash against the shore,
All to praise, in their lays,
That God that ne'er declines
His designs.

3 The sun to my surprise,
Speaks of God as he flies ;
The comets in their blaze
Give him praise.
The shining of the stars,
The moon as it appears,
His sacred name declares ;
See them shine all divine !
The shades in silence prove
God 's above.

4 Then let my station be
Here on earth, as I see
The sacred One in Three
All agree ;
Through all the world is made,
The forest and the glade ;
Nor let me be afraid,
Though I dwell on the hill,
Since nature's works declare
God is there.

DCLXVIII. (10's.)

The Believer's To day and To-morrow.

1 **T**O-DAY the saint with time-things has
to do,
To-morrow joyful bids them all adieu ;
To-day he darkly sees as through a glass,
To-morrow views his Jesus face to face ;

- To-day corrected by a chast'ning rod,
To-morrow solac'd with the smiles of God.
- 2 To-day he's burden'd with the weight of sin,
To-morrow purified from ev'ry stain ;
To-day he's watching, fighting, full of tears,
To-morrow palms of victory he bears ;
To-day he's persecuted, jeer'd, and scorn'd,
To-morrow with a glorious crown adorn'd.
- 3 To-day he feels his wants exceeding great,
To-morrow he enjoys a large estate ;
To-day a suppliant at the mercy-seat ;
To-morrow casts his crown at Jesus' feet ;
To-day he sighs, he mourns, he looks, he
longs,
To-morrow all his sighs are turn'd to songs.
- 4 To-day he's rack'd with pain and sore distress,
To-morrow triumphs in eternal bliss ;
To-day to sow in tears is his employ,
To-morrow bears his sheaves of heav'nly
joy ;
To-day he lives by faith, and leans on hope,
To-morrow in fruition swallow'd up.
- 5 To-day with saints on earth he dwells in
love,
To-morrow joins the glorious hosts above ;
To-day in feeble strains he tunes a song,
To-morrow sings with an immortal tongue ;
To-day he gets a taste of peace and love,
To-morrow drinks full draughts of bliss
above.
- 6 To-day his sweetest frames may from him
fly,
To-morrow fill'd with joys that never die ;
To-day in God's commands he loves to run,
To-morrow hears the plaudit of " Well
done."
To-day he's on the road to happiness,
To-morrow he'll eternally possess.

DCLXIX. (10's.)

The Sinner's To-day and To-morrow.

- 1 **T**O-DAY the sinner's state is much admir'd,
 To-morrow finds his wretched soul requir'd;
 To-day seeks what to eat, and drink, and wear,
 To-morrow plung'd in ruin and despair
- 2 To-day put off repenting for his sin,
 To-morrow finds no time to do it in;
 To-day thinks how to pass the time away,
 To-morrow needs that time to mourn and pray.
- 3 To-day he would be counted rich and great,
 To-morrow feels his miserable state;
 To-day he hopes he never shall be lost,
 To-morrow all his hopes give up the ghost.
- 4 To-day his conscience sleeps and is secure,
 To-morrow shocks him with its dreadful roar;
 To-day his sins are lovely in his sight,
 To-morrow they his wretched soul affright
- 5 To-day he never thinks of what 's to come,
 To-morrow finds his sad, eternal home;
 To-day his worldly treasure has his heart,
 To-morrow must with that and heaven part.
- 6 To-day he fain would be accounted wise,
 To-morrow is a fool to his surprise;
 To-day the jovial crew is his delight,
 To-morrow ghastly fiends his soul affright.
- 7 To-day o'er flowing cups, his healths are sung,
 To-morrow wants one drop to cool his tongue.
 To-day he slights God's law, and Gospel-call,
 To-morrow has to answer for it all.
- 8 To-day the great salvation he rejects,
 To-morrow perishes through his neglects;

To-day he slights the children of the King,
To-morrow sees them shine, and hears them
sing.

- 9 To-day he proudly glories in his shame,
To-morrow is tormented for the same ;
To-day takes pleasure in the way to hell,
To-morrow there eternally must dwell.

DCLXX. (8's.)

The Kite ; or Pride must have a Fall.

My waking dreams are best conceal'd,
Much folly little good they yield ;
But now and then I gain, when sleeping,
A friendly hint that 's worth the keeping
Lately I dreamt of one who cry'd,
"Beware of self, beware of pride ;
When you are prone to build a Babel,
Recall to mind this little fable."

ONCE on a time a paper kite
Was mounted to a wond'rous height,
Where giddy with its elevation,
It thus express'd self-admiration :
"See how yon crowds of gazing people
Admire my flight above the steeple ;
How would they wonder if they knew
All that a kite like me can do ?
Were I but free, I'd take a flight,
And pierce the clouds beyond their sight
But, ah ! like a poor pris'ner bound,
My string confines me near the ground :
I'd brave the eagle's tow'ring wing,
Might I but fly without a string."

It tugg'd and pull'd while thus it spoke,
To break the string—at last it broke
Depriv'd at once of all its stay,
In vain it try'd to soar away ;
Unable its own weight to bear,
It flutter'd downward thro' the air ;
Unable its own course to guide,
The winds soon plung'd it in the tide.

Ah ! foolish kite, thou had'st no wing,
How could'st thou fly without a string !

My heart reply'd, " O Lord I see
How much this kite resembles me !
Forgetful that by thee I stand,
Impatient of thy ruling hand ;
How oft I've wish'd to break the lines
Thy wisdom for my lot assigns ?
How oft indulg'd a vain desire
For something more or something higher ?
And, but for grace and love divine,
A fall thus dreadful had been mine."

DCLXXI. (8's.)

The Spider and Toad.

SOME author (no great matter who,
Provided what he says be true)
Relates he saw, with hostile rage,
A spider and a toad engage :
For though with poison both are stor'd,
Each by the other is abhorr'd.
It seems, as if their common venom
Provok'd an enmity between 'em.
Implacable, malicious, cruel,
Like modern hero in a duel,
The spider darted on his foe,
Infixing death at every blow.
The toad, by ready instinct taught,
An antidote, when wounded, sought
From the herb Plantain, growing near
Well known to toads its virtues rare,
The spider's poison to repel ;
It cropp'd the leaf and soon was well.
This remedy it often try'd,
And all the spider's rage defy'd.
The person who the contest view'd,
While yet the battle doubtful stood,
Remov'd the healing plant away—
And thus the spider gain'd the day :
For when the toad return'd once more
Wounded, as it had done before,

To seek relief, and found it not,
It swell'd and dy'd upon the spot.

In every circumstance but one
(Could that hold too, I were undone)
No glass can represent my face
More justly than this tale my case.
The toad's an emblem of my heart,
And Satan acts the spider's part.
Envenom'd by his poison, I
Am often at the point to die ;
But he who hung upon the tree, }
From guilt and woe to set me free, }
Is like the Plantain leaf to me. }
To him my wounded soul repairs,
He knows my pain and hears my prayers
From him I virtue draw by faith,
Which save me from the jaws of death .
From him fresh life and strength I gain,
And Satan spends his rage in vain.
No secret arts or open force,
Can rob me of this sure resource.
'Though banish'd to some distant land,
My med'cine would be still at hand ?
'Though foolish men its worth deny,
Experience gives them all the lie ;
'Though Deists and Socinians join,
Jesus still lives, and still is mine.
'Tis here the happy difference lies,
My Saviour reigns above the skies,
Yet to my soul is always near,
For he is God, and every where.
His blood a sovereign balm is found
For every grief and every wound ;
And sooner all the hills shall flee
And hide themselves beneath the sea ;
Or Ocean, starting from its bed,
Rush o'er the cloud-topt mountain's head
'The sun, exhausted of its light,
Become the source of endless night ;
And ruin spread from pole to pole,
'Than Jesus fail the tempted soul

DCLXXII. (11, 9.)

The Love of Christ Constraining.

- 1 **F**ATIGU'D in spirit, and void of merit,
I now inherit a way divine ;
My past intentions and fond preterensions,
Are vain inventions, to sin inclin'd.
- 2 Long time I braved, and stout behaved,
By sin enslaved, I scorn'd the Word .
My soul now loosed, I am composed,
I trust disposed, to love the Lord.
- 3 Though prone to ruin, yet he pursuing,
Has still been wooing my stubborn heart ,
Although my nature in every feature,
Has been a traitor, in every part ;
- 4 Yet kind advances, and providences,
My mind convinces, I'm now restor'd ;
Examination gives faint relation,
Of inclination to love the Lord.
- 5 Then let me rising, above surmising,
His kind advising, the Word survey ;
There see how Jesus the Father pleases,
And burdens eases for such as me.
- 6 In humiliation, he bears vexation
And sore temptation, by most abhorr'd ;
In wrath chastised, in grief baptized—
Thus I'm advised, to love the Lord.
- 7 By prayer and fasting, no seasons wasting,
Behold him hasting to suffer pain !
His hour is coming, I hear him mourning,
And deeply groaning in Gethsemane.
- 8 There harshly shaken, by friends forsaken,
By foe o'ertaken, and bound with cords ;
Thus pains enduring, my peace securing,
My soul alluring to love the Lord.
- 9 With blame he's charged, and sorely
scourged,
And basely urged by sinful men ;
Mock'd and accused, beat and abused,
Yet ne'er refused, nor fled from pain.

- 10 Then Pilate bound him, the Jews surround
him,
With thorns they crown'd him, with one
accord ; [him,
By stripes they bled him, in purple clad
To suffer led him ;—O love the Lord !
- 11 Then while they rail'd him, and mocking
hail'd him, [tree.
They stretch'd and nail'd him fast to the
He bore with patience, without vexation
These sore temptations, my soul, for thee.
- 12 Dark fears combining, earth shook declining,
The sun ceas'd shining, says the record ;
For us he's punish'd, his life diminish'd,
He cries 'tis finish'd ;—O love the Lord.
- 13 Of life bereaved, his spirit saved,
His body graved in solid stone ;
The king of terror now finds his error,—
His pow'r inferior : Christ rose alone.
- 14 In that dark hour, death lost his pow'r,
And blessings show'r, from vengeance
sword :
He rose unfailing, his suit prevailing,
My soul compelling, to love the Lord.
- 15 His throne regaining, forever reigning,
He stands maintaining the righteous plea :
His operation shows the relation,
And happy station, that's fix'd on me.
- 16 My doubts are vanish'd, my tears are
banish'd,
My soul replenish'd, and well secur'd ,
From solid scripture, I own the capture,
And sing with rapture, O love the Lord !

DCLXXIII. (P. M.)

The Wonderful Love of God.

- 1 **W**HAT wond'rous love is this,
O my soul, O my soul,
What wond'rous love is this,
O my soul :
What wond'rous love is this,
That caus'd the Lord of bliss,

- 1 To bear the dreadful curse,
For my soul, for my soul,
To bear the dreadful curse,
For my soul.
- 2 When I was sinking down,
Sinking down, sinking down,
When I was sinking down,
Sinking down ;
When I was sinking down,
Beneath God's righteous frown
Christ laid aside his crown,
For my soul, for my soul,
Christ laid aside his crown,
For my soul.
- 3 Ye winged seraphs fly,
Bear the news, bear the news
Ye winged seraphs fly,
Bear the news ;
Ye winged seraphs fly,
Like comets thro' the sky,
Fill vast eternity,
With the news, with the news,
Fill vast eternity,
With the news.
- 4 To God, and to the Lamb,
I will sing, I will sing,
To God and to the Lamb,
I will sing,
To God and to the Lamb,
And to the great I AM,
While millions join the theme,
I will sing, I will sing,
While millions join the theme,
I will sing.
- 5 Come friends of Zion's King,
Join the praise, join the praise,
Come friends of Zion's King,
Join the praise :
Come friends of Zion's King,
With hearts and voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string,
In his praise, in his praise .

And strike each tuneful string,
 In his praise.
 Thus while from death we're free,
 We'll sing on, we'll sing on,
 And while from death we're free,
 We'll sing on ;
 Thus while from death we're free,
 We'll sing and joyful be,
 And thro' eternity,
 We'll sing on, we'll sing on ;
 And thro' eternity,
 We'll sing on.
 And when to that bright world,
 We arise, we arise,
 And when to that bright world,
 We arise ;
 When to that world we go,
 Free from all pain and woe,
 We'll join the happy throng,
 And sing on, and sing on,
 We'll join the happy throng,
 And sing on.

DCLXXIV. (8, 7.)

The Autumnal Gloom.

- 1 **H**AIL, ye sighing sons of sorrow,
 View with me th' autumnal gloom ;
 Learn from thence your fate to-morrow —
 Dead ! perhaps laid in the tomb.
 See all nature, fading, dying,
 Silent ; all things seem to mourn ;
 Life from vegetation flying,
 Brings to mind my mould'ring urn.
 Oft the autumn's tempest rising
 Makes the lofty forest nod :
 Scenes of nature, how surprising
 Read in nature nature's God.
 See our Sovereign, sole Creator
 Lives eternal in the sky,
 While we mortals yield to nature —
 Bloom awhile, then fade and die !
- 3 Nations dying, O how solemn !
 Thro' enrag'd tyrannic kings ;

- Not like plants, which fade in autumn,
Fall to rise in future springs.
Mournful scenes when vegetation
Dies, by frosts or worms devour'd :
Doubly mournful when a nation
Falls, by neighb'ring kings o'erpower'd !
- 4 Death and war my mind depresses—
Autumn shows me my decay—
Calls to mind my past distresses—
Warns me of my dying day !
Autumn gives me melancholy—
Strikes dejection thro' my soul !
While I mourn my former folly,
Waves of sorrow o'er me roll !
- 5 Lo ! I hear the air resounding,
With expiring insects' cries ;
Ah ! their moans, to me how wounding !
Emblem of my aged sighs,
Hollow winds about me roaring—
Noisy waters round me rise ;
While I sit my fate deploring—
Tears fast streaming from my eyes !
- 6 What to me are autumn's treasures,
Since I know no real joy ?
Long I've lost all youthful pleasures—
Time must youth and health destroy !
Pleasures, once I fondly courted,
Shar'd each bliss, that youth bestows ;
But to see where then I sported,
Now embitters all my woes !
- 7 Age and sorrow since have blasted
Ev'ry youthful pleasing dream ;
Quiv'ring age with youth contrasted—
O how short their glories seem !
As the annual frosts are cropping
Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
So my friends are yearly dropping
Thro' old age and dire disease !
- 8 Former friends, O how I've sought 'em !
Just to cheer my drooping mind ;
But they're gone like leaves of autumn—
Driven before the dreary wind !

When a few more years are wasted—
 When a few more springs are o'er—
 When a few more griefs I've tasted—
 I shall fall to bloom no more !

- 9 Fast my sun of life's declining—
 Soon 'twill set in dismal night !
 But my hopes, pure and refining,
 Rest in future life and light.
 Cease then trembling, fearing, sighing,
 Death will break the sullen gloom .
 Soon my spirit flutt'ring, flying,
 Shall be borne beyond the tomb !

DCLXXV. (C. M.)

God's conduct towards Israel the encouragement of Faith.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
 And tell the world his grace ;
 Sound through the earth his deeds of fame
 That all may seek his face.
- 2 His cov'nant which he kept in mind
 For num'rous ages past,
 To num'rous ages yet behind,
 In equal force shall last.
- 3 He sware to Abrah'm and his seed,
 And made the blessing sure :
 Gentiles the ancient promise read,
 And find his truth endure.
- 4 "Thy seed shall make all nations blest ;
 (Said the almighty voice,) "
 "And Canaan's land shall be their rest,
 "The type of heav'nly joys."
- [5 How large the grant ! how rich the grace !
 To give them Canaan's land,
 When they were strangers in the place,
 A small and feeble band !
- 6 Like pilgrims through the countries round,
 Securely they remov'd,
 And haughty kings that on them frown'd,
 Severely he reprov'd.
- 7 "Touch mine anointed, and mine arm
 "Shall soon avenge the wrong !

‘The man that does my prophets harm,
“Shall know their God is strong.

- 8 ‘Then let the world forbear its rage,
“Nor put the church in fear :
“Is’rel must live through ev’ry age,
“And be th’ Almighty’s care.”

PAUSE the First.

- 9 When Pharaoh dar’d to vex the saints,
And thus provok’d their God,
Moses was sent, at their complaints,
Arm’d with his dreadful rod.

- 10 He call’d for darkness, darkness came,
Like an o’erwhelming flood :
He turn’d each lake, and ev’ry stream,
To lakes and streams of blood.

- 11 He gave the sign, and noisome flies
Through the whole country spread ;
And frogs in baneful armies, rise
About the monarch’s bed.

- 12 Through fields, and towns, and palaces,
The tenfold vengeance flew ;
Locusts in swarms devour’d their trees,
And hail their cattle slew.

- 13 Then, by an angel’s midnight stroke,
The flow’r of Egypt died ;
The strength of ev’ry house he broke,
Their glory and their pride.

- 14 “Now let the world forbear its rage,
“Nor put the church in fear ;
“Isr’el must live through ev’ry age,
“And be th’ Almighty’s care.”

PAUSE the Second.

- 15 Thus were the tribes from bondage freed,
And left the hated ground ;
Rich with Egyptian spoils they fled,
Nor was one feeble found.

- 16 The Lord himself chose out their way,
And mark’d their journies right,
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.

- 17 'They thirst; and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow;
And foll'wing still the course they took,
Ran all the desert through.
- 13 O wond'rous stream! O blessed type
Of overflowing grace!
So Christ our Rock maintains our life,
And aids our wand'ring race.
- 19 'Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,
The chosen tribes possess'd
Canaan the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.
- 20 "Then let the world forbear its rage,
"The Church renounce her fear;
"Isr'el must live through every age,
"And be th' Almighty's care."

DCLXXVI. (L. M.)

The Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 **W**HEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem;
But one alone, the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud,—the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd,—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,

For ever and for evermore,
The star!—The star of Bethlehem!

DCLXXVII. (10's.)

The Character, Death, &c. of the Rev. SILAS MERCER, who Departed this Life, August 1st, 1796, in the 52nd year of his age.—By his Friend Benjamin Mosely, V. D. M.

WHILE poets, in exalted strains of verse,
The mighty acts of heroes do rehearse,
And stretch imagination, high to fame
A *Cæsar's* or an *Alexander's* name :
While they attention give to former times,
To unknown countries and to distant climes,
And strive to act the lofty poets part,
To move the passions and to mend the heart
A MERCER's name demands a work of love,
Should we neglect, would not the stones re
prove ?

Behold him standing in the great concourse
The cross he urges with a mighty force ;
In order human wisdom to confound,
He pours the name of Christ on all around ;
He seems determined nought to know beside
The blessed Jesus, and him crucify'd :
Scripture and reason, each must have its place,
To shew 'tis clear, that men are sav'd by
grace.

This MERCER preaches with unweary'd zeal,
For this he makes to heaven his great appeal ;
From this no pow'r of darkness can him move,
He stands supported while his theme is love :
Yet here his views most finely he extends,
And shews the means connected with the ends.
His testimony makes it very plain,
'That we are sav'd, and sav'd, and sav'd again,
First, sav'd by *price* from condemnation's
weight,
Next, sav'd by *pow'r* so that our sins we hate,
And lastly sav'd from this *imperfect* state.
To show that empty names are of no worth,
The marks of this salvation he sets forth,

By arguments both solid and profound,
He'll face the foe, and will maintain the
ground ;

Behold what numbers fall before him slain,
He bears the sword, and bears it not in vain.
Push on ye saints, fear not your foes' attack,
This champion follows close upon your back
Nay, too in front, it may be said he stands,
And cries to God for you with lifted hands,
Amen, the happy day is drawing near,
When glorious things the world at large shall
hear ;

Babylon falls, she falls to rise no more,
The saints transported wonder and adore—
What sound is that which doth my ears assault!
Like rumbling thunder, pushing thro' the vault,
Preparing peals to fill our minds with dread,
The thunder cracks, proclaiming MERCER'S
dead.

Sad dispensation ! Dark without a gleam !
Surprising ! Is it so ? Or do I dream ?
Is SILAS MERCER dead ? Oh ! Yes, 'tis true !
'To all terrestrial things he's bid adieu.
He's gone ! He's gone ! whither we all must go ;
He's gone ! and will be seen no more below ;
No more he'll stand the truth to testify,
And say ye must be born again, or die. [eyes,
Let tears run down from both my weeping
Let Zion's sighs before her God arise ;
The man is gone ! in whom we took delight,
Alas ! how soon his day is turn'd to night !
Let all by whom his works were understood,
Now join the weeping widow and her brood ;
Let *Salem** too be clad in mourning weeds,
Reflecting on his beneficial deeds.

I would not fail in this to bear my part,
I feel the stroke, it settles at my heart :
*My brother I am much distress'd for thee !
For very pleasant hast thou been to me.*
Stop, O my soul ! here pause and make a stand,
Be still ! and know 'tis the divine command .

Things may appear mysterious at first view,
 And afterwards be found both just and true.
 As I reflect, I find 'twas hardly right,
 To say his day was turned into night ;
 I would correct myself, and choose to say,
 His night is turn'd to an immortal day.
 We must believe he's enter'd into rest,
 If so the change for him is surely best.
 'Tis now he knows his darling topic grace,
 By which he's lifted to a heavenly place,
 Great things take place upon his seeming fall,
 He bids adieu to trials, dangers, all ;
 His death has put an end to all the strife,
 He, Samson-like, slew more in death than life.
 Could he now only whisper thro' the veil,
 And tell us all the animating tale ;
 What tidings then across the ear would roll !
*I perfect am, yet do not know my soul.**
 Well then ye saints, let us be reconcil'd,
 A father often frowns upon his child ;
 He often frowns, but then he frowns in love :
 So doth our heavenly Father from above.
 Such dispensations oftentimes are sent,
 Design'd for trial, or for chastisement ;
 To say the worst they're but a Father's rod,
 We've lost our *man* ; but have not lost our God.
 Our hope remains, remains both firm and sure,
 It shall remain when time shall be no more.
 In all distress, this consolation gives,
 SILAS is dead, but lo ! our JESUS lives.
 Now let the faithful watchmen be awake,
 Nor hold their peace, but cry for Zion's sake
Young Jesse, rise, your father's dead and gone ;
 Be strong in faith, and act like *Jesse's* son.
 Let all incessant be, by fervent pray'r,
 For the important change let all prepare :
 Our Lord has said he'll quickly come, and then
 All saints shall join, and say aloud, *Amen*.

* Job, ix. 21.

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THE ENP.

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Pedigree of 64

APPENDIX.

I. (L. M.)

The Lord will come.

- 1 **T**HE Lord will come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A silent lamb to slaughter led,
The bruis'd, the suffering, and the dead.
- 3 The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind!
- 4 Can this be He who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway?
By power oppress'd, and mock'd by pride?
Oh God! is this the crucified?
- 5 Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain!
But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come!

II. (7's.)

The Judgment Solemnity.

- 1 **I**N the sun and moon and stars
Signs and wonders there shall be;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.
- 2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Toss'd with stronger tempests, rise.
Darker storms the mountain sweep,
Redder lightning rend the skies.

- 3 Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
 Racking doubt and restless fear;
 And, amid the thunder-cloud,
 Shall the Judge of men appear.
- 4 But though from that awful face
 Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,
 Fear not ye, his chosen race,
 Your redemption draweth nigh!

III. (7's.)

Star in the East.

- 1 **S**ONS of men, behold from far,
 Hail the long-expected star!
 Star of truth that gilds the night,
 And guides bewilder'd nature right.
- 2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
 Piercing through the shades of death,
 Scattering error's wide-spread night;
 Kindling darkness into light.
- 3 Nations all, remote and near,
 Haste to see your God appear;
 Haste for him your hearts prepare,
 Meet him manifested there!
- 4 There behold the dayspring rise,
 Pouring light on mortal eyes;
 See it chase the shades away,
 Shining to the perfect day!
- 5 Sing, ye morning stars, again!
 God descends on earth to reign!
 God in mercy leaves the sky!
 Shout, ye sons of God, on high!

IV. (11, 10.)

The Same.

- 1 **B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
 morning!
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,
 Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
 Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all !
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Edom and offerings divine ?
 Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine ?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
 Vainly with gifts would his favour secure :
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid !
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

V. (C. M.)

A Missionary Hymn.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the mountain of the Lord
 In latter days shall rise,
 Shall tower above the meaner hills,
 And draw the wondering eyes
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
 All tribes and tongues, shall flow !
 "Ascend the hill of God," they say,
 "And to his temple go !"
- 3 The beam that shines on Sion hill
 Shall lighten every land,
 The King that reigns in Sion's towers
 Shall all the world command.
- 4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
 Or mar the peaceful years ;
 To ploughshares shall they beat their swords,
 To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 5 No longer host encountering host
 Their millions slain deplore ;
 They hang the useless helm on high,
 And study war no more !

- 6 Come taen, oh come from every land,
 To worship at his shrine ;
 And walking in the light of God,
 With holy beauty shine.

VI. (C. M.)

The Shepherd.

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd is the living Lord,
 I therefore nothing need ;
 In pastures fair, near pleasant streams
 He setteth me to feed.
- 2 He shall convert and glad my soul,
 And bring my mind in frame
 To walk in paths of righteousness,
 For His most holy name.
- 3 Yea, though I walk the vale of death,
 Yet will I fear no ill ;
 Thy rod and staff they comfort me,
 And 'Thou art with me still.
- 4 And, in the presence of my foes,
 My table 'Thou shalt spread ;
 Thou wilt fill full my cup, and 'Thou
 Anointed hast my head.
- 5 Through all my life 'Thy favour is
 So frankly shown to me,
 'That in 'Thy house for evermore
 My dwelling-place shall be.

VII. (7, 6.)

Missions.

- 1 **F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain !

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile:
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown,
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone!
- Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With Wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 'The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! oh, Salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learn'd Messiah's name!
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign!

VIII. (7's.)

Ask what I shall give thee

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer pray'r;
 He himself has bid thee pray,
 Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
 Large petitions with thee bring;
 For his grace and pow'r are such,
 None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,
 Lord, remove this load of sin!
 Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.

- 4 Lord ! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast ;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face ;
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.
- 6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 7 Show me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

IX. (S. M.)

The Same.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the throne of grace !
The promise calls me near ;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer pray'r.
- 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see ;
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold ;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold.
- 4 Beyond thy utmost wants
His love and pow'r can bless ;
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.
- 5 Since 'tis the Lord's command,
My mouth I open wide ;
Lord, open thou thy bounteous hand,
That I may be supplied.

- 6 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
 'Thy presence and thy love ;
 I ask to serve thee here below,
 And reign with thee above.
- 7 Teach me to live by faith,
 Conform my will to thine ;
 Let me victorious be in death,
 And then in glory shine.
- 8 If thou these blessings give,
 And wilt my portion be ;
 Cheerful the world's poor toys I leave
 To them who know not thee.

X (C. M.)

Oh that I were as in months past.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
 The Saviour's pard'ning blood
 Applied, to cleanse my soul from guilt,
 And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
 His praises tun'd my tongue ;
 And when the ev'ning shades prevail'd,
 His love was all my song.
- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
 The world no more could charm ;
 I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
 And lean'd upon his arm.
- 4 In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord,
 And saw his glory shine :
 And when I read his holy word,
 I call'd each promise mine.
- 5 Then to his saints I often spoke
 Of what his love had done ;
 But now my heart is almost broke,
 For all my joys are gone.
- 6 Now when the evening shade prevails,
 My soul in darkness mourns :
 And when the morn the light reveals,
 No light to me returns.

- 7 My pray'rs are now a chatt'ring noise,
 For Jesus hides his face ;
 I read, the promise meets my eyes,
 But will not reach my case.
- 8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
 And make my soul his prey ;
 Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
 O come without delay.

XI. (C. M.)

The name of Jesus is precious.

- H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear !
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast ;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding place ;
 My never-failing treas'ry fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace
- 4 By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,
 Although with sin defil'd ;
 Satan accuses me in vain,
 And I am own'd a child.
- 5 JESUS ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought ;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 7 Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With ev'ry fleeting breath ;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

XII. (C. M.)

The Prodigal Son.

- 1 **A**FFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent ;
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
And forc'd him to repent.
- 2 Although he no relenting felt
Till he had spent his store ;
His stubborn heart began to melt,
When famine pinch'd him sore.
- 3 "What have I gain'd by sin," he said,
But hunger, shame, and fear ;
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.
- 4 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,
And fall before his face ;
Unworthy to be call'd his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."
- 5 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smil'd ;
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.
- 6 "Father, I've sinn'd—but O forgive !"
"I've heard enough," he said,
Rejoice my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.
- 7 "Now let the fatted calf be slain,
And spread the news around ;
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found."
- 8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home ;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

XIII. (C. M.)

Looking at the cross

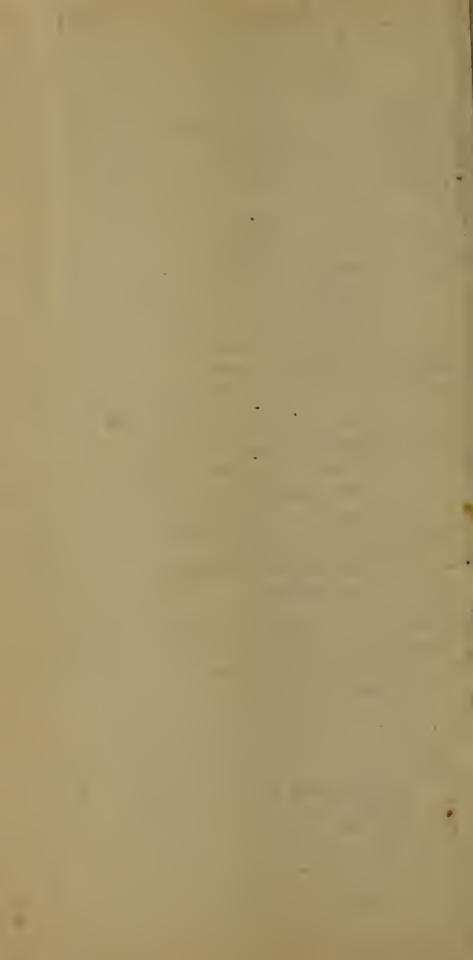
- 1 **I**N evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear;
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure, never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I'll die, that thou may'st live.
- 7 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
(Such is the mystery of grace)
It seals my pardon too.
- 8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
My spirit now is fill'd;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

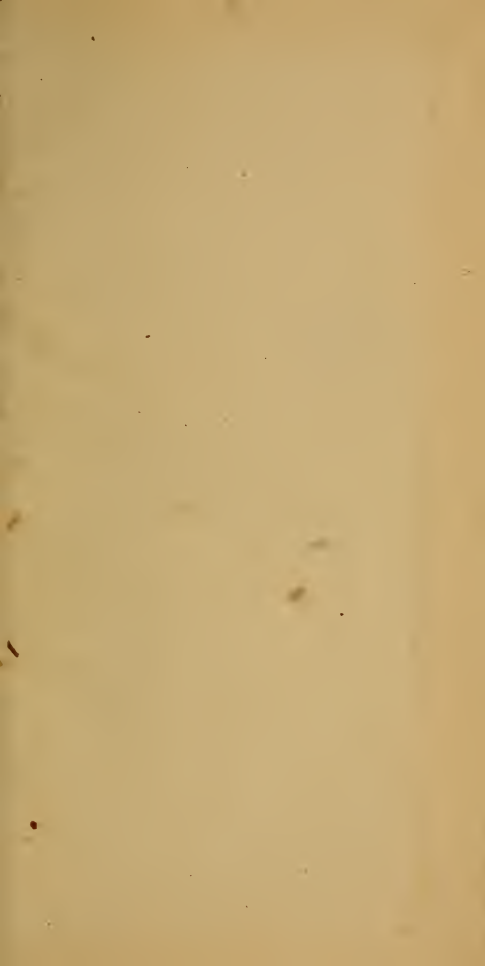
XIV. (C. M.)

The Same.

- 1 **A** LAS, and did my Saviour bleed !
And did my Sovereign die !
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Thy body slain, dear Jesus, thine,
And bathed in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath divine,
The glorious Sufferer stood.
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !
- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Saviour, died,
For man, the rebel's sin.
- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe :
Here, Lord, I give myself away :
'Tis all that I can do.

THE END.











Henry & Mary
May 1783
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